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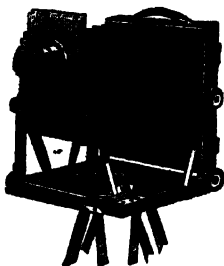
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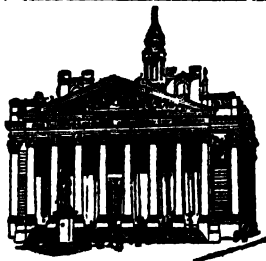
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*CRITICAL JOURNAL:*

FOR  
JULY, 1902 . . . . OCTOBER, 1902.

*TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.*

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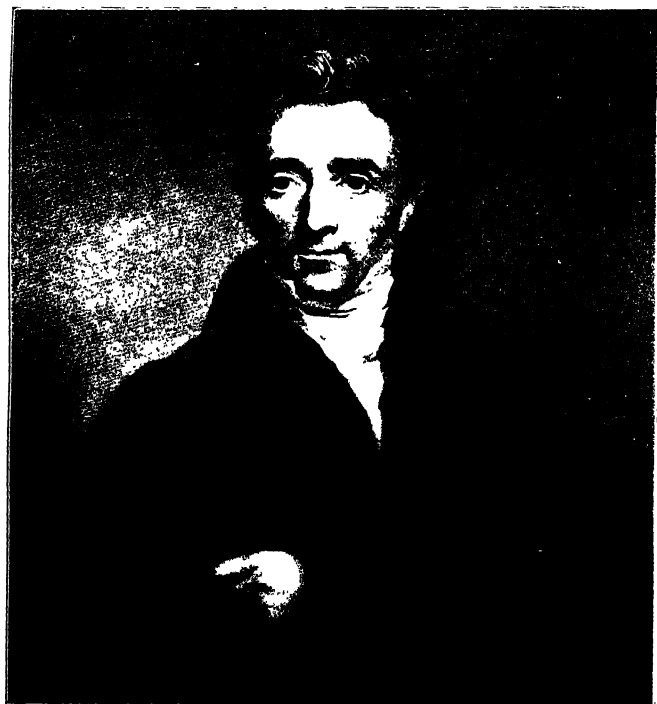
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*F. Jeffrey*

EDITOR, 1802-1829.

# THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1902.

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No. CCCCII.

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ART. I.—1. *The 'Edinburgh Review' (1802–1902).*

2. *On the Authorship of the First Hundred Numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review.'* By W. A. COPINGER. Privately printed. Manchester: 1895.

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8. *Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve.* By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1898.

• ON May 24, 1802, Francis Jeffrey wrote to a friend that the publication of the first number of 'our Review has been postponed till September, and I am afraid it will not go on with much spirit even then. Perhaps we have omitted the tide that was in our favour. We are bound for a year to the booksellers, and shall drag through that, I suppose, for our own indemnification.' A month later he writes that the Review will *certainly* appear in October. Jeffrey does not doubt that 'it will make a respectable appearance' as long as it lasts, but he contemplates the early dispersion of that brilliant set of young men by whom

it was being launched, and he makes the consolatory reflection that he himself is at least only bound by his engagements to the first four numbers, and he 'hardly expects the *Review* itself to have a much longer life.'

In October, 1802, the "*Edinburgh Review or Critical Journal*"—to be continued quarterly—was published by Constable, of Edinburgh, and Longman & Rees, of London. As is well known, Sydney Smith, the original projector of the *Review*, edited the first number; after which Jeffrey took up and retained the Editorship till 1829, when, on being unanimously elected by his brethren of the Scottish Bar (amongst whom a large proportion were Tories) their Dean of Faculty, he resigned the position he had held for twenty-seven years, rightly thinking that it was hardly fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to conduct an aggressively Whig journal. He withdrew accordingly completely from the direct management of the *Review*, and even ceased to be a regular contributor to its pages.

Lord Jeffrey often declared himself 'a pessimist,' to the no small astonishment of many who found him in social intercourse the most cheerful and high-spirited as well as the most brilliant of men. But his real intimates knew his habitual tendency to augur unfavourably of the outcome of events in which he was deeply interested; a tendency which certainly coloured, sometimes too strongly, the political outlook of the *Review*.

On this occasion all fears and doubts as to the success of the new venture were quickly at an end. 'The effect of the 'first number,' we are told, 'was electrical, and instead of 'expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of 'the shock was increased by each subsequent discharge. It 'is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in 'the heart of the scene, to feel or almost to understand the 'impression made by the new luminary or the anxieties 'with which its motions were observed.' So wrote Lord Cockburn in 1852, from personal recollection of events then half a century old.

Another half-century has now passed, and it is permitted to us to look back in this October, 1902, over the hundred years' career of the journal started in Edinburgh with so much misgiving by Francis Jeffrey and his friends. As to its spirit, its vitality, its power, there could be no dispute. The '*Edinburgh Review*' was the pioneer in a region of literature then almost unexplored but since abundantly

cultivated. In a whole century of political and literary criticism, it would be foolish for its most extravagant admirers to pretend that its judgement was infallible or that its opinions have always been affirmed by posterity. Jeffrey himself would have been the last to claim inspired authority for the Review, and nothing less than inspiration could have made it always right. He and his associates were able, energetic, widely read, quick-witted men of the world, who, if they sometimes failed to appreciate the merits of the works they discussed, understood very thoroughly the average mass of men who read them. Under the guidance of men such as these the 'Edinburgh Review' attained a position of eminence never before reached by a literary and political journal. It is impossible to look back without pride to the rare ability, the lofty standards, the patriotic motives, and the absolute independence of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and not to rejoice that, on the whole, its weight throughout the greater controversies of a century has been thrown on that side which the wisdom that comes after the event has declared to be the right one.

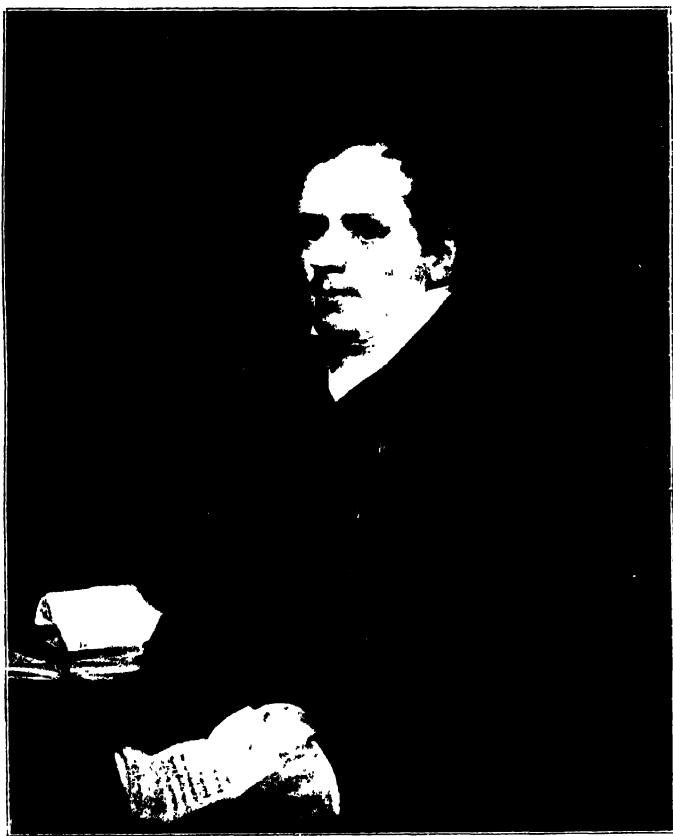
We know from Sydney Smith, Lord Cockburn, and others, everything about the birth and early years of the Review. In 1755 there had been started in the capital of Scotland an 'Edinburgh Review' which had only survived for a single year, its second number being also its last. Since then there had been no critical journal in Scotland at all, and in England, where there were, no doubt, reviews in existence, their general feebleness, and the fact that they abstained almost entirely from the discussion of matter not purely literary, left the field open to an organ largely occupied with the boldest enunciation of political views and the sharpest criticism of public measures. The set of young men who used to meet together in the spring of 1802 to discuss in Jeffrey's rooms in Buccleuch Place the great project of Sydney Smith, included Henry Brougham; Francis Horner; Thomas Brown, known in later life as the eminent and vigorous representative of the Scotch metaphysical school and the colleague of Dugald Stewart in the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh; Alexander Hamilton, a distinguished Orientalist, afterwards Professor of Sanskrit at Haileybury; Dr. John Thomson, afterwards Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh; Lord Webb Seymour; John Allen; John A. Murray (afterwards Lord Murray); and one or two more.

Jeffrey has been described as a born critic. Certainly he

had trained himself in that line of literature from his earliest days, for not only had he been accustomed at the age of fifteen and sixteen to write essays on very various subjects, but he had gone further and had practised, whilst still a boy, his critical faculties on his own productions. Having spent two winter sessions at Glasgow College, he went to Oxford in October, 1791, remaining there, however, only to the end of the following June. The active-minded young Scotsman, athirst for knowledge, was bitterly disappointed at the slackness of professors and the dawdling indifferentism of Oxonian youth. It was a bad period in English university history; but, as in later days, Jeffrey's criticism was, no doubt, strongly coloured when he wrote to a Glasgow College friend that 'except praying and drinking, I see nothing to be acquired in this place.' If Oxford was then at its worst, Edinburgh was at its best; and the change to Edinburgh, where he read for the Bar, and became a member of the Speculative Society, and the intimate friend of the brilliant set of young men there congregated, at length opened to him a new world. For a time, however, Jeffrey, looking back regretfully to Glasgow, writes with almost as much severity of Edinburgh as he had done of Oxford. That he read much and wrote much and thought much is clear. He scribbled verse abundantly, and it was as a poet that he then thought he was most likely to win fame. He never published his poetry, wisely no doubt, since his very friendly biographer, Lord Cockburn, tells us that it would not have raised his reputation. 'His poetry 'is less poetical than his prose. Viewed as a literary practice it is rather respectable.' As regards his early political and unpublished writings, Lord Cockburn speaks with much greater appreciation, and it is interesting to find that from the very beginning to the end his outlook on politics remained the same. A lengthy paper by Jeffrey, written when he was twenty years of age, survives. 'His doctrines were 'those of a philosophical Whig; firm to the popular principles of our government, and, consequently, firm against 'any encroachment, whether from the monarchical or democratical side,' and he condemns the war with France that had just been proclaimed. Except, however, occasional contributions to the 'Monthly Review,' it does not appear that Jeffrey had before the birth of the 'Edinburgh' ever published anything.

Jeffrey and his guests in Buccleuch Place were young men who had not as yet made a position in the world; but





*Mr. N. Longman*

their extreme youthfulness has been exaggerated by those who sought to find in it a heavy reproach which would tend to diminish the weight of their criticism. In 1802 Sydney Smith was just over and Francis Jeffrey just under thirty, whilst Horner was twenty-four and Brougham twenty-three. The first editor has told how he proposed as the motto of the new journal

‘*Tenui musam meditamur avena,*’

‘We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal,’

‘but this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us, I am sure, ever read a single line.’\*

How these men struck a very competent and disinterested observer before their fame was established may be read in a letter from Mr. T. N. Longman written from Edinburgh, where he had been a good deal impressed by the advantages that would accrue to his publishing business from co-operation with Constable. Mr. Longman had seen an early copy of the first number of the ‘*Edinburgh Review*.’

‘It is written (without pay) by some young men (whose names I have down, tho’ they are pretended to be secret) of very great abilities. I have not read much, but they seem to be more fond of displaying their critical acumen than the contents of the book, or of maintaining the grave dignity of their office. There is some excellent writing. . . . I have secured the second edition of the “*Border Minstrelsy*” for us. Walter Scott is a very first-rate man.’

As a result of this visit of Mr. Longman to the northern capital, his firm became joint publishers of the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ with Constable, sole publishers of the second edition of the ‘*Minstrelsy*,’ and of the first edition of the ‘*Lay of the Last Minstrel*,’ which appeared in January, 1805. ‘*Longmanum est errare,*’ wrote Walter Scott to George Ellis in humorous deprecation of the alleged non-delivery to the latter of a presentation copy of ‘*The Lay*.’ Certainly there was little error on the part of that enterprising publisher in his shrewd comment upon the Edinburgh reviewers, or in his power of gauging men and books when the tale came to be told to his partner of how he had ‘fared within the ‘*North*.’ It is an interesting and probably unique fact in the history of publishing, that the lapse of a century should find a periodical extant in the same hands as had published the first number.

The Review appeared on October 10, 1802, with the same

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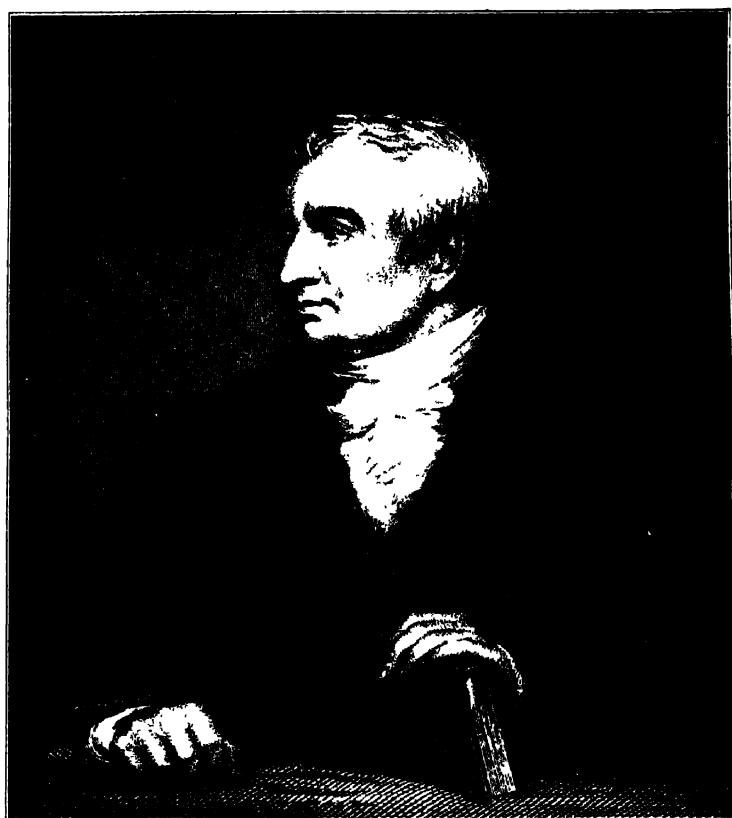
\* Preface to the Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. 3 vols.



title page and in the same guise, as it does to-day. Sometimes it has happened in the history of the publication of a long series, that under the old name a practically new work has been started and continued. But there has been no change of that kind here. In October, 1802, appeared the 1st number and in October, 1902, appears the 402nd number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' the 'Critical Journal,' published quarterly by Longmans.

Buff and blue, it is needless to say, had long been the colours of the Whig party, supposed to have been adopted by them out of sympathetic admiration for Washington and his army who wore buff and blue uniforms during the War of Independence. As a matter of fact Washington's uniform was that worn by Virginian officers in the King's service before the Rebellion.

We suppose that no modern reader surfeited with the mass of periodical literature, of political and literary criticism that is poured every month and week and day upon his table, is quite able to understand why it was that the contents of the earlier numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review' should have set the world on fire. Certainly a mere perusal of the principal articles in the earlier two or three years of its career will not enlighten him, unless he takes into account the wide difference between the conditions in those days and in these. In the first number, containing 252 pages, there are no fewer than twenty-nine articles, some of them running to only one, two, or three pages, and forming therefore rather notices of books than what are now considered formal reviews. Of these articles nine were written by Sydney Smith, six by Jeffrey, five by Francis Horner, three by Brougham, and two by Dr. John Thomson. Brougham, though he contributed to the first two numbers, hardly came within the inner circle of the management of the Review till after the third number. Amongst the most important papers in the first were those by Horner on the 'Paper Credit of Great Britain,' and by Brougham on the 'Crisis in the Sugar Colonies.' The number opened with an article by Jeffrey upon a book just published by Mounier, late President of the first National Assembly, on the causes of the French Revolution, in which paper the Review at once entered upon the discussion of events which had done more than anything else in the preceding ten years to decide the political bias of Englishmen. The views expressed were moderate as well as liberal at a time when men found it almost impossible to be either moderate or liberal in treating of the French Revolution. Jeffrey's



Henry Smith



review of Southey's 'Thalaba' in the same number was a strong protest against the doctrines and performances of a new 'sect of poets, of which Southey was one of the chief 'champions and apostles.' They were all of them, it was vehemently urged, '*dissenters* from the established system 'in poetry and criticism.' They laid claim to 'a creed 'and revelation of their own,' though their doctrines really were of 'German origin.' 'As Mr. Southey is the 'first author of this persuasion that has yet been brought 'before us for judgement, we cannot discharge our in-quisitorial office conscientiously without premising a few 'words upon the nature and tendency of the tenets he has 'helped to propagate.' The first skirmish, in what was to become prolonged war, with the 'Lakers' had begun! There would always be readers, it was feared, who would find entertainment in 'the representation of vulgar manners 'in vulgar language,' to whom elegance and dignity were of no importance, and who would accept a style due in fact to a system 'teaching us to undervalue that vigilance and 'labour which sustained the loftiness of Milton, and gave 'energy and direction to the pointed and fine propriety of 'Pope.' Still, severe as are the strictures upon what he regards as the affectations and absurdities of the new school, Jeffrey admits the poetic genius occasionally displayed in Southey's work, and allows that 'in the two concluding 'books there is some very fine poetry.' There might even be some chance, in the judge's opinion, for the creditable future of the lawless men who were brought before him, would they but honestly endeavour to restrain their powers within the rules which sound criticism of all ages had prescribed.

The second number of the Review, published in January, 1803, opened with an article on Kant's philosophy by Thomas Brown, who frankly confesses that he is unacquainted with the original works of that philosopher, and has therefore to depend wholly on the fidelity of M. Villers, his French expositor. Indeed, it was at that time by French influence that the Scottish school of metaphysics was chiefly affected, German influences having come in later under the lead of Hamilton and his followers. Jeffrey reviewed Paley's 'Natural Theology' and Denon's 'Travels 'in Lower and Upper Egypt during Bonaparte's campaigns,' whilst Brougham in an article on European policy contributed a defence of the system of the balance of power, which he considered (therein differing from many liberals in those

days and in these) to be based upon sound principles, though he admitted that in practice it had often been greatly abused. In strong language he paints the advantages that in the preceding century had resulted from the determination of the general body of European Powers to refuse to allow an overweening predominance to any one of them.

'We may indeed look to the history of the last century (the eighteenth) as the proudest era in the annals of the species; the period most distinguished for learning and skill and industry; for the milder virtues and for common sense; for refinement in government, and an equal diffusion of liberty: above all, for that perfect knowledge of the arts of administration, which has established certain general rules of conduct among nations; has prevented the overthrow of empires, and the absorption of weak states into the bodies of devouring neighbours; has set bounds to the march of conquest, and rendered the unsheathing of the sword a measure of the last adoption; whereas in other times it was also resorted to in the first instance.'

From the vantage-ground of 1902 we can compare with a sense of complacency the course of the century which was then opening to the Review, with the preceding century to which Brougham was so complimentary; for assuredly in all the characteristics enumerated the century that has just expired greatly surpassed its predecessor, though we should be very far from applying the word 'perfect' in our own times either to the arts of administration or the regulation of international affairs.

Brougham goes on to weigh the advantages for Great Britain of a policy of 'splendid isolation' against those accruing from a systematic partaking in the general affairs of Europe.

'Many politicians,' he says, 'who have no hesitation in recommending the balancing system to such Powers as Austria and Prussia, placed in the heart of Europe, and surrounded by many other states of various complexions and magnitudes, are yet of opinion that the situation of Britain is very different; that she is by nature insulated from the rest of Europe; that she can defend herself against any invasion by means of her natural barrier and internal resources; and that she ought not to sacrifice the improvement of these resources, and the means of maintaining peace, to the vain wish of holding the European balance, and embroiling herself in the stormy politics of foreign states.'

Brougham says that he has no space to discuss fully so large a national question:—

'But,' he continues, 'we cannot avoid remarking that so long as Great Britain is engaged in a commercial intercourse with other



*Wm. W. W. W.*



nations; so long as her insular situation only serves to extend and promote these commercial relations; so long as other nations possess a large portion of sea-coast, engage in a wide commercial circle, and are acquiring a navy of formidable power; so long as Britain interferes with them in other quarters of the globe, where her dominions are the most valuable and extensive;—it is an abuse of language to talk of her being separated from the continent of Europe by the Straits of Dover. The transport of an army by sea is often more easy than to march over a considerable tract of land. The fate of a naval engagement is often more quick, decisive, and dependent upon fortune than the siege of barrier towns or the forcing of mountain passes. . . . To say that England may trust to her fleets is to recommend a full reliance upon the chance of a single battle or the event of a sea-chase, to inculcate a silly confidence in good fortune, and to advise that the fate of Great Britain should be committed to the changes of the elements, the shifting of a wind, or the settling of a fog.'

In short, to our armies, and to our international policy, hardly less than to our fleet, belongs, in Brougham's opinion, the real defence of the kingdom.

It is exceedingly interesting to compare these views with those expressed in an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' of October, 1870, by Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister—a paper full of noble thought and of the highest patriotism, though pervaded by the tendency, not uncommon with the greatest characters, to see and to believe that which his own high aspirations made him desire rather than what was. The month of July had opened 'with cloudless tranquillity 'on the face of Europe,' but a few weeks had seen the overthrow of that Great Power which had held the military primacy in Europe for two hundred and fifty years. After dealing with the causes and probable consequences of these great events, he asks what is to be our share as a member of the European family of the political lessons of the war and its results:—

'It will be our own fault if they are anything but good and useful. Happy England! Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect Will into Right, and the lust of territorial aggrandisement. Happy, not only because she is *felix prole virum*, because their United Kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed, as a whole, in its energies and endowments. But happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off by that streak of silver sea—which passengers so often and so justly execrate—though in no way from the duties and the honours, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighbourhood of the continental nations.'

That twenty miles of sea had proved, 'even against the



‘great Napoleon, an impregnable fortification.’ Modern changes, the introduction of steam, the increased importance belonging to the possession of coal and iron, had operated, on the whole, to our advantage, and maritime supremacy more than in the past had ‘become the proud—perhaps the indefectible—inheritance of England.’ As an aggressive military Power on the Continent, we should never be formidable—‘we are an essentially, incurably, maritime Power.’ We had outlived the craving for mere material extension, as well as those fits of feverish excitement which beset us ‘lest other nations should do for themselves a ‘fiftieth part of what we had done for ourselves.’ At home we were prosperous and contented. ‘Ireland, our ancient reproach, can no longer fling her grievances in the face of ‘Great Britain.’ Thus the natural destiny of Great Britain was to become ‘the appropriate object of the general confidence, as the sole, comparatively, unsuspected Power.’ On all sides she would be courted as a disinterested friend and as a useful mediator to avert the quarrels of others. One thing only was needful to secure this great position:—

‘We should do as we would be done by. We should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and aiming to sway the practice of the world; a law which recognises independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific rule, which aims at permanent not temporary adjustments; above all, which recognises as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgement of civilised mankind.’

Mr. Gladstone’s forecast has, unfortunately, not been realised; and his language can be applied with as little accuracy to the actual state of things existing from 1870 to the present day as could the language of Brougham’s retrospect to the golden age of the eighteenth century!

We must return, however, to the earlier days of the Review. Of the first number 750 copies were printed, and in half a dozen years the circulation had increased to many thousands, and it must be remembered that the number of copies originally printed by no means represents the number ultimately purchased by the public. Each number had in fact a ‘book value’ which remained for years. Thus we have before us vol. i. ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ 10th edition, published in 1814, and a 7th edition of vol. ii. and of vol. iii., published in 1814 and 1815 respectively. The original idea was to run the Review without giving any

remuneration to the writers. 'It was to be all gentlemen 'and no pay.' After the third number a change was made, for we find Jeffrey writing in May, 1803, to Horner that in consequence of a negotiation between Sydney Smith and the publishers the latter were willing for the future to pay 200*l.* a year to the Editor, and 10*l.* a sheet to him and to other contributors, terms which, Mr. Longman said, 'were without precedent,' as, for the matter of that, was the success of the new journal. It is difficult in these days to realise the sort of coy feeling with which men regarded any direct pecuniary relations with the press. Jeffrey, however, found that all his men would consent to accept their ten pounds, and 'under the sanction of their 'example' he thought he might accept the salary offered 'without being supposed to have suffered any degradation.' Lord Byron, it will be remembered, in 'English Bards and 'Scotch Reviewers,' taunted Jeffrey on this point—

'To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds a sheet'—

and in the notes to the same satire he made it a reproach to Walter Scott that 'The Lay' and 'Marmion' were 'written 'for hire.' Before long the minimum remuneration in the Review was raised to sixteen guineas a sheet, at which figure it remained throughout Jeffrey's time, though very many of the articles were paid for at a higher rate. It was on this ordinary scale, it may be mentioned, that Mr. Gladstone was remunerated for the article of October, 1870, already referred to.

The undisputed authority over the whole field of literature which in half a dozen years the Review had won for itself could hardly be expected to last, and it was not desirable in the interest of the public that it should. The 'Edinburgh' was started and had been mainly supported by strong Whigs. The Tories naturally wished to have an organ of their own. In February, 1809, the 'Quarterly' appeared, and Jeffrey, whose indolence, he says, would have been better pleased at the absence of all rivalry, did not altogether dislike the prospect of sharp antagonism now opening before him. He rejoiced, indeed, as he was well entitled to do, that 'this kind of literature,' which seems to be 'more attended to than any other,' was likely to be improved by competition, and he was proud of the example he had set. It has been said that a particular article \* by

\* 'Don Pedro Cevallos on The French Usurpation of Spain,'

Jeffrey on the resistance offered by Spanish patriotism to Napoleonic aggression in the previous October number was so exasperating to Tory feelings that no further delay could be tolerated in bringing into the lists the new champion of their party. It is certain that the Cevallos article did rouse much hostile comment; and we are told how Lord Buchan (the clever though eccentric elder brother of Harry and Tom Erskine, respectively Lord Advocate and Lord Chancellor), solemnly placing the offending number of the Review on the floor of his hall in George Street, kicked it deliberately into the centre of the street, where it was left to be trampled in the mud. There is in this paper not the slightest trace of unpatriotic sentiment, and only the extreme sensitiveness of a generation which had seen the Reign of Terror, to the dangers which popular views might bring upon the British Constitution, can account for the exaggerated denunciation which it incurred.

The main contentions of this famous article were two. The Government was condemned for frittering away the martial strength of the nation in a multitude of minor expeditions, instead of imitating the strategical policy of Napoleon in striking with every effort and with overwhelming force at the very heart of the enemy. Secondly, it was made a subject for true rejoicing that at last Napoleon had found a foe, outside the circle of the jealous and self-seeking ambitions of European autocrats who had hitherto opposed him, in the patriotic and freedom-loving spirit of a people whose king and nobility had deserted them. A hearty alliance between the British nation and a people struggling for independence would do good to both, and would revive in the former the belief in popular principles held by most Englishmen before the great *throw back* of the French Revolution. The first of these positions is now the commonplace of history, and the last would not cause a twentieth-century Tory, if such a being survives, to wince.

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Edinburgh Review, October, 1808. This article was formerly attributed to Brougham, by whom it was included in his 'Contributions to the "Edinburgh Review,"' published in 1856. Brougham's recollections cannot always be implicitly trusted, but there appears to be reason for thinking that Brougham had in fact some minor share in producing the article, which was certainly in the main Jeffrey's work. The paper was not included in Jeffrey's four volumes of 'Contributions to the "Edinburgh Review,"' published in 1844; but the article perhaps hardly came within the principle of rigid selection laid down by Jeffrey himself in his preface.

We have seen that the projectors of the 'Edinburgh Review' were strong Whigs, and so were, for the most part, the most eminent of its contributors during the first half-dozen years of its existence. A notable exception was Walter Scott. He was an intimate friend of Jeffrey, and he had contributed several articles of value to the Review on literary and antiquarian topics. In 1807 Scott vainly endeavoured to recruit Southey as an 'Edinburgh' reviewer, but the vehement Toryism of the latter, and the severity with which he had been criticised by Jeffrey, rendered Scott's efforts useless. Scott had naturally from the beginning disliked the political partisan tone, as he thought it, which more and more was colouring the whole character of the Review. He had remonstrated more than once with Jeffrey on the excessive importance given to party politics, and had received his answer. 'The "Review,"' said the latter, 'has, in short, but two legs to stand on. Literature is one of them, but its right leg is politics.' The April number of the Review of 1808, six months before the crowning offence of the Spanish article, had contained a review by Jeffrey of 'Marmion,' a paper generally referred to as bitterly depreciatory of the poem, and of the genius of its author. Already Scott had been consulting Canning, Ellis, John Murray, and others as to the possibility of founding a rival organ. The cup was at last full. Scott never again wrote for the 'Edinburgh,' and, as we have seen, the 'Quarterly' was launched in February, 1809.

It is clear that the time had come, and the man, for resistance to the domination of the Whig Review. There were many, doubtless, who shared the fears of Walter Scott that by its means Whig politics were becoming disseminated in the most jealously guarded of Tory preserves. 'No genteel family,' he writes, in November, 1808, to George Ellis, 'can pretend to be without the "Edinburgh Review," because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticisms which can be met with.' As with the Cevallos article, so again with regard to Jeffrey's review of 'Marmion,' far more importance in bringing to birth the great Tory organ was assigned than really belonged to it. Walter Scott was no thin-skinned member of an *irritable genus*. The very evening after he had read the criticism, his critic came to dine with him; and with the exception of a natural little ebullition on the part of Mrs. Scott, there was nothing to diminish the social

erty. The relations always maintained, in spite of wide and outspoken differences of opinion, between Scott and Jeffrey did credit to both, bore witness to the manliness of their characters, and afforded an example unhappily too rarely imitated by eminent men who in later times have held the position of criticised and critic.

But, in real truth, Walter Scott had much reason to view with complacency the article which had so greatly irritated the blindest of his worshippers. Just as Wilkes never was a Wilkite, so we may be sure that Scott's self-appreciation was not of that order which demands universal adulation. Jeffrey was essentially a modern. Busy with his profession, busy with his political reforms, busy with reading all the new books as they came out, acquainting himself with every new idea, thinking of the present and looking hopefully to the future, he could not but be a contrast to Scott deep in the romanticism and chivalry of the past, and viewing with despondency and dread the democratic changes which the years would bring. To the critic it seemed that to write a modern romance of chivalry was to mistake the spirit of the age—to be 'much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey or an English pagoda.' This, then, was the fundamental fault of poems such as 'Marmion' or 'The Lay.' In the former Jeffrey, moreover, strangely discovered a neglect of Scottish feelings, a deadness to the sense of national patriotism! But he allowed to 'Marmion' 'great merits and various kinds of merit.' As to the account of Flodden Field, the Review declares that 'certainly of all the poetical battles which have been fought from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none in our opinion at all comparable for interest and animation—for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effort—with this of Mr. Scott.' The description is quoted at length, and the critic continues: 'this powerful poetry is superior in our apprehension to all that this author has hitherto published, and with a few faults of diction, equal to anything that has ever been written upon similar subjects.'

The natural effect of the rivalry of the 'Quarterly Review' was to intensify the party spirit of the 'Edinburgh.' In the first half-dozen years of the 'Edinburgh,' though the contributors were nearly all Whigs, certainly many of the articles, even some of those bearing directly upon politics, though of a liberalising tendency, had disclosed but little partisanship, in the narrow sense of the word. Henceforth the division was complete. Whigs turned to the 'Edinburgh'

and Jeffrey, Tories to the 'Quarterly' and Gifford. During the monopoly of the 'Edinburgh,' eminent men, desirous of having their say on the literary, artistic, or scientific topics of the time, in an organ certain to reach every intellectual circle of readers, had, of necessity, recourse to its pages. If the politics of that journal were distasteful to them, contributors and readers were constrained to swallow them nevertheless. But a change had now come. The two great Reviews had become standard-bearers of the two great political parties; and whether we consider the political or literary interest of the general public, it must be admitted that there was ample room for both. The rise of the new journal thus marks an important era in the life of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

The circulation of the older Review, far from being checked, rapidly increased. In 1814 over 12,000 copies per quarter were printed; the numbers rising to more than 13,500 in the years 1817 and 1818, the highest point ever attained.

Jeffrey had already accomplished, and more than accomplished, his purpose. His aspiration was to establish a critical authority which should be at once honest, enlightened, and independent. Again and again in his letters he pours contempt on the kind of literary criticism which had hitherto prevailed. It was generally to the last degree incompetent, ignorant, and dull; and it was for the most part at the command of booksellers who wished simply to puff their own wares. His organ prided itself from the beginning on its inaccessibility to the influence of the trade. It would serve the public interest, and the public interest alone; and on many occasions it showed an almost Roman superiority to claims due to the personal ties of friendship or to considerations of business relationship. The fact that Walter Scott was one of Jeffrey's best friends, that 'The Lay' and 'Marmion' were published by Longmans and Constable, the publishers of the 'Edinburgh,' did not deflect by a hair's breadth the critical judgement of the Review. Men like Walter Scott were big enough to understand this, and to give Jeffrey credit for it even when they disagreed with his judgement and winced under his criticism. Thus, on the whole, happy relations were preserved with old friends; and as time went on intimate friendship and mutual respect grew up even between those who had first come into contact through the difficult relation of author and critic.

Perhaps one of the most curious experiences of this kind

arose out of Jeffrey's review of Moore's poetry in 1806. The Irishman challenged the critic, who, seconded by Francis Horner, met the indignant author at Chalk Farm; but the fight was prevented by the myrmidons of Bow Street, who conveyed both parties before the magistrate, by whom they were promptly bound over to keep the peace. Byron has made the meeting famous in lines which suggest, without any foundation, that no real mischief was intended. Perhaps some colour was given to the suggestion by the fact that at the police station no bullet was found in Jeffrey's pistol, and that he and Moore made friends almost before they had left the battlefield. The Scotchman explained that his criticism only meant that the tendency of Moore's poetry was immoral, and conveyed no reflection on the author's private character, about which alone the Irishman was solicitous. The Editor in this strange way won not only a friend but a contributor. Moore, in later days, wrote for the *Review*, and became the honoured guest of its Editor at Craig Crook.

It is very intelligible that men such as Jeffrey and his associates—men gifted with great literary acumen, but who were actively engaged in the different professions and pursuits of life—should have felt an exaggerated contempt for those who seemed to them to be penmen and nothing else. The notion that some small literary coterie, holding itself aloof from the active world, was to lay down the laws which regulated poetry and taste, and to assume airs of superiority even towards the acknowledged great masters of the English language, drove them to distraction. They had themselves perhaps too little leisure to appreciate contemplative poetry at its true value. That the 'Lakers' were 'a puling and self-admiring race' was their honest if prejudiced opinion in 1816,\* as it had been when, fourteen years earlier, in the very first number of the *Review*, Southey and his school had been called up for judgement.

It was not only between the critics and the criticised that trouble arose in the early days of the *Review*. It had become, of course, a very valuable property, and disputes soon sprang up between rival claimants to the right of publishing it in London. Early in 1806 Constable had proposed to transfer the entire London publication to Murray. Longmans, however, had the law on their side, and, on the strength of their previous agreement with Constable, they

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\* Article on 'Childe Harold,' December, 1816.

obtained an injunction to restrain any other publisher in London from selling the 'Edinburgh Review' without their consent. Whatever may have been the merits of the dispute, it was put an end to the following year by Longmans selling their whole property in the title and future publication of the Review for 1,000*l*. Accordingly Murray became the proprietor of the London rights in the Review, and under his auspices No. 21 (Oct. 1807) was brought out. At this time the London circulation was 3,500 a quarter; and it seems that about five-sevenths of the whole issue went to London. Murray and Constable, however, did not long work together, and in 1808 the latter established a London house for the sale of the Review, withdrawing it entirely from Murray; and between the two considerable coolness resulted. It was in the year that the Review bore the name of John Murray as publisher on the title-page that Jeffrey's slashing article on Wordsworth's poetry, and the review of 'Marmion' already noticed, made their appearance. In October, 1814, Longmans repurchased from Constable, for 4,500*l*., their former rights in the Review—rights which they had relinquished to him seven years before for 1,000*l*. In 1826 came the great failure of Constable, from whose trustee Longmans took over, at a valuation, *the whole* interest in the Review, which has from that day to this been their exclusive property. From 1826 to 1891 the name of Adam Black, or of Adam and Charles Black, appeared along with that of Longmans on the title-page as agents for the distribution of the Review in Edinburgh, after which year A. and C. Black removed their business to London.

The year 1814, which brought back the London business of the Review to its original publishers, was in many ways an important year in its history. Indeed, the Peace may be said to mark another stage in its career. The war had absorbed men's thoughts, largely to the exclusion of home politics; but the time was once more approaching when divergent views of domestic interest and civil government were to divide into hostile factions not unevenly balanced the political forces of the kingdom. In November of that year appeared Jeffrey's famous article on Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' beginning 'This will never do'; and in the same number was his review of 'Waverley,' concluding with words which indicate that to him, at least, the great mystery was no mystery at all. 'If this be, indeed, the work,' so ends the article, 'of an author hitherto unknown, Mr. Scott would



‘do well to look to his laurels, and to rouse himself for a sturdier competition than any he has yet had to encounter.’

A few months later, on Napoleon’s escape from Elba, the war was renewed. The ‘hundred days’ culminating in Waterloo put an end to the Napoleonic era, and Great Britain turned again into the paths of peace, which she continued to follow for the space of forty years. The short but trying period of renewed war proved that Jeffrey was able to preserve his independent standpoint against the pressure of extravagant political partisanship no less than against that of personal friendship or trade interest. To us looking back upon those times it seems strange, indeed, that statesmen so patriotic, and in many respects so far-seeing, as Lord Grey and Francis Horner should have denounced the determination of the British Government in 1815 to have recourse to arms. Napoleon at the head of the armies of France could not be other than an imminent menace to the liberties of Europe.

Jeffrey, we have seen, had disliked the French war in its origin. No one, therefore, more thankfully welcomed the peace. ‘It would be strange, indeed,’ he wrote in the *Review* in May, 1814—

‘if pages dedicated like ours to topics of present interest should be ushered into the world at such a moment as this, without some stamp of that common joy and overwhelming emotion with which the wonderful events of the past three months are still filling all the regions of the earth. In such a situation it must be difficult for any one who has the means of being heard to refrain from giving utterance to his sentiments. But to us, whom it has assured, for the first time, of the entire sympathy of our countrymen, the temptation, we own, is irresistible. . . . The peace had come upon the world like the balmy air and flushing verdure of a late spring after the dreary chill of a long and interminable winter; and the refreshing sweetness with which it has visited the earth, feels like Elysium to those who have just escaped from the driving tempests it has banished.’

Was our country, after only ten months’ rest, on Napoleon’s escape from Elba, to be plunged once more into war? Jeffrey hated war; but neither his love of peace nor the intense party zeal of his friends sufficed to destroy his power of calmly judging the facts. Only a week before Waterloo he writes to his friend, Francis Horner, that though the latter may ‘think it all damnable heresy,’ he feels himself that there is more danger to freedom from the triumph of Napoleon than from the resurrection of the Bourbons. In short, on the main question, the Ministry, Tory though it

was, was right. The safety and the duty of the nation, and the true cause of liberty, required that it should stand firm with its allies against the overwhelming power of Napoleon.

After Waterloo began the era called by Miss Martineau the 'Thirty Years' Peace.' For two-and-twenty years the main energies of the nation had been concentrated upon the war; men of liberal minds and progressive tendencies powerfully supporting the Government of the day in the gigantic efforts required to repel the greatest danger that has ever menaced the State. But when peace returned Englishmen gradually fell back into the old political divisions—a party of progress, deeply impressed with the faults and failings of the system of government under which they lived, and with the belief that they could find a political remedy for them; and a party of resistance, which saw in any considerable change in our system more to dread than to hope for, and which, therefore, blocked with all the power it possessed the pathway of reform. The experience of France since 1789—the excesses and horrors of the Revolution, followed by the military absolutism of Napoleon—had seemed to great masses of Englishmen to give weight to the Tory assertion that here also Reform would be but the first step to revolution, and that British laws and liberties were dependent upon the maintenance entirely unchanged of our glorious Constitution. The Duke of Wellington, to whom for many years the Tories mainly looked for guidance, great man though he was, never really understood his countrymen's capacity for self-government; and he honestly believed that the basing of the House of Commons upon a wide electoral franchise, should it come about, would render it impossible to govern England except through the Army. A very different man—Lord Eldon—was the fitting representative of all the narrow prejudices of his day, of the caste love for privilege, of horror at the bare idea of trusting the mass of his countrymen with power. In his obstinate resistance to every kind of reform, great or small, he reached a pitch of Toryism hardly intelligible to the Conservatives of the present day. Against sentiments such as these the good sense of Englishmen ultimately prevailed. If the old Constitution was still to fit the British people, it was necessary to enlarge it. It must be made to suit the new conditions and requirements of the time. Thus Whigs, Reformers, Radicals, concentrated at last all their efforts upon what they felt to be a condition precedent to all good government—the reform of the House of Commons.

Throughout these years of struggle the 'Edinburgh Review' warmly combated that craven fear of our own countrymen, that dread of the people, which was the unhappy legacy to England of the French Revolution. It insisted upon the duty and wisdom of bringing back again the popular forces to play their proper part in the government of the country. Obstinate resistance did indeed bring the country too near to the revolution which wise statesmen saw was the only alternative to thorough yet rational reform. Lord Grey's words in the House of Lords in 1832—the last he spoke on the Reform Bill—expressed the hope which events have long ago realised—viz., 'that those who augured unfavourably of the Bill would live to see all their ominous forebodings falsified, and that after the angry feelings of the day had passed away, the measure would be found to be, in the best sense of the word, conservative of the Constitution.'

Quarter by quarter, and year after year, the energies of the Review were engaged in attacking abuses and suggesting the remedy. It would be impossible to give a list of the subjects with which it dealt, for such a list would cover the whole field of political, administrative, legal, and social reform. It is needless to name all the distinguished men who in its columns were pressing on the good work. 'It was not merely,' to quote Lord Cockburn, 'that the journal expounded and defended right principles and objects. Its prerogative was higher. It taught the public to think. It opened the people's eyes. It gave them periodically the most animated and profound discussions on every interesting subject that the greatest intellects in the kingdom could supply.'

And point by point the good cause prevailed. The stream might at times flow slowly, but the tide never really turned, and several of the founders of the Review lived long enough to see accomplished most of the objects for which in bygone days they had struggled so hard. In 1804 Jeffrey in the Review was fighting for the suppression of the slave trade. This was brought about by Fox's 'Ministry of all the Talents' two years later. But much still remained to be done, and in 1831 the Review was still fiercely contending for the complete abolition of slavery within the British dominions; and this, a year later, it was the glory of the first reformed Parliament to accomplish. In very early days, even a tolerant man like Walter Scott was dissatisfied with the Review for advocating Catholic Emancipation.

The reform of the criminal law, the abolition of tests, municipal reform, poor-law reform, and many another far-reaching project, now regarded as so many upward steps towards a higher civilisation, were supported in its columns by men of the greatest ability, imbued with intimate knowledge of the subjects on which they wrote.

The 'Edinburgh Review' naturally felt keenly on the necessity of widening and freeing our political life; for in Scotland, far more completely than in England, popular privileges and liberties had ceased to exist. The political representation of the people, the administration of justice, municipal government, had in Scotland lost almost everything of the popular character which once gave them life. Neither in public meetings nor in the press was it possible adequately to expose the mischief of the prevailing condition of affairs. Yet there was no part of the kingdom so well fitted as Scotland to enjoy the largest political rights.

As time went on the position of the Review as regards the public at large became in some respects modified. Its novelty of course wore off. It had opened a new field upon which others had now entered. Its days of monopoly were over. The 'Quarterly' was its very able rival, and a formidable political opponent. The autocratic airs of the older journal upon every subject, political or literary, had roused against it a certain spirit of dislike to dictation such as had inspired its own earlier years. It now occurred to William Blackwood, the publisher, and a Tory of the Tories, that something might be done to fan and foster, and even to turn in a profitable direction, the dislike to autocratic orthodoxy which he knew was simmering in Edinburgh. His political sympathies had been disturbed by the success of the 'Edinburgh,' and he had seen with a jealous eye the greatness of its publisher, his own rival, Constable. Now, Blackwood was a man of resource, and he thought it might be possible to tackle the 'Edinburgh' with more success than was achieved by the quarterly discharge of a heavy broadside by its orthodox Tory antagonist. A magazine 'not so ponderous, more nimble, more frequent, more 'familiar,' might make its onslaughts more telling upon the Whig journal, its publisher, editor, and contributors. Edinburgh, Whig or Tory, was before everything respectable. The new magazine must attract attention in the first number, no matter how. To shock the whole of Edinburgh society at the same time that it fell upon the Whig publisher and reviewers, was Blackwood's plan.

He had able coadjutors in Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg, and in 1817 appeared the first number of 'Blackwood's 'Monthly Magazine.' It contained the famous satire upon well-known citizens of Edinburgh called 'The Chaldee 'Manuscript'; which was intended to startle the world of Edinburgh, and startle them it did. Its outrageous personalities, and the flavour of irreverence that attaches to the parodying of the style and language of Scripture, were well calculated to stir the susceptibilities of the Scottish capital. However, a new birth in periodical literature had taken place. The first of the great 'Monthlies' had begun. Its early years were stormy ones. Actions for libel, challenges and duels followed each other in rapid succession. 'Maga' was able. No one could say that 'Maga' was inoffensive. No one could say that 'Maga' was dull. So far Blackwood's object was achieved. But its vituperation and its personalities were odious, and it was years before the magazine acquired, in addition to its reputation for brilliant writing, the high character for which 'Blackwood' was to become no less justly celebrated.

It may have been the rivalry of younger journalism that made Jeffrey fear that the 'Edinburgh' was growing old. 'Can you lay your hands,' he writes to a friend in January, 1825, 'on some clever young men who would write for us?' 'The original supporters of the work are getting old, and either too busy or too stupid, and here the young men are mostly Tories.' In the following August number of the Review there appeared the first contribution by Macaulay, then a young man of twenty-five, hardly known beyond the circle of his college friends. There seems never to have been any mystery about the authorship of the famous article on Milton, and after the first of Macaulay's 'Essays' had been published and acknowledged, it would have been impossible to doubt the authorship of its successors. 'Like Lord Byron,' says his biographer, 'he woke one morning and found himself famous.' Of all the praises and the shower of compliments that poured upon him, Macaulay to the end of his life valued most the short sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his first manuscript, 'The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style.'\*

Of the early founders of the Review it cannot be said that Jeffrey himself, or Brougham, or Sydney Smith, ever

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\* Trevelyan's 'Life of Lord Macaulay.'



*W. H. Murray*

*From photograph by Maudslayi & Co., circa 1850s*



grew stupid, or even old, in anything but years; and it is extraordinary what a very large part of the *Review* was written by those three men. For the first quarter of a century of its career 'the witty parson,' in a humorous and forcible style all his own, discussed a great variety of subjects. Sometimes he gave character sketches of people so dissimilar as Madame d'Epinay, Hannah More, and Charles Fox. At another time he would discourse eloquently on the evils of transportation and Botany Bay. He would discuss the poor laws and the game laws, prison reforms and chimney-sweepers, Bentham on Fallacies, and Catholic Emancipation; and, however brilliant his wit, his writings never fail to show a manly judgement and a kindly, human, sympathetic spirit.

Macaulay and Sydney Smith were, as all the world knows, the most brilliant talkers of their day. Good as it always was, Macaulay's flow of conversation was sometimes felt to be even too abundant. His utterance was very rapid, and he spoke with a panting anxiety. Sydney Smith, himself an enormous talker, used to complain that Macaulay never let him get in a word. Once Smith said to him, 'Now, Macaulay, when I am gone, you'll be sorry that you never heard me speak.' On another occasion Smith said that he had found Macaulay in bed from illness, and that he was therefore more agreeable than he had ever seen him. 'There were some glorious flashes of silence.'\*

Brilliant as was his wit, Sydney Smith's sincerity and deep earnestness could at times be very impressive. After the death of William IV., and the accession of his niece to the throne at the age of eighteen, Sydney Smith preached at St. Paul's, taking for his theme the true character and the opportunities of a patriot queen. There were two subjects to which he mainly directed her attention, where her influence might, he urged, be of the greatest possible service to her subjects—the cause of popular education, and the maintenance of peace. In noble language he held up to his young Sovereign the ideal of a life to be lived for the highest interest and welfare of those whom she had been called upon to rule. And happy would the preacher have been could he have foreseen that the reign just beginning was to afford during more than sixty years the greatest example any country has ever witnessed of a monarch carrying into practice the precepts which he so well expounded.

\* Cockburn's Journal.



On Jeffrey's resignation of the Editorship of the Review, in 1829, Macvey Napier, professor of conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, succeeded to the post. The new Editor had been a frequent contributor from very early days, he was an intimate friend of Jeffrey's, and he was firmly convinced of the advisability of keeping the headquarters of the Review in its old home in the north. Napier's difficulties were considerable. They arose, however, from no dangerous rivalry of other organs of opinion, but almost solely from troubles within his own camp, caused by the pretensions of Brougham to work the Review entirely in his own personal interest. Brougham's versatility was abnormal; his energy untiring; his vanity without limit. After 1835, when Lord Melbourne formed his second ministry without inviting Brougham back to the woolsack, the ex-Chancellor's hostility to the Whig Premier knew no bounds. Men recognised his genius, whilst they had a profound distrust of his character. No one, however, had done more work for the Review, and it was long a tradition that in one particular number every single article had come from his pen. After Jeffrey had gone, it was, perhaps, not unnatural that a man of Brougham's character should endeavour to make the Review *his* organ, rather than the exponent of a policy and a cause. There were other men writing for the Review very little inclined to defer to pretensions such as these. Macaulay loses patience with 'a man who half knows everything,' and protests against the use of the Review as an instrument for 'puffing its own contributor.' When, after he had himself undertaken to write on French politics in the autumn number of the eventful year 1830, Brougham claims that subject for himself, Macaulay fairly tells the Editor that he must make his choice once for all between his two contributors. 'He had always known,' Macaulay writes, 'that in every association, political or literary, Brougham would wish to domineer, and that no Editor of the "*Edinburgh Review*" could, without risking the ruin of the publication, resolutely oppose the demands of a man so able and powerful.' Napier on this occasion acceded to Brougham's imperious request 'to send off a countermand to Macaulay'; and it was Brougham's article, not Macaulay's, that was published in the October 'Review' on the Revolution of 1830. Doubtless Macaulay's threat of secession weighed with the Editor. At any rate, we hear no more of any attempt of Brougham's to oust his rival from the field editorially assigned to him.



P.S.

Professor Murray Napier  
Edinburgh University

EDITOR, 1829-1847

*From a pen drawing of the bust in the Library of the Edinburgh University  
by P. Schider, the sculptor, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery*



The connexion of the Review with the Whig leaders in Parliament was now very close. In December, 1830, Jeffrey became Lord Advocate, and Brougham Lord Chancellor; and it was thought probable that the latter would soon become the most powerful statesman in the kingdom. Why in 1835, when Lord Melbourne returned to power, Brougham did not re-enter the Cabinet has been much discussed. Brougham himself declared it was because Lord Melbourne knew that in such a case he (the Prime Minister) would be reduced to insignificance. Brougham never forgot or forgave an injury, and deep was the contumely which, in letter after letter to the long-suffering Editor, he poured upon the Whig Premier, and on his 'underlings,' who cared not a farthing for reform of any kind so long as they could keep their places. He was furious because the Review would not denounce the more moderate men of the party 'for trimming' and waiting to see how the cat jumped.' He (Brougham) was the only true Reformer, almost the only honest man, and he had no patience 'with the vermin who were basely' and meanly looking to some junction 'with the Stanleys' and 'Grahams, and want to throw the honest and single-hearted Reformers overboard the moment they have helped 'us to turn the Government out.' He complains (April 4, 1835) that his articles had not been printed, and declares that they must have been intercepted. Yet surely he had little cause of complaint, for the April number of the Review contains no fewer than six articles from his pen, on the following subjects: 'The British Constitution—Recent Political Occurrences,' 'Thoughts upon the Aristocracy,' 'Newspaper Tax,' 'Memoirs of Mirabeau,' 'French Parties and Politics,' 'State of Parties.' Nevertheless, in June Brougham actually has the face to write to Napier that ever since his Editorship had begun, 'I have found that my assistance was' reckoned, justly God knows, a very secondary object, and 'that one of the earliest friends of the Journal, and who' had (Jeffrey will tell you) enabled it to struggle through 'its first difficulties as much as any one or two of the' contributors, was now next thing to laid upon the 'shelf'!

Nothing is more exasperating to a statesman who has been left out in the cold, than the faithful party loyalty with which a chief so deficient in the discrimination of personal merit is still regarded by others. The Whiggism of the 'Edinburgh Review' was never more rigidly orthodox in the party sense than during the period of

**Macvey Napier's Editorship.** The days were long past since a few briefless advocates and a young clergyman in want of a living had set the world on fire by sheer ability and dash, and by their evident determination to maintain their critical independence against every external influence. The Review was now in the closest relations with the Whig leaders. When, for instance, Nassau Senior wrote on the Irish poor laws, his articles were revised and modified by Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. In the middle of the century, says Bagehot with dry humour, it was difficult to imagine that there had ever been anything incendiary about the 'Edinburgh Review.' Its appearance quarter by quarter had now, he says, become a great event, and it was believed that its contributors were confined to the Privy Council! In sober truth it was supported and largely written by men of the greatest position in the world of politics and letters. Their names would have made the fortune of a modern 'monthly.' But the 'Edinburgh' was always anonymous, and both Jeffrey and Napier were aware that it was possible for men of great distinction to be dull. The former pronounced (1829) that Sir William Hamilton's article on Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie* was 'the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in 'the Review.' And Sir James Mackintosh, the philosopher of 'Whiggism,' agreed with Napier's predecessor, that though the writer might be a very clever man, he was quite unfit to write on topics such as these for English readers. In politics, however, the dangers of a too rigidly official orthodoxy were on the whole avoided. The circulation of the Review, it is true, never again rose to the height it had attained in 1817-20, yet it easily held the first place in periodical literature, and was indispensable reading for all who wished to share in the intellectual life of the day. Here is the list of subjects and writers in the April number, 1846, published just before Lord John Russell formed his first administration:—

1. 'Parliament and the Courts,' by Lord Denman.
2. 'Shakespeare in Paris,' by Mrs. Austin.
3. 'Legislation for the Working Class,' by Sir George C. Lewis.
4. 'Religious Movement in Germany,' by Henry Rogers.
5. 'Lytall's Travels in North America,' by Herman Merivale.
6. 'European and American State Confederacies,' by Nassau Senior.
7. 'Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence,' by Lord Cockburn.
8. 'Political State of Prussia,' by R. M. Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton).
9. 'Earls Grey and Spencer,' by Lord John Russell.

Napier had aimed at nine or ten articles per number when he first undertook the Review, and by his agreement with Longmans each number was to contain sixteen sheets—i.e., 256 pages. The number of pages has varied at different periods from about 260 in early days to 300 or so in the middle of the century. The ordinary length was from 200 to 280 pages. The public, Napier held, did not like long articles. But Editors' rules and wishes must bend like other people's to circumstances. Macaulay's article on Lord Bacon, when sent to the Editor, ran to 120 pages, and the latter naturally consulted Jeffrey as to the course he should adopt.

'What mortal,' writes Jeffrey in reply, 'could ever dream of cutting out the least particle of this precious work to make it fit better with your Review? It would be worse than paring down the Pitt diamond to fit the old setting of a dowager's ring. It is altogether magnificent—*et prope divinum*. Since Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine. I have read it not only with delight, but with emotion—with throbbings of the heart and tears in the eye.'

Macaulay, when despatching his MS. from Calcutta, had described it as 'of interminable length'; and it was ultimately found possible to reduce it without material injury till it absorbed no more than 104 pages out of the 282 which made up the July number of 1837. Even so it was thought right to add an Editorial note to the first page of the article, asking the indulgence of intelligent readers 'for so wide a departure from our general practice.' In 1840 the 'Clive' article, which drew down Brougham's wrath on Macaulay for praising so 'bloodthirsty and cruel a man,' consumed sixty-six pages in a number which contained eight articles. In October, 1840, the essay on Warren Hastings ran to ninety-six pages, and left space for only five other articles!

Macaulay's essays on the foremost statesmen, warriors, poets, and thinkers of an earlier day hold an absolutely unique place in English literature. Not only do they constitute standard works, of which men speak with respect, they are the favourite reading of multitudes wherever the English language is known. 'Every school boy,' as the author would have said, has rejoiced in the glowing pages in which Macaulay has brought home to his countrymen the history of great deeds and the characters of great men.

After Macvey Napier had taken over the Editorship from Jeffrey, though the latter retired completely from the direct management of the Review, it was only natural that his successor should constantly recur to him for advice. By

the terms of the agreement of 1829 between Napier and the Longmans Jeffrey was to decide between them in case of any differences as to its meaning which might arise. For Jeffrey's services in this way there was no occasion, as the relations between publishers and Editor were and always have been down to the present day most harmonious; but the advice given by Jeffrey to Napier as to the conduct of the Review was abundant, and the correspondence between the two throws an interesting light upon the responsibilities incidental to the editorial management of anonymous journalism.

'There are three legitimate considerations,' writes Jeffrey in 1837, 'by which you should be guided in your conduct as Editor generally; and particularly as to the admission or rejection of important articles of a political sort:—1. The effect of your decision on the other contributors upon whom you mainly rely; 2. Its effect on the sale and circulation, and on the just authority of the work with the great body of its readers; and 3. Your own deliberate opinion as to the safety or danger of the doctrines maintained in the article under consideration, and its tendency either to promote or retard the practical adoption of those liberal principles to which, and *their practical advancement*, you must always consider the journal as devoted. . . . This discretion you cannot, I think, delegate to another, who would not share your responsibility.'

In Jeffrey's view the 'Edinburgh' represented a body of opinion directed to the attainment of certain definite and practical ends; not the personal views of this or that individual, or even the special fancies of the Editor himself. Several times in its history circumstances have arisen when it has been necessary for the Review to act firmly upon its own considered judgement against pressure which has been attempted from outside on the part of those who claimed for one reason or another to be entitled to its indiscriminating support, and in every case the principles laid down by Jeffrey have successfully been vindicated.

The frank manner in which in their confidential letters to Napier the contributors criticised each other's productions must have afforded to the Editor reading no less useful than entertaining. There is something very naïf, moreover, in the occasional comments of contributors on the sort of literary distinction suitable to the Review. Jeffrey had found Carlyle, whose genius he recognised, and to whom he rendered great assistance, a difficult writer to manage; and he had felt forced before admitting his articles to do a little cutting off and patching up, doubtless much against the grain. Carlyle, as he complains to Napier, had felt it due to

‘his literary conscience’ to rebel. ‘Editorial hacking and ‘hewing’ he would not stand. Surely Napier might trust him, for he strongly held ‘that one can and should ever ‘*speak quietly*; loud hysterical vehemence, foaming, hissing, ‘least of all becomes him that is convinced, and not only ‘*supposes* but *knows*.’ One wonders whether Napier found this convincing as to the reposeful style of contributions which Carlyle hereafter might offer him!

During the first half-century of its existence Jeffrey and Macaulay were the two men whose character was most deeply impressed upon the whole political tendency of the Review. There is some truth in Bagehot’s observation that Whiggism is not a creed but a character, and this character he sketches in not too flattering terms. ‘Perhaps as long ‘as there has been a political history in this country there ‘have been certain men of a cool, moderate, resolute firmness, not gifted with high imagination, little prone to ‘enthusiastic sentiment, heedless of large theories and ‘speculations, careless of dreamy scepticism; with a clear ‘view of the next step, and a wise intention to take it; a ‘strong conviction that the elements of knowledge are true, ‘and a steady belief that the present world can, and should, ‘be quietly improved. These are the Whigs.’

Macaulay struck right and left with equal vigour. At one time (1829) he was pouring a heavy broadside into the Radical philosophers, headed by Bentham and James Mill, who were fiercely attacking, in the pages of the ‘Westminster ‘Review,’ the moderation of Whig statesmen, and of the Whig organ. At another time, ten years later, he was turning his attention to the obscurantist views of the ultra-Tory party, in that famous article on Mr. Gladstone’s book on Church and State, whose first paragraph the events of the following fifty years were to render for ever remarkable. In the April number of 1839 we wrote as follows:—

‘The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and goodwill of all parties.’ Mr. Gladstone, the article goes on, ‘appears to be in many respects exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give

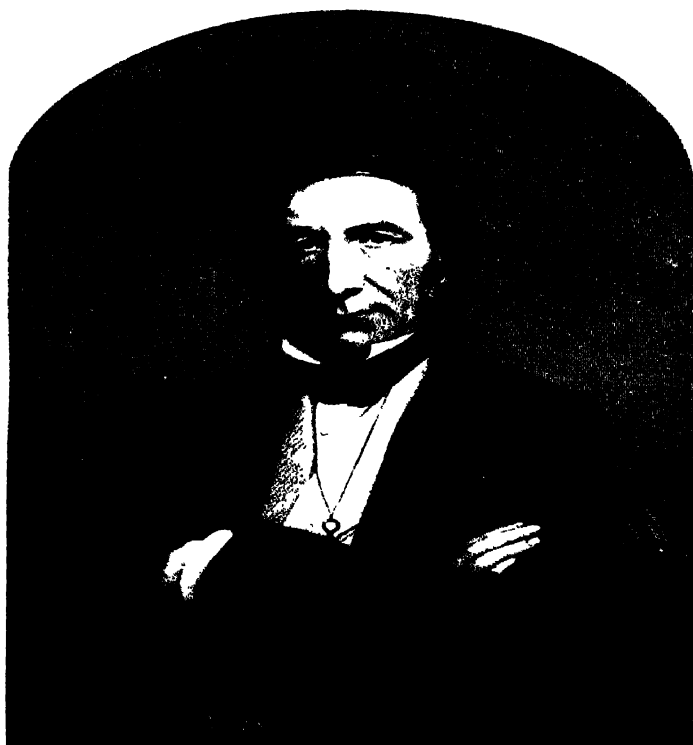


his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passion and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate.'

It must have given not a little satisfaction to Jeffrey and Macaulay, after their fierce war with the Utilitarians and the 'Westminster,' to find in 1841 John Stuart Mill and the best of his coadjutors in the latter journal offering their services to its great and successful rival. Mill felt that these heated differences between Liberals were doing harm to their common cause. He had failed, he says, after a long trial, to induce the Radicals to maintain an independent position, 'and there was no room for a fourth political party in this country—reckoning the Conservatives, the Whig Radicals, and the Chartists as the other three.' Why, he asks, should he keep his little rivulet distinct, instead of merging it in the great and steady stream of Liberal opinion? In the October 'Edinburgh' of that year Mill reviewed Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America.' Perhaps, were Jeffrey and Macaulay alive to-day, they might consider that the accession of strength their principles had won from amongst their Tory foes was no less remarkable than their triumph of earlier years over the successors of James Mill! If we consider causes and principles, rather than mere party names and badges, where to-day shall we find the representative either of extreme Radicalism or of old Toryism? Individuals, of course, there still are, and will always be, of extreme views, but political power is not with them; and for practical purposes the moderate reformers have won along the whole line.

After rendering eighteen years' splendid service to the Review, Macvey Napier died (1847); and Messrs. Longman appointed as his successor in the Editorship Mr. William Empson, professor of the 'Polity and Laws of England' in the East India College at Haileybury, who had married Lord Jeffrey's only daughter. Empson had been for many years a valued contributor on political, legal, and literary subjects. At school at Winchester he had made friends with Arnold, afterwards headmaster of Rugby. Their friendship continued through life, Empson sharing warmly Arnold's views on all matters of educational and ecclesiastical interest, matters which in those days were largely occupying men's thoughts,





*G. L. Lewis*

EDITOR, 1852-1855.

and the discussion of which has bulked very largely in the Review. His Editorship only lasted five years, for in 1852 he died suddenly, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, M.P. for Herefordshire, lately Financial Secretary to the Treasury under Lord John Russell, was appointed in his stead.

The Russell Government had fallen in February, 1852, and with its fall Cornwall Lewis, of course, lost his place. In July he lost his seat also, and a few months afterwards he accepted Messrs. Longman's offer of the vacant Editorship of the Review. A scholar of high repute, a deep political thinker, and a trained statesman, intimate in social life with the eminent literary men of his day, the publishers had chosen wisely. He describes his new employment as bringing upon him official correspondence akin to that with which he had been acquainted in a public department, with the drawback that he had no secretaries to help him, but with the countervailing advantage that he could do all the business of the Review in his own house. Cornwall Lewis soon found another seat in the House of Commons, but this ultimately led to his resigning the Editorship of the Review, for in 1855, on Mr. Gladstone leaving the ministry, Lord Palmerston offered to Sir George the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. On accepting it the latter, of course, resigned his connexion with the Review, and Messrs. Longman nominated the late Mr. Henry Reeve as his successor.

The late Editor of the Review continued to manage and direct it till his death, only seven years ago. As years proceed Editors and contributors change. In the world of politics new situations arise, new forces come into play, new measures are proposed and contested, questions never contemplated by our ancestors have to be answered. Reeve made it his endeavour to face the problems of the day as they arose in the firm, moderate, calm-judging spirit which Bagehot attributes to the Whig character. In his eyes the Review represented a great tradition. And a believer in political principle himself, he disliked the opportunism bred of the pressure of momentary conditions as much as he condemned the substitution of mere personal devotion to a great leader for a firm and ardent attachment to a great cause. His notion of true wisdom in statesmanship was that of the late Poet Laureate:—

‘to maintain  
The day against the moment, and the year  
Against the day.’

As a very young man, owing to his exceptional familiarity

with French and German, and the confidence which men felt in his character and judgement, he had become intimate in a very unusual degree with the statesmen of the Continent. For many years practically directing, under the superintendence of the Editor of the 'Times,' the foreign policy of that great journal, he had obtained a close insight into the relations between our own and other nations, between our statesmen and theirs. With the late Editor of the *Review*—the new Chancellor of the Exchequer—and Lord Clarendon he was on terms of close friendship. His post at the Privy Council brought him into constant intercourse with all the great lawyers of the day, and his tastes led him to see much of the diplomatic world of London. A man of wide-reading and general culture, he was deeply interested in English and foreign literature; but as he lived an active life amongst men of action, it was clear that in his time, as before it, the *Review* would escape the danger of getting into the hands of the small literary coteries and cliques so obnoxious to the soul of Jeffrey.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to trace the gradual developement of ideas and of feeling amongst the thinking part of the community in reference to that 'State and Church' controversy on which Macaulay and Gladstone had taken different sides. In Roman Catholic times ecclesiastical pretensions conflicted often enough with the temporal power of the State, and our ancestors knew how to vindicate their civil liberties. Since the Reformation in England and Scotland Anglican and Presbyterian 'highfliers' have at times asserted claims which, whatever their abstract merits, are entirely incompatible with the maintenance of a State Church. Three years before Macaulay had reviewed Gladstone, Arnold of Rugby had denounced in the *Review* in the severest language the aims and motives of that extravagant High-Churchmanship of Oxford, which was to lead so many Anglicans into the Papal fold. The 'Oxford Malignants' seemed probably to the Editor a happy title to bestow on Arnold's paper; but it was one which not unnaturally gave additional offence to those who fell under its scourge. The trustees of Rugby School invited Dr. Arnold to acknowledge the article, and the dismissal of the most distinguished schoolmaster of the nineteenth century was actually in contemplation. Arnold, however, maintained his ground; and in later years in the *Review* the fight against sacerdotal ascendancy was maintained in a wider spirit of charity, but with no less force and courage, by his great disciple Dean

Stanley. Henry Rogers, in the same pages, from a somewhat Puritanical standpoint, frequently discussed matters of theological or ecclesiastical interest, whilst Sir James Stephen, Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office (whom his colleague Henry Taylor used to nickname 'Over Secretary' and 'King Stephen'), out of a very large number of articles, contributed over a long series of years, had in many papers lent his weight to the same side. The names of the articles contributed by the late Dean of Westminster recall the fierce controversies of the latter half of last century. 'Essays and Reviews,' 1861; 'Ritualism,' 1867; 'The Pope and the Council,' 1871; 'The Bennett Judgment,' 1872; 'Religious Movements in Germany,' 1881, are a few of these. With Dean Stanley's wide spirit of toleration, and his dislike to ecclesiastical pretensions, Reeve was entirely in accord. The latter's article of July, 1868, on 'The National Church,' is a noble plea for

'enlarging the boundaries of the Church of England, so far as is consistent with the maintenance of the essential truths of Christianity; for endeavouring to make her more and more the Church of the people; for surrendering those trifling grounds of difference which, however inconsiderable in themselves, and in no degree essential to our own faith, are stumbling blocks to the faith of others, where they are unconditionally enforced; and thus rendering the Church more comprehensive, more tolerant, and therefore more national.'

Mr. Gladstone in 1867, leading, like Lord John Russell in 1846, the Liberal Opposition on the eve of its return to power, like him contributed a noteworthy article to the *Review*. In 'The Session and its Sequel' \* Mr. Gladstone reviews the remarkable events of the session just concluded. Mr. Disraeli had induced the Tory party, which two years before had triumphantly thrown out the moderate Reform Bill of Lord Russell's Government as being far too democratic, itself to pass a measure far more extreme than any statesman had advocated—conduct which, though it bought a few months' success in the House of Commons, destroyed for a time the credit of his party with the country. Authority, urged Mr. Gladstone, can never long be severed from public esteem and confidence, and of these the session of 1867 had, he asserted, robbed the Tory party. The day of retribution was near, and 'the moral of the session lay in fresh proofs 'that parties, like individuals, can only enjoy a solid

\* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1867.

‘prosperity by building on the rock of honour, truth, and the confidence which they alone engender.’

Two months later the country had pronounced against Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone's ministry was in power. The great Government of 1868 opened its first session with a majority of 120 at its back in the House of Commons. It used well the power it had won, and it has left a record of work done which certainly no later ministry has surpassed. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the Irish Land Act, the Abolition of Purchase, and Army Reform, the Education Act, the Judicature Act, and the Ballot Act were measures of the very first importance. Many other minor but useful measures became law, before the sudden dissolution of 1874 brought about the fall of the Liberal ministry. The Review, which had rejoiced at the wide composition of the ministry of 1868 and at the introduction of Mr. Bright and other ‘new men’ into the Cabinet, and had heartily supported all its great measures, in an article in April, 1874, sounded a first note of warning. The wide experience and cautious spirit of the Editor had taken alarm. In the past the Whig party, said the Review, had been in alliance at one time with Irish Roman Catholics to put down Protestant bigotry and religious intolerance in Ireland, at another time with Protestant nonconformity in fighting the battle of the Test Act. But the Whig party did not on that account become either Roman Catholic or nonconformist, and in each case the alliance was formed in order to bring about an event which Whig statesmanship held dear—the triumph of civil and religious liberty. For certain great purposes Whig statesmanship and the ‘Manchester School’ had worked together, but for all that Whig statesmen and Whig principles had never been identified with the Manchester School, any more than Whigs had become Repealers after having been for a time allied with Daniel O’Connell. ‘We hold, and have ever held,’ wrote the Review, ‘that in the Whig party lies the centre of gravity of Liberal politics in England.’ To alter materially the centre of gravity would upset the ship. The spirit of English politics was moderation, and the recent elections had shown that, let candidates label themselves as they would, what the country wanted was government on lines of steady progress, not Radical changes on the one side, or Tory opposition to all advance on the other. In Mr. Gladstone's conduct there was reason to fear that the direction of the Liberal party was about for the first time to fall into the hands of



*J. Reem*

EDITOR, 1855-1895.





extremists, and, if so, that party would very soon lose the public confidence which since 1832 it had so preponderantly enjoyed.

These views implied a distrust of Mr. Gladstone which was certainly not at that time shared by the younger and more energetic members of the Liberal party. Mr. Disraeli's government proved unfortunate. Small wars which brought little of honour or advantage had been entered upon, and though the nation had kept out of the Russo-Turkish war, it was by no means clear that its thanks for that great service were due to its ministers, who at times of trial and difficulty had shown themselves hopelessly vacillating and divided amongst themselves. On the eve of the General Election the Review returned to the charge ('Plain Whig Principles,' January, 1880), quoting, with approval, a private letter from Earl Russell, written after the Liberal *débâcle* of 1874, expressing the conviction that whenever the Liberal party was reconstituted it would be on a Whig basis. In that party there must, of course, always be individuals who hold extreme and eccentric views. 'Men of patriotic and benevolent minds may think it desirable to ask the sanction of Parliament to the Permissive Liquor Bill, the female franchise, or even the propagation of small-pox and other diseases.' But the Liberals, as a party, can only be strong by union, and this can only take place if the cardinal principles common to the whole party are upheld. Could Mr. Gladstone be trusted to refuse firmly to yield to demagogues and fanatics the guidance that should belong to statesmen, backed as they were sure to be in the long run by the solid opinion of moderate Englishmen of all classes of the community? *This* was the question, implied rather than expressed, which ran through the whole article. Even then Home Rule was a cry not without effect in English constituencies where Irish voters were numerous.

'On a question of vital importance to the existence of the State, it is a mean and treacherous action to disguise an opinion, or to court popularity by supporting a measure because it cannot be carried. A seat is purchased too dearly at such a sacrifice of honour and of truth. The people of England and Scotland will never consent to abandon Ireland to the revolutionary passions of a separate legislature, and whatever may be the equivocal language of the timid and weak in the Liberal camp, this is a principle on which we are convinced that the leaders of the Whig party immovably stand.'

The great mass of Liberals, however, placed implicit trust in Mr. Gladstone, and the majority by which, in the spring

of 1880, he was returned to power seemed to the party at large to promise for the country such an era of peace abroad and steady progress at home as had rendered his first ministry for ever famous. It was not long before troubles and difficulties arose—some inevitable, others clearly attributable to weakness and vacillation in high places. As regards Ireland, legislation not merely of a far-reaching character, but founded on entirely novel principles, was passed. 'Free trade in land' had been a Liberal principle, if ever there was one; specially favoured, moreover, by Radical reformers and eminent members and writers of the Cobden Club. State regulation of the land was the panacea of Mr. Gladstone's government for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's vehement advocacy of the new policy differed very considerably from the weighty reasons alleged in its support by Lord Hartington. By the former the old teachings and tried principles of political economy were lightly dismissed. Only establish the new system, he declared, and the secular wrangling between landlords and tenants in Ireland would for ever cease. By the Whig leader it was urged with much truth that, as a mere matter of fact, a deadlock existed between rent-receivers and rent-payers; for the time, free contract was at an end, and some system of compulsory arbitration must take place in the interest of both, so as to provide a *modus vivendi*, till natural forces again came into play. Even more responsible than his Land Bill for alienating moderate men from Mr. Gladstone's following was the weakness of his administration in Ireland. The events of 1881–1882, the tyranny established by the Land League, the inability of the constituted authorities to defend the rights of law-abiding men, caused the deepest dissatisfaction amongst a large number of Liberals, who were beginning to fear that Mr. Gladstone, in accordance with the specious phrase—conciliation before coercion—was neglecting the first duty of all civilised government—the maintenance of the law. Men who knew anything of the feeling of the Liberal side of the House of Commons during the years 1881–1884 fully realised the danger to the party, as well as to the country at large, which a surrender on the part of Liberal statesmanship to Irish disaffection was bound to produce.

The Review from early days had shared these fears. It would tolerate no combination with those who were avowedly aiming at the disintegration of the kingdom, and who, in the meantime, were arrogating to themselves in Ireland

an authority superior to the law. In 1886 the final crisis came. The General Election was no sooner over than Mr. Gladstone made known his conversion to the project long advocated by Mr. Parnell of establishing a separate Parliament and Government in Ireland. This policy, which he had hitherto denounced, he now declared to be the fundamental principle of the Liberal party; and he called upon all Liberals, notwithstanding their recent utterances to the contrary at the General Election, to declare for Home Rule! A new position was thus created, which those who had long advocated the cause of Liberalism had to face. Lord Hartington was a Liberal, so were John Bright, Sir Henry James, Lord Selborne, Mr. Peter Rylands, and many others in both Houses of Parliament and in the country, who had spent their energies for many years in the service of the party. The Review was the oldest and most constant Liberal of them all; but it had always maintained in political controversy that party should be based on fundamental principles, not on mere personal allegiance to leaders, however eminent. In former days its relations had become strained with a far truer exponent of Liberalism than Mr. Gladstone—viz., with Lord John Russell, who in 1857 had thought it his duty to combine with the Conservative party against the Liberal ministry of Lord Palmerston. An article in the Review, written by Mr. Lowe, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, far too much, it must be owned, in the spirit of an official subordinate, whose place had been in danger, savagely attacked Lord John. The latter's friends brought the matter before Mr. Thomas Longman, the son and successor of the original publisher of the Review, complaining that the article was inconsistent with its Whig character. He thought it right to intimate to Lord John his regret for the personal attack that had been made upon him; for great had been the wrath of the Whig statesman that he, the embodiment of true Whiggism, should have been censured by a Review which wore 'the uniform of Charles James Fox.'\* And we may add this little incident shows that the publisher of a political periodical is at times called upon to exercise both tact and judgement.

In January, 1886, in the opinion of those who guided the Review, the party, headed by Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, joined a few months later by Mr. Chamberlain,

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\* Letter from Lord John Russell to Mr. Longman.

represented far more truly than the Home Rule Alliance, that was now formed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, the principles dear to the Whig party. In article after article, for more than eighty years, the duty of moderate reform had been urged—of resistance to obstructive Toryism on the one hand, and, if need be, to reckless Radicalism on the other. The time foreseen had arrived. The moderating influence was withdrawn from what still called itself the Liberal party; but *its centre of gravity had changed*, with the natural consequence that since then it has not been able to stand upright!

History will never forget the great services rendered to the State by Mr. Gladstone; though it is natural that for a time the fatal error of his declining years should obscure in men's eyes the high qualities of his earlier statesmanship. As an ardent free-trader his name will live with that of Sir Robert Peel as the founder of the commercial system under which the country has for the last half-century grown and prospered to an extent without precedent in our history. To a journal of which in their day Francis Horner and McCulloch were pillars, it was inevitable that the transcendent financial genius of Mr. Gladstone, his sound economic doctrines, his firm faith in the merits—commercial and political—of free trade, would strongly appeal. And when, after much consideration, Mr. Gladstone, in 1859, enlisted under the Whig banner of Lord Palmerston, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer, there was every reason to hope that the Liberal party had received an accession of strength which would be beneficial both to themselves and the country. And for many a long year these hopes were fulfilled.

The strong sympathy for freedom abroad shown by Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, and the services they were able to render to Italian nationality, received the warm approval of everything that was best in the Liberal party. As regards domestic affairs, after Lord Palmerston's death, the younger and more energetic members of that party, who had borne with some impatience the postponement of reform during the Palmerstonian *régime*, welcomed Mr. Gladstone's succession to the lead of the House of Commons, and the formation of a more advanced ministry by Lord Russell. The Reform Bill of 1866 was the result. In no period of our parliamentary history have speeches more eloquent, more worthy of a great subject and of a great statesman, been delivered than those

of Mr. Gladstone in 1866 and 1867. They roused to a high pitch the enthusiasm of the country, which at the General Election at the end of 1868 gave him overwhelming support. To Mr. Gladstone's first ministry we have already referred. The many reforms it carried were thought out, and thorough, and their merits are now recognised by many of those who at the time opposed them. Amongst the greatest of the measures of that time was Mr. Forster's Education Act, the great foundation of our system of national education. It is sad to call to mind that amongst the bitterest opponents of Mr. Forster were Liberals who attached more importance to sectarian controversy than to the promotion of national education. Their attention was solely concentrated upon the famous 25th clause; and when the dissolution came the discontent of a large portion of the Nonconformist wing, always, and most deservedly, an important section of the Liberal party, was one of the principal causes of what was called the Conservative reaction of 1874.

It must be admitted, however, that the close of the career of Mr. Gladstone's first ministry was marked by unfortunate occurrences. And the suddenness and manner of the dissolution itself, now known to be largely due to circumstances connected with Mr. Gladstone's peculiar position in regard to his own seat in the House of Commons, were almost an outrage on decent constitutional usage. The principal 'plank in his platform,' to use an American expression, was the abolition of the income tax—a proposal about which he had not even consulted his colleagues in the Cabinet. This was not the way in which hitherto great political changes had been introduced to the British people. The electorate apparently resented electioneering tactics over which no veil of decency had been thrown. Mr. Gladstone received an overwhelming defeat at the polls, threw up the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and left it to Lord Hartington to hold together the Liberal party in the time of its adversity, and to repair its strength. Patriotically, ably, and wisely this duty was performed; but it was recognised on all hands that the great majority of 1880 was due principally to the vehemence and burning zeal of Mr. Gladstone, who, after some two years of retreat, had again thrown himself into the political fray.

Mr. Gladstone once said, with a smile, that in the course of his life he had been called many names, but no one had ever ventured to call him a Whig. And there was in his

conduct throughout, even when he was doing excellent work in the eyes of good Liberals, something that jarred with Whig instincts. As Lord Justice Bowen, as long ago as 1878, said to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, 'opinion with Mr. Gladstone was a zymotic disease.' There was something unhealthy—almost feverish—in the way in which he treated great political subjects: such, for instance, as income-tax repeal, Bulgarian atrocities, and Home Rule, to mention three only out of many examples that might be given. Where, again, on the many occasions when the politics of the day seem to trench more or less on matters arousing religious controversy, he might always be trusted to sympathise with the ecclesiastical view of the situation. In this also he was no Whig. Great leader of the Liberal party as he was, these things raised in the mind of no small number of the thinking men amongst his followers a doubt whether they and he would always be able to work together.

In 1886, as we have said, the final crash came. The Liberal party—Whig and Radical—at the dissolution in the winter of 1885 stood together under Mr. Gladstone's leadership for the last time. Mr. Parnell ordered the Irish vote in England to be thrown on the side of the Conservatives. But the Liberal leader had, nevertheless, the support of a large majority of the constituencies of Great Britain. In the House of Commons the Liberal members were now equal to Conservatives and Nationalists together. In these circumstances Mr. Gladstone, without thinking it necessary to gain the approval of his colleagues, embraced Home Rule, and declared it to be the central doctrine of the Liberal creed.

It was no light matter to break with such a leader as Mr. Gladstone. Those who knew him recognised the absolute sincerity of his conviction that the policy he was pursuing was for the good of his country. But what responsible men had to ask themselves was no question as to Mr. Gladstone's motives, but simply whether they could any longer look upon him as a safe guide. The greatness of his qualities, his ascendancy over lesser men, his deep earnestness, only rendered him the more dangerous. If Mr. Parnell's policy was a wise and sound one, Mr. Gladstone's whole political career, so far as it concerned Ireland, down to January, 1886, was a mistake. In the most dangerous crisis of recent times Lord Hartington's action saved the State. With Mr. Bright and Mr. Goschen he stood firm against all solicitations to join Mr. Gladstone in preparing a measure for the establishment of an Irish Parliament and executive

Government in Dublin. From January to April Mr. Gladstone's assurances that Home Rule meant true union drew over to his support many weak-kneed men. But the situation hardened on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, which made it necessary for members, with their eyes opened to Mr. Gladstone's real policy, to take sides definitely for or against it. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan now joined Lord Hartington. The Bill was rejected, nearly a hundred Liberals voting against it. The country supported the House of Commons, and the 'Dissentient Liberals' rapidly constituted themselves into a powerful 'Liberal Unionist party.'

These events of half a generation ago have decided the subsequent course of English politics. The Liberal Unionist action of 1886 has been completely justified. It has been proved that the Union can be maintained, that law and order can be upheld in Ireland, that the British House of Commons is not at the mercy of the Irish Nationalist members, and bound for the sake of its own peace and efficiency to accept the disintegrating policy which Mr. Parnell or his successors would force upon it. Events have also shown that the rejection of Home Rule, and the defeat of the Home Rule alliance, have not condemned the country to a period of 'Tory stagnation.' The Unionist administrations that since the General Election of 1886 have been in power have carried measures of wide reform which would have brought no little credit to any purely Liberal ministry. The statutes establishing representative local government in counties, and in London, and for providing free education, have taken away all reality from the taunt that Unionist is a new word signifying Old Tory. In simple truth the Liberal Unionist party has accomplished almost to the letter the arduous task which in 1886 Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain advised it to undertake. Thus 'plain Whig principles' are still in the ascendant, denounced, no doubt, as heretofore by extremists of both the great parties, but forming nevertheless the ground-work of English political feeling amongst the large majority of educated, responsible men.

The triumph of the Unionist party, Conservative and Liberal, has in truth been so complete that their adversaries now hardly venture to keep the Home Rule flag flying. What, then, is to divide parties, if, by general consent of English politicians, the policy for which Mr. Gladstone fought is abandoned? For our part we should gladly see the Opposition rid itself of the millstone that has so long



hung round its neck. As yet it remains to be proved that it has so freed itself or can so free itself; and till this is shown, the country can put no confidence in the unionism of the Liberal party. No statesmen will get the support of the country, however they may label themselves or their followers, who cannot be trusted to maintain the parliamentary union of England and Ireland. Lord Rosebery is not the only leading Liberal who has come to recognise that with the electorate of Great Britain unionism is a *sine qua non*.

Circumstances and conditions have greatly changed with the political, literary, and scientific world since first

. . . . "The Review"

Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue.'

The functions of a quarterly critical journal in 1902 are not precisely those which it was the mission of the 'Edinburgh' to perform a hundred years ago. There is certainly to-day no lack in quantity of criticism. Journalism has become the profession of a very large number of highly cultivated men and women, who justly pride themselves on their marvellous literary facility, and their readiness to turn to account the results of their own extensive reading. There probably never was a time when there was more ability of this kind available. Reviewing has, in recent years, become one of the regular functions of the daily press, and it is even the fashion for newspapers to publish reviews of books likely to interest the public on the very day that they appear! The monthly reviews, whatever the reason, do not concern themselves very largely with the discussion of general literature, and the weekly papers, which, as a matter of course, notice all the new books of any importance, though they often contain conspicuously able reviews, yet, from the necessary limitations of space, leave a wide field of usefulness open to quarterly critics. Books that have taken able and learned men years to write deserve to be pondered, not merely to be read, by those who would give a really adequate account of them, and would *criticise* them in the old and true sense of the word. It is one great advantage of the quarterlies, that even in these days of electricity they have time to think!

In the regions of science, and in the study of Nature, it is needless to refer to the gigantic strides that have been made. In a later article we discuss at length some of the results that have flowed from the life-long researches and patient investigations of Darwin. It is not without interest

that in one of the very earliest numbers of the Review \* we comment in the following words upon the theories of his father, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, as disclosed in his poem the 'Temple of Nature.' 'Darwin seems to think himself warranted in concluding that there are no fixed or insurmountable barriers between the different species of animals.' Half a century later came the epoch-making 'Origin of Species'; and now after another fifty years we are able to take stock of the manifold results, direct or indirect, that have followed from the developement of the Darwinian theory. A third generation of Darwins has now made its mark in the study of natural phenomena, and already takes a front rank amongst those who are driving back the limitations of human knowledge.

Still, when all is said and done, no approach has been made to laying bare the great secrets of Nature. The heavens are not rendered less mysterious by the discovery that the heavenly bodies conform to rigid laws; nor is humanity more intelligible because in the animal and vegetable world fixed rules appear to regulate the variation of species. In the great controversies of the century both sides—the men of science and the men of religion—have learned something. The former have begun modestly to admit that their knowledge only carries them a certain way, and that beyond the large area in which they operate, they are no better qualified than others to lay down the law. 'They didn't know *everything* down in Judee.' On the other hand, if we may say so with all respect, the protagonists of supernaturalism have in these same controversies learned to lay greater store by common sense. They are learning to regard as friends the reasoning faculties of the human brain. They are ceasing to be afraid of every increase to our stock of demonstrated truth, and even to find in the highest exercise of 'the reasoning powers divine,' additional cause for their belief in a region above and beyond this material world.

For the greater part of the first half of last century several of the great Whig magnates took an interest in literature and the arts, second only to their interest in politics. The names of Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Bowood, recall to every one a time when Whiggism and literature went hand in hand, and a society where Edinburgh reviewers were as much in their element as when enjoying

further north the more modest but not less hearty hospitality of the 'Duke of Craigcrook.'\* The move southwards of the headquarters of the 'Edinburgh Review' was, in truth, but the formal recognition of facts. Modern facilities of travel and communication have tended to establish in the capital of the United Kingdom whatever influences are intended to operate in more than local spheres. As Brougham, and Horner, and Sydney Smith, and many another of the early Edinburgh reviewers were drawn south, so it happened ultimately with the Review itself. Under modern conditions it was found that its energies could be best directed and its influence most widely exerted from London.

It is impossible without breaking through that rule of anonymity which has always been observed by the 'Edinburgh Review' to show how closely the early advice of Lord Jeffrey has throughout been followed—viz., to keep its criticism as free as possible from the influence of mere literary cliques. As has been said, its contributors have always been very largely drawn from amongst those who are not exclusively men of the pen. Lord Houghton, who himself made known the authorship of many of his articles, is a typical instance of a man of literary distinction, who mixed, nevertheless, in political life and practical affairs, and who contributed largely to the Review. To his lot it fell to review 'Atalanta in Calydon,' 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and 'Lothair,' as well as to contribute many papers discussing European and general politics. Elsewhere in the present day the rule of anonymous writing may no longer be observed. Here the old tradition prevails. In every profession and in every walk of life the most distinguished men have ever been ready, and even proud, to give us their help. But we can make no mention in these pages of contributors in the past who have not themselves chosen to disclose their identity, nor of those who in this, the second century of its existence, most ably support the 'Edinburgh Review.'

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\* So Sydney Smith nicknamed Jeffrey.

ART. II.—1. *Helen of Troy*. By ANDREW LANG. London: Bell & Son. 1882.

2. *Völsunga Saga*. Translated by MAGNÚSSON and MORRIS: *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung*. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1877.

3. *Epics of Ancient India. The Rāmāyana*. Translated and abbreviated by ROMISH CHANDRA DUTT. 1901.

THE jeer of Mephistopheles, when Faust drinks the witch potion of the renewal of youth,

‘Du siehst mit diesem Trank im Leibe  
Bald Helenen in jedem Weibe,’

illustrates the degree to which the name of Greek Helen became the traditional symbol of a type. The sentence is but one of many kindred references. Helen was and remains the pre-eminent example of those women fair above others, untrammelled by spirituality within, and unshackled by the higher instincts of purity and uprightness, whose beauty sets in flames not Troy Town alone, but that far less impregnable fortress, the City of Mansoul. Fate decreed that, justly or unjustly, her character should be thus interpreted. And thus interpreted she stands as a prototype, evolved by later ages from a remote original; and doubtless here, as elsewhere, the source has been tainted by the streams which flow backward to the fountain head.

The Homeric story, told and retold, of the daughter of Zeus, the wife of Menelaus, the willing, or it may be unwilling, love-mate of Paris, has, from the days of Homer to those of Walter Savage Landor, been retinted and redyed, with colours as many as the fabulous woof of Joseph's raiment, in the legends and traditions which in successive generations clustered around her. From the very first indeed ill words were spoken concerning her, and good also. Mr. Lang, in the note appended to his ‘Helen of Troy,’ sums up the conflicting testimony rendered by classical authors as they bear witness to her guilt or exonerate her from all blame. The harsh sentences of Euripides, the implied condemnation of Virgil, stand side by side with the plea of Isocrates on behalf of her all-excusing beauty, and the praises of Quintus Smyrnaeus. Every reader may compare for himself the various Homeric phrases which left her fame a riddle hard for alien nations to read aright. Priam's verdict of full acquittal, Helen's own sorrowful confession

may be balanced one against the other ; or we may take from the *Odyssey* Eumæus's angered invocation of destruction on Helen and all her kind, and Penelope's measured dispraise, when, hesitating to recognise in the age-worn stranger the lord of her house, she excuses her wariness with the reflexion that had Argive Helen shown a like caution it would have been well for Paris, for Menelaus, for Sparta and for Troy. Yet even in the *Odyssey* dispraise is qualified, for in another passage we find, 'Even Argive Helen, daughter of Zeus, ' would not have lain with a stranger, and taken him for her ' lover, had she known that the warlike sons of the Achæans ' would bring her home again to her own dear country.'

But, however doubtful the evidence, her story was against her. And, granted the story, it is the very human custom of literary tradition at large, if the story does not fit the character, to fit the character to the story. The Theban poet, Coluthus Lycopolites, who has found more than one English translator, drew in later days the picture of a compliant Helen following her one-day lover with the dawn of the next morning, and excusing the flight ordained by Cytherea. But whatever such overshadowing of the commands of Venus lingered in Greek poetry, with Ovid, if gods there were in the matter, they had slipped out of the reckoning. And as the story passed into the hands of the great Latin poet of love, the wooing of Paris, shorn of all glamour, becomes the courtship on which a Renaissance gallant might model his love-making, and the parleying of Helen, equally bereft of illusion, only a pattern of the denial which surrenders. And it is his Helen of easy conquest who survived in medieval tradition.

Such adaptations of character to fact abound undoubtedly both in actual life and in the re-told tales of former ages. They are the natural refuge of onlookers removed by time or distance, who, ignoring or forgetting that a fact or a deed is as often as not an accident foreign to the true personality of the individual, argue the nature of the tree not from the root but from the graft.

Helen's latest apologist, in the poem where he has popularised the Helen legend for English readers after the fashion of Mr. William Morris in his versified re-telling of the *Volsung Saga*, has found and followed an alternative course. He has not in truth solved the question of Helen's guilt or innocence—her honour or her shame—but he has evaded the problem. Where Homer himself found, maybe, a riddle, and left, as none can deny, a mystery, Mr. Lang

has claimed the aid of enchantment, and sought in a spell the key to Helen's well kept secret. As Iseult of Ireland is constrained by the partaking of the magic potion to the love of Tristram, so, in the story as here told, Helen by reason of the Venus-spell, and by reason of it alone, loves Paris. A forgetfulness, the fatal enchantment of the goddess, holds her heart from all memory of Menelaus, of her marriage bond, of the child of her wedded years. The past is for her as if it had not been; a mist of oblivion makes of her familiar home a strange land, and the Paris she follows is at least her memory's first and only love. Helen's will is no factor in her doom; she is nothing but the victim—the unconscious victim—of the gods.

It is the 'spell-of-forgetfulness' episode with which fairy tale and romance has familiarised us from childhood onwards. The charmed food, the charmed cup, the performance or non-performance of some trivial action, or whatever the medium may be whereby the charm acts which obliterates faith, and by which true love is blotted out, is the common property of the storyteller of all lands and times. It recurs again and again in all the True and False Bride *contes*; it is hardly possible to open a collection of tales—be they from Grimm or from the sources of the 'Cabinet des 'Fées' series—without finding some man or woman, prince or princess, knight or maiden, separated one from the other in some such manner, bewitched into inconstancy, charmed into infidelity. So frequently has the incident been used that, even allowing for the widespread superstitions of magic potions and talismans, it would almost seem to read as a running excuse for the mutability of human affections, or, looked at from another point of view, it might represent in unconscious allegory the actual potency of an overmastering but transient passion to efface, while it endures, the whole moral nature of its prey—to erase all records, save its own, from the page of life. 'No, he remembered nothing,' says the rajah who has fallen amongst gipsies in one of the best known Indian folk-tales, 'nothing but how to beat the drum—he thought he must have beaten it all his life—rub-'a-dub, tat-tat.' And he had married another wife, and forgotten the little bride who was so delicate that her weight was no more than the weight of five white lotus flowers.

And even so after a like fashion Helen forgets her past, and instead of the shadow of a traitor's shame only a great compassion is the award of her unfaith. Helen, true wife

and faithful—doomed by the gods to follow Paris open-eyed, helpless, but irreconcilable—abhorring her destiny, as Brynhild her fated marriage tie to Gunnar, as Sita, in the great Indian epic, her captivity to King Ravan, does not here exist. So far as the first part of the story is concerned she loves Paris in joy and gladness of soul. But with the spell the chiselled sword of the tragedy is blunted. Under the very knife of the gods the victim sleeps. The anodyne of perfect oblivion shields Helen from shame and sorrow, and even in the very hour of reawakening consciousness her shame and sorrow is but the shame and sorrow of one fallen blind into a net. And thus with the spell the whole conception of the supreme power of a tragic doom is emasculated. The gods must chloroform their victim before they can drive her as the wind of destiny blows.

If fate lies on poets, as it has lain on them hitherto, to re-tell the tale, will a third interpreter arise with a third mode of expressing the paradox the Homeric Helen presents? Mr. Lang's moral machinery is distinctly that of the unmodernised conscience. Will the day come when some disciple of M. Maeterlinck will suspend all necessity of judgement with the serene assertion that the soul of Helen walked the streets of Troy unacquainted with the kiss of Paris? Howsoever this may be, so far as regards Helen—the lost Helen of a lost city—

‘Petitz et grans, et beaulx et laidz,  
Dames à rebrassez colletz  
De quelconque condicion,  
Portant attours et bourreletz,  
Mort saisit sans exception.

Et mourut Paris et Hélène’—

and it matters little enough, except as a curiosity of literature, how the scriptures of her life are revised by their ever renewed commentators. With the other Helen, the Helen whose name has become, since the days when Benoît de Sainte-More ‘romanced’ her history, a proverb in all lands, there is neither doubt nor discrepancy of interpretation possible. She stands by common acclaim as the symbol of those women whose loveliness of form and feature is framed for the undoing of men, whose beauty is a magnet to the more material impulses of men's passions. She destroys, wittingly or unwittingly, the lives she holds in fief. The field of men's hearts is hers to win, but her fairness is like some leopard beast of prey who devastates

the pastures where it feeds. Her name is linked with the royal sisterhood of faithless women—with that of Egypt's great queen, with the queen of King Mark. In Dante's vision of wailing spirits, swept onwards by the storm blasts of hell, after Semiramis and Cleopatra, comes the bane of Troy. 'Elena vidi per cui tanto reo tempo si volse,' and Paris and Tristram—the disloyal guest of Sparta's king betraying the hospitality of Menelaus, the disloyal messenger of Mark stealing the honour of the bride he is sent to guard—are mentioned significantly in one breath. And the same current of association stirs Chaucer, as in his *Legend of Good Women* he, with a corresponding touch, sets the queen of Cornwall beside the queen of Sparta—'Hide ye your 'beauties, Isoud and Heleine.'

But neither Iscult nor yet Cleopatra has ever quite attained to Helen's pre-eminence of fame, or passed in the same degree into the popular literary tongue. Iscult, with all her sins, the greatest her murderous attempt on faithful Bragwain's life, was yet, in her single devotion to Tristram, in her reckless passion, her fearless gaiety, her surpassing loveliness, an ideal in strict accordance with the medieval conception of a true lover, while the tragic ending of the romance, as, Tristram dead, she dies upon his body, was far more calculated to retain men's sympathies on her behalf than the domestic sequel supplied in the *Odyssey* to Helen's stormy life, when Menelaus has taken back his queen and she lives an honoured wife in her own land. No less Cleopatra, although she had perhaps forfeited her claim as the ideal lover, in her death might have been accounted worthy to take an exalted place in the saints' calendar of passion. But neither the one nor yet the other, and far less the Cressid of the successive *Tales of Troy*, beloved of the Middle Ages, can even be quoted as a rival in popularity. It is true that in those tales Cressid occupies a prominent part, and in the earlier version indeed Helen's is a subordinate figure, 'She 'was too puzzling as well as too Greek,' Mr. Saintsbury suggests.\* But Cressid, even as Chaucer revived and Shakespeare remodelled her, is of infinitely slighter and baser, if of more human, clay. Helen may be the victim of one god, but she is the daughter of another; she rules men's passions, and where love has no part in their admiration she still dominates and sways the destinies of her beholders. The worship they paid was an abstract worship rather than

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\* *Flourishing of Romance, &c.* Saintsbury. 1897.



a personal affection; it was not Helen but her beauty which reigned. So Marlowe, so the author of 'Troilus and Cressida' recognise the source of her dominion, seeing in her not the loveliness which Paris loved, but the glories of 'the face 'that launched a thousand ships.' Hers was the blood royal of beauty, Cressida's the beauty, pitiful at best, of the bird whose bright plumage marks it out a facile prey for the hawk. If, as it is conjectured, Cressida first existed as Briseis, the radiant-eyed captive, Achilles's mistress, it would seem the slave girl had bequeathed the taint of a servitude not far removed from the servitude of hire to the daughter of Calchas the priest, who receives at length the tragic final wage of her mis-spent beauty.

'Lo, faire ladies, Creseide of Troie toun,  
Somtime comptid the floure of womanhed,  
Undir this stone, *late leper*, lyith dedde.'

So while Cleopatra, Iseult, Cressida, with all the added fame bestowed upon them by the greatest amongst great poets who have sung their praises and recorded their loves, with others not a few, stand out by virtue of that especial gift of exceeding beauty amongst the shadows of the shadow land of death, Helen still stands alone and apart in the imaginations and memories of men.

Greek Helen and the hero-women of northern legend are divided by an abyss unmeasured and unmeasurable, and the divergence has been lessened by no later interpretations of either character. For though the ideal of Helen has, after a certain manner, been universalised and denationalised in its adoption by the literary tradition of various countries and peoples, the ideal of Scandinavian epic remains, persistently rooted, a race ideal of a limited area, a distinct and unpliant type, localised firmly in its native surroundings, in the imaginative temperament and mental climate of its birthplace. The three principal women of the 'Völsunga Saga' present the Northern ideal in sharpest emphasis.\* If Brynhild be taken as the central conception, the tragic and savage figure of Signy in the earlier scenes anticipates one aspect of her character, as in the later section of the story, when Brynhild has passed from the stage, her rival, Gudrun, in the hall of Atli reflects the image, with less royalty and

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\* 'This is the great story of the North, which should be to all our race what the tale of Troy was to the Greeks . . . to those that come after us no less than the tale of Troy has been to us.'—Translator's Preface.

more womanhood, of the same indomitable persistence of purpose, the same inflexibility of passion, beside which the swift loves and hates of Celt or Latin heroism read but as the fitful loves, the changeful hates, the uncertain vengeance of children at play with life.

Between the stories of Helen and the Brynhild of the Saga there are some crude facts of common elementary episode. It is the fate both of the Greek and of the Northern woman to be held successively by two men as their own. The love of either woman brings destruction with it to the men by whom they are most loved. The love of Paris for the wife of Menelaus brings about the slaying of Paris and lays low the walls of Ilion. The love of Gunnar the Guiking for Brynhild results in even more dire catastrophes, death to Sigurd the Volsung, Brynhild's lover by right, Gudrun's husband by fraud—death to Gunnar the king and to all his house—ruin and wide-spreading misery to Gudrun and to the house of Atli. But, far beyond minor coincidences of circumstance and the general drift towards calamity of the two love stories, they have one deeply grounded point of abstract similarity. Both are, in antithesis to stories of will, essentially stories of fate. They are equally stories of lives foredoomed by an irresistible destiny to actions and catastrophes no foresight can avert, no uttermost striving of human endeavour or human wisdom can in any wise alter. True, the gods in the Greek legend play their parts before our very eyes, overpowering the intentions and ordering the deeds and affections of heroes, men and women, as the marionette master the puppets of his theatre, whereas in the Scandinavian saga the unimaged gods\* of idol-less temples are shrouded from human sight. And though it would seem in other stories of the North, blue-cloaked, one-eyed, Odin Allfather walks betimes the earth in mystery, here he too has with his fellow gods withdrawn into invisibility. The veil of Olympus is freely lifted; the gods feast and drink in our presence, and their speech is plainly heard. Valhalla lies in mist, of its gods no speech is audible; in Brynhild's day they strike with long arms and very silently. Men feel the turn of the wheel, but the spinner sits in the dark. 'Who are the Norns, who rule the 'lot of all?' is a question which elicits but a dim response, significant in its vagueness. 'Many there be and far apart.'

\* 'The religion was too spiritual, the people too inartistic for graven images of the invisible.'—*Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, vol. i. p. 426, note.

Yet in no other story is the sense of doom so insistently felt. It shadows every page, inflexible, remorseless, giving to the future the immutability of the past, and to the deed undone the irrevocableness of the deed accomplished. Nor, although critics in this will differ according to their several standards of opinion, can the long-drawn portrayal of the heroine of the 'Nibelungenlied,' Chriemhild (the Germanised and medievalised Gudrun of the Saga), in the stanzas of the great Teutonic epic, rival the conception of the Volsung Saga. The slow ripening of Chriemhild's vengeance against Siegfried's slayer during thirteen years of widowhood and seven years of remarriage, the very fact of that remarriage with Etzel, reluctant, but unenforced, her subsequent not unkindly relationship to Etzel, which contrasts sharply with Brynhild's fierce revolt against her wedded life with Gunnar (and indeed likewise with the hatred borne by Gudrun to Atli in the Saga version of her story), has shorn Chriemhild's sorrow and revenge of the dignity of passion. The epic has lost in some indefinite manner, until the last scenes, the breadth, strength, and sombre impressiveness of the Northern version. With Brynhild moreover the antagonist is life itself. With Chriemhild hatred is narrowed to a single point; it is not life but Hagen who is her enemy.

The chronicle of Brynhild's love and death in the brief condensation of the prose version, compiled, we are told, from fragmentary songs and floating traditions, occupies but twelve out of the twenty-three chapters into which the Saga is divided. Setting aside the plot as made known to most by Richard Wagner's adaptation of it to the exigencies of the opera stage and his own appreciations of the myth, its episodes are few, and in parts not wholly decipherable. Brynhild's divine descent from the father of the gods, her pre-existence as one of the Walkurie, is barely hinted at in her gifts of knowledge and foreknowledge. The cause of her condemnation by Odin, the slumber spell worked by the sleep thorn, the fire wall which shields her from all men save the hero whom she is doomed to follow, are incidents but lightly touched upon. We are told briefly that Brynhild is one of two sisters, daughters of Budli. One, Bekkhild, is a home-abider, skilful in all handiwork. Brynhild is a battle-lover, a forthfarer upon earth, armoured and helmed, a warrior maid of a type far removed from the toy amazons of Renaissance romance—from Clorinda, dying gently at Tancred's hands, from Armida, accepting meekly

the succour of her sometime lover Rinaldo, from chivalrous Britomart, with her courtly valour and feminine grace. One brother Brynhild has, Atli, Gudrun's husband in far days to come, and a foster-father, Heimi. At the first meeting between Sigurd and Brynhild, in her hall, she teaches him wisdom. And no wiser woman can he find in all the world. 'Thereby swear I,' so Sigurd spake to her, 'that thee will I have as my own.' 'Thee would I choose though I had all men's sons to choose amongst,' Brynhild answers him, and their troth is plighted. Again he comes to her. At a high window in the topmost chamber of her foster-father's dwelling she sits working in threads of gold the deeds of Sigurd, those deeds which were past and those which were to come. There Sigurd sees her. 'I will get from her love like my love, and give her a gold ring in token thereof,' said Sigurd, unmindful that already it has been foretold to him '*Heimi's foster-daughter, fair to see, shall rob thee of all happiness.*'\* And he goes to that high chamber, and she, who never before has welcomed any man, gives him welcome. Then Sigurd cast his arms about her, and he kissed her, saying, 'Thou art the fairest ever born.' Word by word the prophecy is fulfilling itself. '*Thou shalt not sleep or slumber,*' the seer had foreseen, '*nor care for any man, except thou look on that maid.*' But Brynhild is not only the fairest, not only is she a woman unblamed, 'she knew no guilt in her life,' but likewise, as Sigurd has said, amongst women the wisest. Fated she is, as was Helen, but with her fate fares differently. She is no blind, passive victim; the blood of the Asir runs in her veins, and what the blood of Zeus never wrought for Leda's daughter the blood of Odin works mightily in Brynhild. No veil of mortal passion can dim her sight; her eyes are clear to see, and the truth is not hidden from her mind. 'It is not fated that we abide with each other.' Even in that first moment of union she speaks her joy's death-sentence. But Sigurd questions, 'What fruit of our lives shall be if we live not together?' Again her speech is as relentless as her knowledge is perfect. 'I shall gaze on the hosts of the war kings, but thou shalt wed Gudrun, the daughter of Guiki.' So seeing and so knowing—knowing that he 'whom I have chosen for my well beloved shall go to another'—she takes his love, and renders love to him again. Not with the reckless surrender of an Iseult, nor with the latent repent-

ance of a Guenevere, the dice-thrower's passion of a Cleopatra, or the acquiescent yielding of a fearful Helen, but with slow scorn of sorrow to be, and with a double security of strength to endure and strength to revenge her wrongs. So each sware oaths to one another, oaths the breaking whereof she beholds in the years to come, and with her own hands she takes part in the welding of her life, grasping undismayed the moment's joy despite all certainty of its swift undoing. *'What comfort is there set for Sigurd?'* Thus had Sigurd questioned the old prophet seer, Gripir, in the saga which prefaces the actual events of the tragedy. *'Tell me this, if thou knowest it. Shall I buy the maid with dowry--that fair king's daughter?'* Gripir: *'Ye shall swear all oaths faithfully, but ye shall hold few.'*

So the short season when Brynhild rejoiced closes. No love pledge save those she holds—a ring of gold and Aslauga, the child born to her of Sigurd's love—will she ever again receive at the hands of the Volsung hero, hers by right of ring and child and oath. No joy shall ever again be hers as from the house of Heimi Sigurd rides forth from her presence upon the road fate has paved with flints for the wounding of the hearts that pass.

In the House of Guiki, the home of Gunnar the king and of Gudrun the king's sister, the magic cup of forgetfulness plays its familiar and well accustomed part. Here—as in the majority, it would seem, of such stories, and it is, if so, a curious consideration—it is the man and not the woman from whose remembrance love is by virtue of enchantment effaced. Possibly the witch's potion was not brewed which would have soothed Brynhild's passion into oblivion, or masked, even for an hour, the memories of the days of her love-joy from her heart's consciousness. Be this as it may, and whatever may be the significance we attach to such incidents, Sigurd drinks of the cup the mother of Gudrun has mixed for him. *'When thou hast been Guiki's guest one night thou shalt remember no more the brave foster-daughter of Heimi.'* Sigurd: *'How is it? tell it to me. Seest thou any lack of honour in my mind that I should break my word to the maiden whom I loved with my whole heart?'* Gripir: *'Thou shalt be the victim of another's treason.'* And so it in truth falls out, and all remembrance of Brynhild departs from him, and he beholds Gudrun and sees that she is fair, and he takes her for his wife, and to him her brothers swear brotherhood. Then follows swiftly the betrayal of Brynhild. For the sake of that sworn brotherhood, in Gunnar's sem-

blance and for Gunnar's sake, Sigurd sets forth to woo for Gunnar his own troth-plighted love. Treacherously, it is foredoomed, he must ensnare her 'whom he honours most.' And he rides once more the flames to Brynhild's dwelling. And Brynhild asks, 'What man is this?' 'Gunnar, son of 'Guiki,' Sigurd makes reply. And the treason is accomplished. Bound by vows she may in no wise break, Brynhild abjoints herself to that semblance of Gunnar. Yet if a mist is on her eyes a doubt is at her heart. To ride those flames was a feat none but Sigurd might achieve, she cries in angere's suspicion, 'and he is my troth plight and my well beloved.' But doom holds the truth secret, and Brynhild is wedded to Gunnar and Sigurd to Gudrun, and 'the feast' being brought to an end once more has Sigurd memory of 'all that has been.' Remembers—yet remembering is silent.

Thus Brynhild, as Helen, must pass from one lover to another. But her heart holds its old fealty unstained in all the undeviating truth of an untamed world. Helen, as we seem to see her, vacillates between old loves and new—here kind to Paris, there beset by memories of Menelaus, upbraiding her lover with bitter words, yet, fearful of the goddess, conceding all he demands. Her pre-eminence of beauty is shadowed with flickering lights, with shames, regrets, remorse, till once more, Paris slain, she reigns in peace queen, if not of love, of Sparta. Brynhild, cast in another mould, has nether the capacity for repentance nor any harbourage for those transitional affections which demand contrition. It is not so much that love with her is enduring as that change is impossible. Because of Sigurd's great worth, because he is of all men the noblest, because he is of all men the most fearless, because the words of the soothsayer, 'Comfort thee with this, my prince, that this blessing shall rest upon thy life, that no better man shall ever come upon earth under the seat of the sun than thou, Sigurd, shall be held,' were words of very truth, she has elected him for her love. He is her soul's ideal as he is her body's worship, and, while honour is his, he is enduringly her love and her lord.

'Where I find worth,  
I love the keeper till he let it go  
And then I follow it.'

Had Sigurd, as Paris, been basely overcome, not all the angered goddesses of all nations' mythologies could have driven Brynhild to his side. Not all the winds of destiny, so long

as Sigurd remained unspotted and undegraded, could drive her heart from its anchorage in his love.

‘Never loved I Gunnar in such wise that my heart smiled ‘on him.’ Why may she not love her life? Gudrun in her own bridal happiness enquires—Gudrun, who has yet to learn in Atli’s halls the sharpness of loss and the fierceness of love mismated. But Sigurd, wiser than Guiki’s child, divines in his lost love one of life’s irreconcilables, and knows that, for her, sorrow will sign no armistice with fate. Betrayed doubly, robbed of the hero she loved, wedded to the king she despises, no alternative is hers but grief. ‘What redress shall she get?’ is Sigurd’s mournful acceptance of the indelible injury done, ‘since we beguiled her, ‘she having my sworn words, none fulfilled, and no happiness?’ And Brynhild, true in hate as she has been true in love, speaks openly with Gunnar. ‘Never again seest thou me ‘glad in thine hall, never drinking, never at the chess play, ‘never speaking the words of kindness, never overlaying ‘the fair cloths with gold, never giving thee good counsel ‘—ah, sorrow of heart that I might not get Sigurd to me.’ Then again, as the days pass, Gudrun in her folly would propitiate the queen’s grief. ‘Give her gold, and smother ‘her grief and anger therewith.’ And again Sigurd, watching, knows surely that no gift but one shall avail to appease her wrath or solace her bitter distress. And that gift he offers. ‘I loved thee better than myself,’ said the Volsung. ‘I sorrowed sore that thou wert not my wife; but as I might ‘I put my trouble from me, for in a king’s dwelling was I. ‘And withal and in spite of all I was well content that we ‘were all together. . . .’ Brynhild answered, ‘Too late ‘tellest thou me that my grief grieved thee; little pity ‘shall I find now.’ Then Sigurd said, ‘This my heart would, ‘that thou and I should go together; even so wouldst thou ‘be my wife.’ Said Brynhild, ‘Such words may not be ‘spoken, nor will I have two kings in one hall; I will lay ‘down my life rather than beguile Gunnar the king.’ ‘. . . Rather than thou die I will wed thee and put away ‘Gudrun,’ said Sigurd. ‘I will not have thee,’ said Brynhild; ‘nay, nor any other.’ No compromise exists for her. All things were loathsome to her, both land and lordship, so she might not have Sigurd she will walk loveless, husbandless, sonless. But the having of him is at a price she will not pay. ‘I will not set my love on another ‘woman’s husband’—though that woman be Gudrun, whom she hates—‘lo, two men in one dwelling I will not have,’

though the man to be deceived is Gunnar, who won her by deceit. So runs her unswerving, reiterated denial. 'And 'this shall be Sigurd's death,' so she cries to Gunnar, 'or 'thy death or my death.'

Her passion, her truth, her hatred march in absolute unity of purpose. Love never stays her wrath, wrath never slackens her love. Gunnar the hated must slay Sigurd the well-beloved. Her image is wrought in bronze; all men may gaze on her and see her face scarred with its heart wounds. Good or ill her deeds, her thoughts are lived in sight of all; she has no secret hiding-place, no shame; no place for repentance will it be ever hers to seek. Gunnar knows her purpose; the women of Guiki's house know it; Sigurd himself—though the sword that pierces his breast is held by Guttorm, the youngest of the Guikings—knows who is the doer of the deed. 'Lo! this has Brynhild 'brought to pass,' are Sigurd's words as life leaves him, 'even she who loves me before all men.'

Thus the story draws to its end. Sigurd is dead. The wrongs of Brynhild are avenged; she must 'bewail with 'weeping what she had prayed for with laughter.' Nor may any comfort her; her time is come when she must depart hence, nor might any stay her from her long journey. 'Ever was I joyless so long as I lived,' she laments as, clad once more in mail, she bids those around, 'Take the gold 'and be glad thereof.' And the sword is in her hand and her blood is on the white linen of the bed. 'Bury me on 'one side of the king of the Huns and on the other those 'men of mine, two at the head and two at the feet, and two 'hawks withal, and even so all is shared equally; and there lay 'between us a drawn sword, as in the other days, and there 'may we have the name of man and wife, nor shall the 'door swing to at the heel of him as I follow behind.' 'Men and women shall now, as always, be born to 'live in woe. We two, Sigurd and I, shall never part 'again.' The wounds open, her breath flits; she has said sooth.

And so Brynhild passes away from earth and the scenes of earth, bequeathing to Gudrun a legacy of hate, for sake of Sigurd, slain in the house of the Guiking, for sake of the oath of brotherhood betrayed, for sake of her own exceeding loss. Nor is her vengeance fulfilled till in the house of Atli, the brother of Brynhild, to whom Gunnar has rewedded her, Gunnar is slaughtered in the hall, and Hogni stung to death in the pit of serpents, and till to the slaying



of her children and to the death of Atli Gudrun herself has set her hand.

The Homeric legend leaves Helen, sometime divided from Menelaus, reconciled with her husband, reigning in her old home at peace with life. The Northern saga leaves Brynhild, severed upon earth from Sigurd, reunited, man and wife, all severance ended in the enfranchisement of death. It is left, strangely enough, to the Indian epic to present us with the conception of a final tragedy for which neither life nor yet death can supply a remedy, a tragedy of which the completeness is unrivalled in European literature.

It is a far cry indeed from the heroines of Troy Town and the 'Völsunga Saga' to the heroine of the Rāmāyana, one of the two great Indian epics recently translated and condensed into English verse by Mr. Romish Chandra Dutt. But the claim of Sita, the wife of Rama, to stand as a representative race-ideal of womanhood rests upon an even surer basis than the claim of a Helen or a Brynhild. In a deeper sense than Villon intended it may truly be said that death seized the Homeric lovers, and Brynhild, no less than Helen and Paris, has gone the way of the dead. They are, one and all, except where poets sing their praises or literary traditions transmit their fame, forgotten and out of mind. The Greek worship of beauty, from which the Helen heroine first sprang, the Northern valuation of courage as the crown of all excellence—the groundwork of Brynhild's creation—are things of a far past. But the imaginative conception of Sita, the wife of faith, is the outcome of a national creed which has survived the first commandment of the Saga—'Be brave'—and the law and the prophets of the Greek—'Be beautiful'—and which has conferred upon her name the rare gift of a remembrance not dead but living, and upon the ideal she embodies a vital actuality. She 'holds a place in the hearts of women in India which no other creation of a poet's imagination holds among any other nation on earth. There is not a Hindu woman whose earliest and tenderest recollections do not cling round the story of Sita's sufferings and Sita's faithfulness told in the nursery, taught in the family circle, remembered and cherished through life.'

The race conceived the ideal, and doubtless the ideal has reacted upon the race. 'In no other country has the love of the wife for the husband equalled the Hindu.\*' The

conception is simple and absolute. It is for every woman the total denial of selfhood, the complete abandonment of everything upon earth which conflicts with her devotion to the husband. Her home is her cloister, and he is her cloister's god. She fulfils in a literal sense the commandment of the law. 'Thou shalt have but one God, and Him 'only shalt thou serve.' And—the man being dead—when that service, devotion, and love could find no further expression, the sacrificial rite of suttee, which English dominion strove long in vain to suppress, symbolised in its terrible dramatic actuality the finality for the woman of any remaining motive for existence. 'Greater love hath no man than this,' so the Gospel warrant runs, 'than to lay down his life for his 'friend.' But that love—seldom, if ever, indeed, required of man by human custom or social law—was exacted, and not from unwilling victims, from every widowed wife of a whole nation, and the ideal found its tragic response in the flames of thousands of funeral pyres. In this, as in most things, the levels of East and West are on wholly different planes of thought. Where the West would see nothing but the exceptional extravagance, the disquieting exaggeration of some exotic passion, which in its overplus of self-surrender forfeits for the woman its patent of nobility, which—when translated from romance to real life—is an indignity and a descent from the self-reverence Western imagination demands of love, the East has a widely different standpoint. It regards such passion as the natural outcome of a woman's truest and deepest nature; it is her ladder of ascent, by it she attains to her highest praise and profoundest honour. It is no rare accident of temperament or circumstance. It is the daily bread, as it were, of common life, the habitual affection of every innocent woman for the man to whom custom, religion, and the marriage tie have bound her. Her very devotion to the gods is drawn within the circle; her piety is a vicarious piety; her offerings are—to borrow a phrase of European Christianity—always for his intention. Like the girl page who serves her rival in the old play, each wife might fitly address the god she worships, 'I but serve you to do him service.' Children at heart, children at play, when leisure and wealth allow of play, the Indian wife may remain, and does remain in most cases, a child in mind and in intelligence long after childhood, according to Western creed, is ended and play-time passed. But there are qualities in that childhood the womanhood of the West too often lacks, it is a lamp with a

hidden flame. In its ideals the East dreams while the West acts—but the dreams of the East have fire at their heart.

From such levels of living Sita, the heroine of the *Rāmāyana*, has become the Madonna of India. Her heroism lies not in deeds, but in thoughts, in her stainless purity, her invulnerable truth. The faithless wife has little or no place amongst the heroines of Indian imagination. The character of the wife of many lovers, dear in various guises and in all ages to Western fiction and romance, would seem to attract neither the interest nor, whatever the extenuating circumstances, the sympathy of the Hindu, and the primitive morality of innumerable storytellers relegates her in most instances to the ranks of the Rakshas.

‘The ideal of life was joy and beauty and gladness in ancient Greece; the ideal of life was piety and endurance and devotion in ancient India’; and whatever may have been the theoretical, theological, or social conception of womanhood in the laws and creeds of Hindu prophet and Hindu moralist, as expressed in sacred books or embodied in national customs and conventions, that ideal of life—with its limitations perhaps only equalled by the limitations of the monastic discipline, with its avenues into moral infinities only perhaps paralleled by those of cloistral aspiration—has century after century become a reality in the great multitude of Indian homes, and has fulfilled itself in myriads of lives, despised and rejected by European educationalists for their ignorance, incompleteness, and servitude.

There is, it is true, a rival epic and a rival heroine in Aryan literature. Draupadi, the central woman’s figure of the *Mahabharata*, is cited by Mr. R. W. Frazer in his ‘*Literary History of India*’ as ‘typifying the Indian ideal of womanhood and as showing from the manner in which her sufferings were respected the high place she had acquired.’ And Draupadi may indeed stand, as Gudrun by Brynhild, side by side with the wife of Rama. But she never will in like degree impress the reader with a sense of her complete apartness from the heroines of other nationalities, nor, in the same manner, does the epic in which she plays her part produce, in spite of wider variances of custom and episode from Western use and sympathy, the impression of the *Rāmāyana* as a race product. As deeds are more easily effaced than thoughts, action—the outward life—would seem usually to be antagonistic to the preservation of individualism, to the especial singularities characteristic of a man or a race, whereas thought and emotion—the

inner life—would appear conducive to the intensification of personality in both its narrowest and widest sense. And the Mahabharata is in its essence a poem of action; 'it depicts the political life of ancient India, with all its valour and heroism, ambition, and lofty chivalry.' Staked and lost in an hour of madness to the enemy, Draupadi's undying hatred to her wronger is a clearer note in the epic than her devotion to the husband whom she redeems, while 'the deaths owed' to her outraged honour constitute the leading motive of one of the finest battle scenes imagination has ever delineated. The Rāmāyana, on the other hand, 'embodies the domestic and religious life, with all its tenderness and sweetness, its endurance and devotion,' and while the element of dramatic and war romance, the political strife and intrigue, the rapid succession of active incident, gives even to Draupadi's character, framed in such surroundings, something of cosmopolitan interest, the record *intime* of Sita's relationship to Rama, which constitutes the main feature of the story of the Rāmāyana, puts before our eyes an ideal no other race could have conceived, and whose living tradition no other country could have in like fashion perpetuated. •

The impress of the ideal it is intended to inculcate is interwoven with the story from the first page to the last. In every event it is the leading thought. 'As the shadow to the substance'—the sentence is the epitome of the whole moral scheme of the poem—is the love of the wife to the husband. Sita, born of the earth, sprung from the furrow as the husbandman-king guided the plough across the field, child of human royalty and daughter of the corn-giving deity, is the exemplification of that indivisible union of perfect faith. The bride of Rama, prince of the Utopia of the East the kingdom of the Kosalas, by the altar with its flower garlands, its fragrance of swinging censurs, its golden vases, its cups of sacramental honey, its kindled lights, its strewn grasses, Sita is given to his hands. Humanity stretching its rash promise beyond the bounds of mortality, henceforth she is to be partaker 'in death and in life of Rama's weal, of Rama's woe; to be cherished in joy and in sorrow; to abide his as shadow to substance.' And greatest of warriors, strongest, gentlest, and truest, Rama lives, in those first scenes of the chronicle, in the Arcadia of her love, compassed and encircled by the love of his father, of the queens, of his brothers, and of a people on the one side righteously ruled, on the other passionately

obedient. So the epic opens. Then the peaceful brilliance, the calm dignities of joy are eclipsed. The ill-doing of a jealous queen effects Rama's banishment. An exile from all those whose love amounts to worship, from father, brothers, and people, for fourteen years he must wander, a beggared vagrant, homeless, in the solitudes of the vast forests. And Sita must remain in the safe shelter of her royal home. The first ring of passion is in her swift refusal. Only the food his lips have touched is sweet to her. Only the water which caresses his feet shall be to her refreshment. In the thorn-covered path her feet shall go before. The wild fruits which feed him shall be her only food. Vagrancy, if he be a wanderer, is her only home, the roadway her abiding-place. Rama is her life, her lord, and her god, and his shadow outweighs the whole weight of worlds. Sita is the saint and confessor of love.

So they pass forth together from the thronging crowds who mourn their going; and the sounds and the sights, the splendours and the festivals of the city of palaces give place to the voices of the plains and the mountains, the rush of wide river waters, and the song of the winds amongst the giant palm stems. Yet in all their wanderings there is no prelude note of the tragedy to be. Pain and toil, weariness of long journeying, the desire of rest when rest may not be found—all these are theirs, it may be. But with Sita, though the heat and the sun steal the colour from her face and leave it as the faded lotus and the thirsty lily, happiness abides. A child's curiosity in the new strange blossoms, in buds and flowers unseen before, in fruits never before tasted, and unfamiliar berries of wild woodland growth, is hers. Rama's young brother, Lakshman, whom no entreaty can part from the wanderers, brings to her new toys for her hands to handle and her fingers to weave. The beasts, the birds, the music of the endless forest with its voices and with its silences are there for her delight. Bees murmur in their honey-quest. The dew diamonds the golden web upon the leaves. The unaccustomed feet of the palace-bred princess find new pleasure in the touch of trodden grasses. Sleep has a new meaning on freshly gathered fern spread for a couch, with a canopy of star-strewn skies. The lamps of heaven hang above the flaming petals and interlaced foliage of tall-stemmed pipuls and asokhs. Palaces may pass away, kingdoms be lost, cities forgotten; Rama is hers—all is well with the world. Never do we forget that Sita is the child of the furrow of the field. Tree, bird, beast, and

flower are her kindred and her fellows, countrymen of her own dear land, children with her of an earth-mother who knows, and loves, and cherishes her own. Fast and penance are duly observed, rites of abstinence and austerity; but her life remains to us a pictured pastoral of forest-cloistered joys, a paradise of serene ascetics to whom wedded love is a consecrated devotion.

So, sylvan-framed, the story approaches its catastrophe. Calamity in the East must be the outcome of sin—and Sita sins, sins in the very excess of love. For once, and, so far as she is concerned, for once only, the common grain of human nature comes to the surface of the fair web of the epic of the Ideal. The evil-doer of the story, Ravan, king of the Rakshas, sees and desires Sita for his own. To compass her capture he must induce the two brothers to leave her unguarded. Rama is prevailed upon to set forth in quest of the fair white stag sent by Ravan to roam the forest walks. Sita, left to the wardship of the faithful Lakshman, hears—the whole episode is one of fairy enchantment—a cry, as if of distress, and the voice is the voice of Rama. Terror-stricken lest some ill had befallen the hunter, she entreats the younger brother to follow the voice and rescue Rama, if so be that he has fallen into peril. And when Lakshman refuses, pleading obedience to Rama's command, to leave her unguarded in her solitude, Sita for one moment falls a prey to unjust suspicion, and upbraids her well-loved companion with fierce accusations of dishonour. Her mistrust works that which her fears for Rama could not effect. Lakshman goes, and in his absence Ravan triumphantly carries Sita a helpless prisoner to his distant kingdom, the island realm of Lanka.

From this point onward wars and the tumult of wars fill the poem as it tells how Rama seeks Sita from land to land till her prison-house is found. Then before the gates and around the walls of beleaguered Lanka the long-drawn contest rages. Episode follows episode. In the early days of battle, before the tide of victory sets for Rama, Rama having fallen wounded almost to death, Sita is brought forth to the very field of slaughter. There, as though dead, Rama lies, surrounded by his band of warriors, and as Sita from her chariot seat, guarded by Rakshas women, beholds him from afar, the mournful faith of the true Oriental finds expression in her lament. 'The will of Fate is changeless. 'Death is mighty. Rama, Lakshman, sleep the sleep that 'knows no day. I weep not for Rama nor for Lakshman—

they have done a warrior's duty and have found a warrior's 'grave. I weep not for my sorrow; *from my birth sorrow marked me.* Child of Earth, I seek in suffering the breast 'of my mother. . . .'

'Ever was I joyless.' Brynhild's cry of bereavement is significantly close to Sita's. And as it is with the one so it is with the other of the two mourners. For both the memory of past happiness is lost in oblivion. For both the dark night of the soul casts its black shadow backwards upon the sunlights and the rainbows of glad dawns. It is the ingratitude sorrow works, and small marvel is it that the angered gods of joy, indignant at that unbelief in their past gifts, take vengeance on the hearts of men and break the lamps which only needed the replenishment of oil. Sita remembers no more the bridal home-coming, remembers no more the first gladness in the palace, the long days and nights of joy of her woodland wanderings. Because the light is eclipsed she cries that no sun ever arose. And maybe, therefore, for Sita of little faith there waits a future sadder than all severance of dying, a parting more sundering than any barrier of the impotent grave. Yet Rama is not dead. He too is to know all the suffering death can inflict on love. The false image of Sita, a counterpart of the living, is borne into battle, and, as it were, slain with the sword before his eyes, and grief so holds him in its grasp that in his anguish he faints. Yet Sita lives. And round these central figures chieftains on either side re-engage in the fierce combat, and women bewail their dead. Ravan's son is slain. Lakshman, whose love to Rama is as the love of David to Jonathan, is wounded, and lies near unto death, and Rama's lamentation is rivalled in the outburst of his sorrow only by the words of the Israelite king. And still the struggle is protracted. There is desolation in Ravan's kingdom, destruction to his kinsmen, until at length as Sita's ravisher falls stricken to the heart, the wife of the dead monarch cries that once more the sentence is verified, 'Nations perish for a righteous woman's woe.'

Rama is indeed victorious, and the fourteen years of his exile are over. The crown of Ayodhya awaits his home-coming; his sandals lie, the symbolic act of a brother's true allegiance, upon the throne. Sita is released. But the end of sorrow is not come. Again for the second time in the story the sin of unjust suspicion is sinned. As Sita doubted Lakshman, so Rama's trust in Sita is overclouded. Have Sita's fetters left no stain? She has been powerless, a

captive in Ravan's hands. Every allurements of luxury, every temptation of ease, of pleasure, of riches, of ambition had been essayed to estrange her heart from its truth. Had Sita never yielded, never for one hour purchased peace? After long search, after hard strife, after all pain of separation and heart agony of fear—for consummation—a doubt. To seek with tears and with blood the crown of life, and having found to question if the gold be but some base metal, and the jewels but glass—such (if one may read beneath the surface the bitter philosophy of the poem) is the wont of human nature. Better were death than to live dishonoured. Rama is no Menelaus to take back a Helen. Let Sita prove her innocence, let the gods speak and give judgement! Sita's own lips challenge the ordeal; if Rama doubts, what good abides with her? The wood is gathered for the burning, the pyre is raised, the fire is kindled, and the flame, the sacred element of marriage altars, leaps up, and the people, with slander still fresh on their tongues, weep at the eleventh hour for Sita, found, saved, and sacrificed. But the gods are kind. In the flames the watching multitude sees a second figure. One, before whom their heads are bowed, stands beside her in the fire; and she comes back as arisen from the dead unscathed, to those unbelievers in love's immutable truth. No flower of her garland is withered, no hair of her head is singed, no fold of her raiment scorched. Two purities have met, the spirit of the fiery element, the spirit of the woman who has loved, and the flame which consumes has become the fire which protects.

But human joy, for the Oriental, is illusion. 'The cry, the 'incessant cry sent forth by Aryan India was that life was 'pain—pain from the body, pain from the world, pain from 'the heavens and from the gods.' And the Spirit of Fire has only befriended Sita that she may fall into the hands of fate. Rama reigns, just and righteous, in the kingdom of his fathers. But 'as the water-drop lies trembling on the 'lotus leaf so rests our fleeting life.' Unstable as the water-drop, perishable as the leaf, happiness comes but to go; peace is but a tent struck in the desert, where pilgrims tarry but a day. The doubt no miracle can dispel still dogs Sita's steps, and even in her own country ill words are spoken of her. And Rama, the just and the righteous, puts his wife from him. Once again, sad, forsaken, and alone, she lives in the far forest, and Rama's twin sons are born to her in sorrow and pain. In the forest she rears them, and the old poet hermit, 'the mighty saint Valmiki,'



teaches them to recite the deeds and wanderings of Rama and the story of Sita's unspotted truth. So the long years pass till the day comes when, at the king's high sacrifice, Valmiki sends the two boys to sing the *Rāmāyaṇa* in Rama's own presence. Pierced to the heart with contrition, Rama hears the song, and Sita is summoned to the palace. The scene in which the gods give final judgement between the king and the wife has no parallel in its completeness of conception. And though to English ears the English equivalent to the rhythm of the Sanscrit verse robs the words of their full power, the mere telling of the events, the portrayal of the characters, the developement of the action, produce in themselves a tragic impressiveness not easily forgotten. Rama stands in the full splendour of his royal glories. The woodland-born children are near at hand; and Sita, mother of his sons, wife of his youth, grief-worn, yet fair as of old, is face to face with him who has been the one love of life. But neither her fairness, her constancy, nor her love shall ever again avail to gladden the heart of the king. 'I have sinned.' Such is the drift of Rama's open confession. He had bowed his head to the voice of his people; he had held her as guilty who was innocent of all guilt, lest he should be a cause of offence to the incredulous world. Now let the gods hear him and help. Against his people he may not offend; against Sita he will not. Let her once more prove in the sight of all men her unstained honour, and the eyes which were blind shall be opened, and for him and for her sorrow shall be effaced, and the joys which were theirs of old shall be restored.

Then Sita, gentlest of women, but the wife and daughter of kings, mother of princes, looked on Rama and she looked on the assembled princes. For her is no joy left in all years of time or eternity. There are wrongs which are remediless, wounds no salve can heal; deeds are irreparable, and no payment of arrears can obliterate the days when trust failed. Denied, discrowned of hope, through no second ordeal of flame shall her feet win their way to Rama's side. Slowly and sadly she utters her litany of despair:—

'If I from birth have lived unstained in thought and deed, spare thy daughter her shame and anguish, Mother Earth, receive her.

'If in service and devotion I have laboured undefiled, thou who didst bear this woman, Mother Earth, receive her.

'If to Rama I have in truth kept faith, from the burden of life let thy Sita, Mother Earth, be released.'

And the earth parted, and a golden throne arose, and on the golden throne sat the great mother, who has borne in many lands many names, the Giver of corn, queen of the sowing-time and of the harvest; and she folded her arms about Sita, and Sita, born of the furrow, returns to the earth.

No violence of passion with its suggestion of impermanence, no bitterness of resentment for wrong suffered in long silence, no reproach, no upbraiding, stir the deep waters which have passed over Sita's soul. The weight of a heart has been the burden too heavy to be borne of life, and it has sunk the ship in the windless night. Helen, from the arms of Paris, returned to live placid life-days with Menelaus. Brynhild, wedded to Gunnar, Sigurd, wedded to Gudrun, are reunited in death; 'we two, I and Sigurd, shall never part again.' But Rama, who has loved one love, and one love only, all the years of his life, sits solitary upon his throne, and Sita, whose love was truth of truth, loyalty of loyalty, passion of passion, whose life to his life was in very deed as shadow to substance—hand loosed from hand, heart broken from heart—passes alone and unaccompanied into the region where only shadows go.

Such, apart from all mystic and mythical interpretation, is, so far as Sita is concerned, the tragedy of Eastern idealism. It is for those versed in Indian literature to tell us how far Sita, as a race type, has influenced the subsequent ideals of Indian drama and Indian fiction down to the more modern school of fiction represented by the novels of Bankim Chandra Chatterji, whose work Mr. Frazer parallels with that of Pierre Loti ('outside the "*Mariage de Loti*" there is nothing comparable in Western fiction'), and those still more recent authors who have followed in his wake. In classical Western literature two figures alone stand out as in any way corresponding to the Sita ideal—the Enid, of Chrestien de Troyes' romance and of the 'Mabinogion' legends, and the Griselda, of which the European popularity, when the story was adopted and framed by Boccaccio, exceeded that of any other of his *novelle*. Both may be cited as incomplete and broken reflexions of some remote, non-Western ideal, yet they are not in any true sense type ideals accepted by their own day and generation. 'Grisilde is dead and eke hir patience,' Chaucer himself tells us with an unbelieving jest at the close of his 'Clerkes Tale'; nor is one disposed to think—in view of the majority of Decameronian heroines—the Renaissance novelist was more credulous as to the veracity of the character

Dione delineated. And if, as Mr. Ker \* points out, the story of Enid, as told by Chrestien, 'has none of the in-  
'eradicable falsity of the story of Griselda,' it still lacks what is the most characteristic feature of the Indian type—a certain remote dignity, the spiritual vesture and veil of a womanhood which theoretically (to borrow a phrase) 'has  
'never seen the sun.' Possibly the type was incapable of Western reproduction; possibly the medieval art-doctrine which regarded the subject of wedded love as inadmissible in romance was too firmly rooted to be lightly supplanted by a type approached from a wholly different standpoint. But whether it were for one reason or for another, Griselda and Enid are practically, in European classics, companionless, and the maid-errants or the wife-errants, as the case might be, of Arthurian legends, medieval romances, and Elizabethan drama are the central women's figures of early Western imagination.

To Helen, to Brynhild, to Sita, each man will render homage according to the bent of his own emotional instincts. Argive Helen, crowned by Greek poets, re-crowned as the symbol of the Renaissance in its materialistic idealism, will to the end of time hold her Western devotees captive, a far-off dream of an unrivalled perfection of beauty. Brynhild, armoured and helmed, will appeal to the sympathy of the few. Now, as in her life days, she must be loved greatly to be loved at all. Sita lives for and in the East alone. But while the East is true to itself she will remain loved and worshipped, with all that is to the East most sacred and most dear. 'I reverence thee' (so runs the hymn to Rama where 'the best of all that Hinduism holds is sublimely  
'rendered'†), 'the lover of the devout, the merciful, the  
'tender-hearted; I worship thy lotus feet, which bestow  
'upon the unsensual thine own abode in heaven. I adore  
'thee, the dark and beautiful . . . the mine of felicity, the  
'salvation of the saints. I worship thee, with thy spouse  
'and thy brother. . . . I reverently adore thee, the king of  
'incomparable beauty, the lord of the earth-born Sita.' Thus Sita is remembered; and, with all reverence be it spoken, to the Madonna of the Hindu as to the Madonna of the West the angels' salutation might be humbly addressed, 'Blessed art thou, so loved and so remembered, amongst  
'women.'

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\* Ideals of Epic and Romance.

† Hymn to Rama, 'Lit. Hist.' Frazer.

ART. III.—1. *Report of His Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of the Administration of the Port of London and other matters connected therewith, 1902.*

2. *First Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Steamship Subsidies, 1901.*

3. *The German Empire of To-day.* By 'VERITAS.' London : Longmans & Co. 1902.

4. *Commercial Trusts.* By JOHN R. DOS PASSOS. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

OBSERVERS of political thought and feeling have seen in this country at the opening of the twentieth century two very differently coloured streams flowing side by side. On the one hand there has been a larger sense than ever before existed of the greatness and possible destinies of the British Empire ; on the other a doubt as to the soundness of the heart of that Empire. The way in which the South African war affected the public mind is, as it were, a microcosm of a more general feeling. The national spirits were raised by the exhibition of the solidarity and resources of the different parts of the Empire, but depressed by the revelation of a military system so unprepared to meet the changes produced by new weapons that it was necessary to take costly lessons from the enemy and remodel the art of war during a campaign. The result was a feeling of vast resources inefficiently applied. It is clear to anyone who studies the writing and listens to the talk of the day that many persons well fitted to judge are haunted by a suspicion, stronger in some and weaker in others, that the British Empire may be in the position of a man who has attained to the height of power, wealth, and fame, but finds his tenure of these advantages threatened by an incipient heart disease. Like a gloomy undertone this feeling pervades discussions on military and even naval affairs, on the procedure and condition of Parliament, on the work of public offices, on statistics of population and trade, on education, on industrial methods. It breathes in the exhortation of the Prince of Wales to his fellow-countrymen to 'wake up,' in the stress laid by Lord Rosebery on the word 'efficiency.' It is not, we think, a mere passing recrudescence of the eternal spirit of pessimism, or a fall in the moral temperature. The feeling is derived from a study of facts and figures, and from a rational comparison of ourselves with others.

Just as the art of war is always changing, just as tactics successful in the Seven Years' War broke down in that of the Revolution, and those successful in the Crimea failed in South Africa, so also methods of government and commerce adequate to the facts of one age may, in a changed environment, lead to the ruin of those who fail to adapt themselves. History shows, it is written on the streets of Venice and Cadiz, how swiftly commerce, wealth, and empire can pass from one centre to another, and how specially rapid the process may be when a nation's pre-eminence rests upon maritime superiority. Matthew Arnold, in a fine poem, wrote that

' Empire after empire, at their height  
Of sway, have felt the boding sense come on,  
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,  
And drooped, and slowly died upon their throne.'

Let us hope that in our own case the boding sense may have come in time to permit salutary reconstruction, as the early discovery of a disease may save the life of a patient. "

We propose to discuss in this article the conditions which make for success in the modern commercial, maritime, world competition, and to consider whether any modifications of national policy are necessary in order to meet those conditions.

The oldest and most permanent condition of maritime success is that a nation should have ports capable of receiving conveniently the largest ships of the time. From this point of view, and because the whole story illustrates to perfection certain general deficiencies in English methods, we desire to advert at some length to the Report made last June by the Royal Commission on the Port of London.

London has an admirable position for maritime commerce. It is situated at a corner of the English coast, near to the Continent, upon a river not subject to excessive floods, but with tides sufficient to transport traffic with ease; the banks of the river are not steep or rocky, but suitable for dock and canal excavation, for building, and for access by road. These advantages have at all times given to London the position of the leading port in England, and the rise of England has made this port by far the greatest in the world. Already, in 1685, as Macaulay writes, 'London had in the world 'only one commercial rival, now long outstripped, the 'mighty and opulent Amsterdam.' Just at that date London was leaving Amsterdam behind in the race, and since then

her pre-eminence as a commercial port has been uncontested. This pre-eminence was never so absolute, before or since, as it was during the last fifty years of the eighteenth century and the first fifty of the nineteenth. The old maritime rivals were almost extinct, and the new ones had not yet arisen. For a time the only really formidable competitors were the Americans with their fast-sailing Atlantic ships. About the time when the 'Edinburgh Review' was born the Port of London was in a condition which called for remedies, the growth of the trade having outstripped that of the accommodation. There were not then, however, as there are now, formidable rivals, just across the North Sea, well-equipped and ready to take advantage of any weakness of London. The maritime commerce of France and Holland had been ruined during the long wars, and it was long before the birth of the modern German Empire.

In 1799 there were no docks in the Thames, except one small dock on the south side. Ships were loaded and discharged as they lay moored in the stream, or at quays and wharves. When, as was the case in sailing days, large fleets arrived about the same time, the river was so crowded that it was difficult to pass up and down, and there were consequently endless delays and irritations. This state of things was prejudicial also to the interests of Government, as it was difficult, under these circumstances, to prevent frauds on revenue. Committees inquired and reported, and it was agreed that the remedy was the construction of docks. Acts were, therefore, passed authorising the incorporation of dock companies and their encouragement by a system of temporary monopolies. So, for instance, the Act of 1799, constituting the West India Dock Company, provided that, for a period of twenty-one years, all ships in the West India trade should load and discharge exclusively in the docks to be built by the company. Under this system dock construction proceeded rapidly. Companies arose, built docks, fought each other, and, according to the usual law of development in these matters, often terminated an expensive contest by amalgamation. The East and West India Dock Companies were amalgamated in 1838; the London and St. Katharine Companies in 1864. These two combinations competed ardently, and, in the course of the contest, the latter group built the costly Albert Dock, and the former the still more expensive Tilbury Docks. In 1888 the two combinations ended their 'war of rates' by entering into a 'working union.' The amalgamation was formally

completed in 1900, and the system is now controlled by the London and India Docks Company. This company has almost a monopoly of the large liners trading to London, but in certain special trades, such as corn and timber, the Surrey Commercial Docks Company on the south side, also the result of several amalgamations, and the Millwall Company, do a considerable business, while almost half of the whole tonnage using the port still load and discharge in the stream or at the numerous wharves which line the river for miles.

Till the year 1857 the general control of the river, including maintenance of the channels and regulation of the traffic, was exercised, or was supposed to be exercised, by the City Corporation. Everywhere these were originally municipal functions, but in all our leading ports, except Bristol, they have been during the last fifty years transferred to specially constituted authorities. These and other powers and duties were, by an Act of 1857, vested in the Thames Conservancy. This body governs the river from Cricklade in Wiltshire to a line between Essex and the Isle of Sheppy. It now consists of representatives of the riparian county councils and boroughs, with a few representatives of shipowners, and barge-owners, dock companies and wharfingers. It is not, therefore, distinctively constituted for Port of London purposes.

Other functions in the Port of London are discharged by the Trinity House Brethren, who control pilotage, buoying, and lighting; by the medieval guild called the Watermen's Company, who license and regulate boats and barges; by the City Corporation, who are the sanitary authority; by the Metropolitan Police, who police the river and docks; and by other bodies. Thus there is a wide distribution among dock companies and public authorities of powers which are in most foreign ports, and even at home, concentrated in the hands of a single administration.

The appointment in 1900 of the Royal Commission on the Port of London was immediately due to certain steps taken in Parliament by the London and India Docks Company, but, in a wider sense, it was due to the breakdown of the whole system of the Port of London in face of the revolution which has taken place in recent years in shipping and commerce. A port which does not adapt itself to these changes is lost. The Commissioners point to some signs of evil omen. It is true that the aggregate maritime trade of London, whether measured by value of goods or by shipping

tonnage, has rapidly and steadily increased during recent years. This increase is due to the growth in magnitude and purchasing power of the vast population on the banks of the Thames. But the ancient and considerable portion of London trade, which consists in the import, warehousing, and re-export of goods, has experienced during the last twenty years a singular arrest, and even decline. In the opinion of the Commissioners the decadence of London as the world's central maritime junction is due in part to outside causes, such as the construction of the Suez Canal and the trans-continental American railways, and the efforts of various countries to develop their commercial marine; partly to internal deficiencies, which might be remedied. They point out that, if London becomes less convenient or more expensive for the reception of large ships than Hamburg, Antwerp, or Rotterdam, it is quite possible that the transshipment trade may pass to these ports. It is even possible that goods destined for British ports, and for London itself, should be transhipped from ocean steamers at Rotterdam or Antwerp, and carried across the narrow seas in small steamers, the glory and profit of receiving the great steamers thus departing from London. It takes little to deflect the course of great steamers, to whose owners time is most literally money. 'These considerations,' say the Commissioners, 'point to the advantage of adapting the Thames in every way to the requirements of modern ocean-going ships.'

The Commissioners then call attention to the revolution which has taken place in maritime conditions. This is due to two chief causes--first, the displacement of sailing ships by steamships, and, secondly, the great increase in the average size of ships. It is not too much to say that the dimensions of vessels employed in the main liner services have been quadrupled within the last forty years. The construction of ships has also been revolutionised, ships built like rectilinear oblong boxes on keels taking the place of the gradually curved vessels of former times. This fact is of importance because dock entrances built with a view to the older construction of ships have to be reconstructed, even if their depth is sufficient. The largest ship afloat in 1901 was the 'Celtic,' of the now Americanised White Star line. Her gross tonnage is 20,880; her length 680 feet, breadth 75 feet, and depth 45 feet. 'These dimensions,' say the Commissioners, 'give some idea of the possible class of ship for whose reception the channels and docks of any port which desires to remain in the first rank must



‘in future be adapted.’ The Commissioners quote in the same connexion a passage from the evidence given to them by a leading shipowner, Sir Alfred Jones, whose experience is wide and varied. He said :—

‘If London is restricted in the depth and size of her ships, and Hamburg and Rotterdam—those two ports in particular which are going ahead tremendously—are able to get facilities which we cannot get, it is a tremendous drawback to the British shipowners and British commerce altogether. I might go further, because you may look with certainty to the future producing very much larger ships. The economical ship is the large ship, and unless you can provide for the large ship you cannot compete for the carrying trade. The carrying trade is not protected like a railway. Anybody can come into it who can produce a machine cheaper than his neighbour, and his neighbour is always looking for something that can do it cheaper. Then, again, the Englishman does not care what he ships his goods in, whether under the German flag or the French flag. You do not find that feeling with a German or a Frenchman; he will endeavour as far as he can to ship his goods under his own flag.’

The shipowners and merchants who gave evidence were agreed that, except for its neighbourhood to the greatest market and centre of consumption in the world, the Port of London, under its existing conditions, has every kind of disadvantage. The channels leading up to it are not deep or wide enough to allow the passage of great modern ships without long delays in awaiting sufficient tides; many of the dock entrances are of insufficient size; the berth space is often not sufficient to accommodate the ships, or the quays and sorting sheds to receive cargo; labour is inefficient or badly organised; plant not up to date. Consequently ships cannot enter, clear their cargo, and depart so quickly as they can at other large ports. Shipowners find it difficult to reckon on fixed dates; merchants have to wait days, or even weeks, before they can obtain delivery of goods; there is endless irritation and loss of time and money. The Commissioners observe that the conditions of modern trade and industry, and the increase of railway facilities in various parts of the world, have enabled enormous cargoes to be swept down to the coasts of every continent and to be shipped for London. ‘Mechanical invention and ‘enterprise,’ they point out, ‘have provided ships equal to ‘carrying these cargoes; and the immense growth in ‘population and wealth of London and the country round ‘it has afforded a market sufficient to attract and absorb ‘them.’ While London has grown, and the trade has grown, and ships have grown, nothing except some

'desultory dredging' has been done to improve the channels of the Thames, and little, since the completion of the Tilbury Docks, to extend the dock system or to adapt it to modern requirements. The channels remain inadequate because the Thames Conservancy is an unenergetic and unsuitably constituted body, with a revenue insufficient for more than current purposes. The docks remain inadequate because they are in the hands of several independent companies, none of them possessing sufficient financial strength to execute the works which are necessary. It appears also from the evidence that the Thames Conservancy hesitate to spend money on the channels until the dock entrances are improved, while the dock companies doubt the policy of spending too much on their docks until the channels are deepened.

'Lord Chatham, with his sword drawn,  
Stands waiting for Sir Richard Strahan ;  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Is waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'

Meanwhile, in the opinion of the Commissioners, it is necessary that at least two and a half millions should be promptly spent upon deepening and widening the river channels, and at least four and a half millions on extending and improving the docks, if the Port of London is not to lose its position.

We do not propose to discuss the reasons why the London dock companies, notwithstanding the great increase of trade, have, for the most part, hardly been able in recent years to pay dividends to their shareholders. Their enemies charge them with over-capitalisation and bad administration. The companies themselves—and the Commissioners seem to agree to this contention—ascribe their misfortunes to the fact that three-fourths of the goods which enter the docks bring no profit, inasmuch as they are carried off free of charge by barges whose owners have a statutory right, conferred in times when all circumstances were very different, to use the waters of the docks without payment. The attempt of the London and India Docks Company to obtain from Parliament power to tax these goods and barges roused the fierce opposition of the riverside wharfinger interests. The Commissioners summarise the situation thus created as follows:—

'For a period of a hundred years the dock companies have carried on their business under the condition of the "free water clause," which they have endeavoured without success to induce Parliament

substantially to alter. During that period other river interests of importance have grown and developed upon the basis of the same condition, so that London has become a port largely dependent upon the enterprise which has constructed private wharves and warehouses fed by barges. The free water clause has operated detrimentally to the dock companies, but (even assuming that in all their administrative policy the companies have been blameless), the great proportion of the misfortunes which have befallen them must be attributed to trade and fiscal changes for which the other river interests are in no sense responsible. The financial difficulties of the dock companies have prevented them from bringing their docks up to the level of modern requirements. It is admitted on all sides that some remedy should be applied to a state of affairs disastrous to the port, but it is a matter of debate what that remedy should be.

‘On the one hand the dock companies suggest the repeal of the free water clause, a measure which, though perhaps not unjust in itself, would disturb the business organisation of the river which has been evolved by the experience of a hundred years. On the other hand, it was in effect contended that, in principle, commercial misfortunes should lie where they have fallen; that great river interests which have not been unfortunate should not be disturbed in order to assist those which have been; and that the vital need for financial strength would be better secured by the creation of a new body responsible to the public, than by strengthening, as against other interests, companies responsible to shareholders.’

Thus the administration of the Port of London has, like our education system, grown up in a haphazard, non-rational way, and the history has ended in a deadlock which prevents the execution of essential improvements. It is a good illustration of the sacrifice, too common in our country, of public to private interests.

The Commissioners have proposed a large and thorough measure of reform. They recommend the transfer to a public Port Authority of all the powers exercised within the Port of London by the Thames Conservancy, the Trinity House, and the Watermen’s Company. They also recommend that all the property of the three chief dock companies should be vested in this authority, security against loss being given to the shareholders. They suggest that the burden of improving the river, the ‘great water highway of London,’ should be undertaken by the London County Council and the City Corporation. As, notwithstanding this relief, the Port Authority would need a larger revenue than that derived from existing sources, they recommend that it should be armed, like the port authorities at Liverpool and elsewhere, with a power to raise a duty upon all goods which enter the river. This scheme

has met with very general approval, and it is to be hoped that next year the Government will propose to Parliament a measure framed unreservedly upon these lines. The Commissioners conclude their report by saying :—

‘Our inquiry into the conditions of the Port of London has convinced us of its splendid natural advantages. Among these are the geographical position of the port; the magnitude, wealth and energy of the population behind it; the fine approach from the sea; the river tides strong enough to transport traffic easily to all parts, yet not so violent as to make navigation difficult; land along the shores of a character suitable for dock construction and all commercial purposes. In addition to these advantages, London possesses docks which, although they are not in some cases upon the level of modern requirements, are yet capacious and capable of further development. The deficiencies of London as a port, to which our attention has been called, are not due to any physical circumstances, but to causes which may easily be removed by a better organisation of administrative and financial powers. The great increase in the size and draught of ocean-going ships has made extensive works necessary both in the river and in the docks, but the dispersion of powers among several authorities and companies has prevented any systematic execution of adequate improvements. Hence the port has, for a time, failed to keep pace with the developments of modern population and commerce, and has shown signs of losing that position relatively to other ports, British and foreign, which it has held for so long. The shortcomings of the past cannot be remedied without considerable outlay. We are, however, convinced that, if, in this great national concern, energy and courage be shown, there is no reason to fear that the welfare of the Port of London will be permanently impaired.’

It is clear that the evidence left the Commissioners seriously impressed by dangers threatening British maritime trade. After referring to the close German competition in the construction of ships of the largest class, and to the possible American subsidising policy, they say :—

‘These are among the signs which show how seriously the maritime superiority of this country is now being challenged. It is clear that any incapacity of the greatest British port, which takes about a fifth of the trade of the United Kingdom, and does so much transshipment and re-export trade, to accommodate the largest modern steamers, may count in deciding the result of the contest.’

The Commissioners point out that on the Continent public ownership of docks and harbours, wharves and quays, is almost universal. They quote a statement made by M. Royers, Chief Engineer of Public Works at Antwerp, who said :—

‘So far as I know, private ownership does not exist on the

Continent in regard to wharves, quays, &c.; these are held by the authorities for the benefit of the public. The coast line, the navigable streams and rivers, all belong to the Government, and are under its control. Permission is never accorded to private firms or to public companies to exploit these for their own particular ends or benefit. In all such matters public utility and public convenience alone are taken into consideration. Not only is a navigable river nearly always appropriated to the public service, but the bank, or towing path, is likewise regarded as being Government property. Therefore, speaking generally, it may be said that private ownership does not exist here, either in regard to the stream itself or to the land immediately adjacent thereto. For the same reason, private ownership in docks, wharves, quays, &c., here is unknown, and this could not be otherwise. It might happen that a concession for the appropriation of land, either riparian or on the sea coast, might be granted by the Government to individuals. But this is rarely the case; and, in fact, I know of none which have been important or which have met with success.'

The Commissioners quote also this striking passage from a report made in 1897 by an American State Board of Inquiry into 'docks and terminal facilities':—

'The four continental ports of Havre, at the mouth of the River Seine, of Antwerp, fifty-nine miles up the Scheldt, of Hamburg, seventy miles up the Elbe, and of Rotterdam, on the new Maas, being the main outlet of the Rhine, eighteen miles from its mouth, are all great cities and commercial entrepôts, whose present growth and importance have been largely achieved within the century. They are all connected by systems of waterways with the far interior of Europe, and are great distributing centres, where merchandise changes bulk in transportation to ultimate destination; and all are natural terminals, where barge or river navigation ends and ocean carriage begins.

'At each city are to be found magnificent and costly systems of docks, piers, anchorages, and waterways, under public ownership and control, possessing every facility for carrying immense trade by means of commodious and convenient warehouses, with modern appliances, operated by steam, water or electricity, and all are designed to promote economy and speed in handling at low, uniform and unvarying rates of charge.'

The Royal Commissioners find that the conclusions of the American Board are fully confirmed by the information which they have themselves collected from British Consuls and shipowners. They state that in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France the national and municipal authorities have within the last thirty or forty years executed great works of improvement in their ports and rivers. These Governments have not been deterred by questions of cost; they have not been obliged, like dock companies, to consider

the dividends of shareholders; they have acted rather with a view to securing future than to accommodating existing trade; they have kept in sight the policy of providing for ships of the greatest draught; and, especially at the ports of Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, they have already been rewarded by a very rapid increase of business. The Commissioners say:—

‘For ships which use the docks—that is, for all large ships—London is a much dearer port, both as regards out-payments and as regards delays, than Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, and for those goods which pass through the docks, it is, taking together dues on goods and ships, cost of labour and pilotage, a somewhat more expensive port, as regards out-payments, than Hamburg, and not nearly so well organised.

‘It appears that at Hamburg the port is not worked at a profit, and that the expenditure exceeds the receipts. The State Government, however, consider that the benefit due to the influx of trade compensates the city for the specific loss, and they look to the future, encouraged by the enormous increase in shipping parallel to the increase in expenditure. The low cost of Rotterdam and Antwerp seems to be partly due to the cheapness of labour, but also to the deliberate policy of the Dutch and Belgian Governments, who are closely competing for the trade of the Low Countries, and of that great and flourishing region from which goods come down to the coast by the River Rhine and by the German State Railways.’

They add, and it may be taken as the widest and deepest moral of their report:—

‘The power of undertaking large present expenditure, and of working for a long time at a loss with a view to compensation in a distant future, is no doubt, in the keen world-competition, an advantage possessed by undertakings which have the force of an empire, state, or great city behind them. If, in some countries, national and municipal resources are thus employed, it becomes most difficult for private enterprise elsewhere to hold its own against the intelligent, far-sighted, and formidable rivalry thus created.

There can be no doubt that the apprehension in the mind of the Commissioners was chiefly due to the successful advance of Germany all along the commercial line. The German Empire is undoubtedly a dangerous rival. The population of that empire is somewhat larger than that of the whole white population of the British Empire, and more homogeneous. The constitution of the empire is so devised that, if circumstances favoured, small states like Holland and Belgium could be merged in it without losing their monarchies and national institutions. It is quite upon the cards that German Austria may be added to an empire

which would then have an outlet upon the southern as well as upon the northern seas. The Germans have resources enormously greater than those of our old competitors the Dutch. They are a race of a far more strenuous and persevering character than that of our later commercial rivals the French. In the school of adversity at first, and now under the pressure of danger due to a frontier unprotected upon three sides by sea or mountains, the Germans have learned the need of constant vigilance and systematic preparation. After the crushing victories obtained over Austria and France, victories of more over less scientific organisation of war, the Germans did not rest upon their laurels, but directed energy and skill to laying the foundations of a future superiority, as they hope, in trade and commerce, and possibly those of naval hegemony.

The writer, who signs himself 'Veritas,' of the excellent, much-needed, and most valuable little book, called 'The German Empire of To-day,' begins it with the following observations:—

'The rise and fall of nations is always an attractive study. This is especially the case when a country is rising to untold fortunes, and is not on the wane like Lord Salisbury's "decaying nations." With Germany it is, of course, a question of ascent not descent. The German Empire of to-day is a solid structure that has stood the test of thirty years of life. Nothing can now shake its *solidarité*. There it stands, an everlasting monument to the ability of its founders and of their illustrious successors. The nation is gathering strength and stature year by year. It is sound, healthy, and vigorous.'

In Germany a vigilant, ambitious, and energetic Imperial Government, its hands freed by the state and provincial system from many details which fall in London upon the central administration, co-operates with a commercial and industrial class formed by an admirable practical system of education. This co-operation is the foundation of German success. There can be no success without both good leading and good following. In France the Government does all that it can; it spends money upon the national ports; it gives subsidies to shipping larger than those of any other government; but it has not been able to instil into a cautious and sedentary people the spirit of adventurous and persevering enterprise in the great fields of commerce. In our own country there is enterprise enough, though less, perhaps, than in some former times, but Government contributes little assistance or leading. In Germany there appears to be a sound balance between

public leading and private energy and enterprise. A witness before the Steamship Subsidies Committee remarked :—

‘It is most striking to an Englishman to observe the methodical ways of everybody in Germany with regard to this question of trade. They are convinced that in trade is to be found their future, and they are laying themselves out for it like thoroughly good business men. The Government, from the Kaiser downwards, is helping them to do it in every way possible.’

The President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Turkey, comparing, in a letter to the ‘Times,’ the working of the German and British Consular services, said :—

‘The German system reminds me of an army, specially disciplined, marching with scientific precision, commanded by responsible and experienced chiefs, who know perfectly what they have to do, and the consequences to themselves if they do not do it; whereas the British system reminds me of a horde of irresponsible volunteers, without discipline or efficient chiefs, each one doing what seemeth best in his own eyes.’

This comparison, though it may be made with some exaggeration, cannot be dismissed as the grumbling of a discontented merchant, for it is confirmed by evidence from many quarters and extending to many fields of rival endeavour.

Three dates may be taken as marking important developments in German commercial policy. In 1878 Bismarck declared his adhesion to a policy of Protection, and passed in the following year the new Customs Tariff. In 1879 the Prussian Government commenced the nationalisation of railway lines. In 1885 the first shipping subsidies were given. All these lines of policy are based upon the same fundamental idea, and are interwoven in practice. Rightly or wrongly, the Germans believe that a nation should develop itself as a whole, with the conscious intention of being at once an agricultural, manufacturing, and maritime country, and that if in the pursuit of this aim there should be a loss to the consumer or taxpayer, such loss is to be regarded, like military and naval expenditure, as the temporary cost of a policy essential to permanent national strength and welfare. Our own ancestors had the same idea. By corn laws and navigation laws they directed capital into industries which were, in their opinion, essential to the national interest.

The railways were nationalised by Prussia and other States of the empire at an enormous cost, much exceeding that of the South African war, but it appears that they



return 6 per cent. net profits on the capital. 'Veritas' says truly that 'the relationship of railway policy to the general 'economic policy of any government is a vital one to the 'welfare of the people.' Nationalisation of railways places in the hands of a government the most powerful of instruments, because the whole network of lines can be economically and systematically used to promote the prosperity of the nation as a whole.

In a memorandum of 1882 the Prussian Government expressly stated that preferential tariffs were granted on the State railways in order (1) to assist agriculture and industry by cheap rates for transporting raw or subsidiary material; (2) to assist German manufacturers in competition with foreign importers at home; (3) to assist German in competition with foreign ports; (4) to assist German railways and waterways in competition with those of foreign nations. These principles have been thoroughly carried into subsequent practice. Mr. Gastrell, in his valuable report made to the Foreign Office in 1898, said :—

'In Germany the change to State lines was not only brought about by political, and especially by strategic reasons, but also by the firm conviction that such a system was absolutely needed in order to give full scope to the aspirations of a new commercial and industrial German Empire.' 'A monopoly of the magnitude of the German State railways, extending over 23,384 miles of lines, has an immense power over the destinies of the country from many points of view. And when one considers also the State ownership of 8,647 miles of canals and other inland waterways, the power that can be effectually wielded for the common good of the nation can be to some extent realised.'

Agricultural and industrial undertakings are assisted in Germany by low charges for the transport of materials. Exports by German shipping lines to countries where it is hoped that German trade may be established and rivals ousted are encouraged by special rates given from the interior of Germany. An inland manufacturer can send his goods to Africa or Asia over the German State railways, by subsidised German steamers, and sometimes over railways elsewhere with which special arrangements have been made.\* He can send them at low through rates, which he

\* For instance, previously to the South African war there was an arrangement with the Delagoa Bay and Netherlands Railways, under which the through rates from the interior of Germany went on to Pretoria and Johannesburg.

can ascertain at his nearest railway station. The national force is in every way behind him to enable him to undersell his foreign rivals. Railways belonging to the State, steamship companies subsidised and controlled by the State, diplomatic agents abroad, are all employed for this purpose. Sir William Ward, the Consul-General at Hamburg, told the Select Committee on Steamship Subsidies that the use of the State railways in order to develop the sea-borne trade of Germany was one of the chief occupations of the German Railway Department. 'These rates are being continually changed and reduced and so on; they are continually trying to do what they can in the interests of agriculture and commerce.'

British railway companies, competing against each other, and bound by their nature to consider in the first place the financial, immediate interests of their shareholders, cannot be used in the same way for national purposes, in pursuit of what the Government may consider to be a far-sighted policy. They are not influenced by the preference of one industry as more important than another to national welfare; they give no preferential rates to goods conveyed by British steamship lines over goods conveyed by German lines; they cannot negotiate through diplomatic representatives for combined arrangements with State railways in other lands. If special companies are poor, in consequence of over-capitalisation and bad administration, they are unable to renew their rolling-stock, or to improve their ways and stations, or to reduce their rates and fares. Some of the arguments used by the Royal Commission to recommend the transfer of the London Docks to a port authority might possibly be applied to justify the nationalisation of British, and certainly of Irish, railways. But this is a wide subject, on which there are, of course, many other considerations that must be taken into account. In the hands of a wise, energetic, able, and zealous government nationalised railways may, perhaps, be used to great advantage. But then governments are not always wise, energetic, able, and zealous, and the concentration of all railways in the hands of a short-sighted, slothful, or popularity-hunting administration might be a social misfortune.

The subsidies given by the German Imperial Government to promote the running of German steamship lines are applied in a well thought out and effective manner. Here as elsewhere the German Government aims at obtaining, and does obtain, the largest possible results for the least

possible expenditure. No subsidies, except payments for carriage of mails, are granted for lines to America, because the natural volume of traffic makes such a course unnecessary. But subsidies are granted for services to Australia, East Asia, and Africa, where trade has to be built up, or conquered from other nations. The total German subsidies, 347,000*l.* in 1900, do not much exceed the payment, 330,000*l.*, made by our own Government to the Peninsular and Oriental Company for postal services. Practically this payment is a subsidy, without which the company could not hold its ground, but the weakness of a purely postal subsidy is shown by the following circumstances. Until 1880 the Peninsular and Oriental Company received a payment from Government for carrying mails beyond Shanghai to Japan. But when it became possible to send mails more quickly to Japan via America this payment ceased. The company continued to run a regular service to Japan down to the year 1898, when a subsidised German service from Hamburg to Yokohama was established. The Peninsular and Oriental then retired from this competition, and now maintains no regular service beyond Shanghai. In the opinion of competent observers this change is in a general way detrimental to British and favourable to German trade interests in the Far East. In the year 1899 the North German Lloyd bought the fleets of two minor British companies in the Eastern seas, to serve as feeders to their main line. It is understood that on this occasion increased subsidies were promised, and that pressure was put from headquarters upon all interests to assist in the purchase.\* Another German victory was in the trade to Zanzibar. From 1889 to 1892 the British India Company ran a regular service to Zanzibar, receiving 16,000*l.* a year for carrying mails. In 1890 the German East African Company started a regular service to Zanzibar, receiving a subsidy of 45,000*l.* yearly.† The British India Company applied for a larger subsidy, were refused it, and abandoned the regular service, which they were carrying on at a loss. Even with the aid of their subsidy the German Company carried on the trade with difficulty, but the venture seems likely to repay the cost in the end. A consular report observes that ‘the good influence that this line has had in developing German trade is shown in the figures of general export to the

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\* On this subject see *Edinburgh Review* for July last (No. 401).

† This subsidy was increased in 1900 to 67,500*l.*

‘countries lying on the east coast of Africa.’ In another quarter the Hamburg-American Company bought the Atlas line, and was at once able to raise the number of its monthly sailings between Hamburg and the West Indies. These events, the replacement here and there of a British line by a German one, where trade is small, possibly unremunerative, may not be of much immediate importance in relation to the total volume of trade, but may have a considerable effect hereafter. It is the accumulation of small causes, under a fixed policy, that builds up great results.

The German subsidies are not given merely upon condition that mails should be carried at fixed dates and at a certain speed. The German Government stated in a memorandum that the subsidies they grant are not merely for the postal service, but are also looked upon as ‘value paid for important interests of the German export industry, the requirements of the navy, and of a colonial policy, &c.’ Strict conditions are attached. The crews of the subsidised ships must be Germans, naval reserve men, or otherwise under obligation to serve in the Imperial navy; the steamers must be constructed and fitted and, when possible, repaired in German yards, and made, so far as possible, of German materials; the coal must, in German, Belgian, or Dutch ports, be derived from German sources; the plans of the steamers have to be submitted to the Government for approval. No agreement can be made with foreign governments without sanction, German goods are to take precedence in being forwarded over foreign goods shipped at the same time. In short, there is a whole code intended to promote German interests by means of these ships. One important and, as events have shown, far-seeing provision in these contracts forbids the sale or hire of ships to foreign countries, or any disposal of the line, without the permission of the Imperial Chancellor. It must be observed that if on one side assistance is given to German manufacturers by preferential through rates for their export goods over the State railways, on the other an indirect subsidy is given to the German shipping companies by the monopoly of such goods given to their vessels. The German system also subsidises the shipbuilding industry, and may, indeed, be said to have founded it. Before 1885 all large ships for German lines were ordered in England. Now they are all built in Germany, and the yards of Kiel and Stettin turn out some of the finest and fastest ships in the world.

Britannia’s ‘rule of the waves’ in the commercial sense,

and perhaps therefore, in the long run, in the military sense, is also threatened in the North by subsidies given by the Norwegians, in the Far East by those given by our ambitious and 'up-to-date' Japanese allies. In the West a formidable attack by the Government of the United States has long been pending. The total annual subsidy of \$9,000,000 proposed by the latest Bill before the Senate leaves far behind the most ambitious efforts of other countries. This Bill contains elaborate provisions facilitating the transfer to the United States registry of foreign-built ships owned by corporations the majority of shares in which are held by American citizens. Interest in this Bill has been for a time eclipsed by the stronger interest taken in the victorious strategy of a great American capitalist combination, but it indicates an impending policy most dangerous to the British carrying trade both in the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The attention of a public then deeply absorbed in South African questions was not much aroused by the transfer of two or three minor British lines to German companies, but a transaction which had the appearance of the annexation of an appreciable proportion of the total British tonnage, including the two largest steamers then afloat and many other first-class vessels, by a Trust having its headquarters in the United States, caused real alarm. Apparently the directors and shareholders of the White Star and the other annexed companies were presented with the choice between prosperity and destruction: Either transfer your lines upon terms of great profit, or look to see a rival fleet started, supported by the most powerful financiers in America, by the group of great American railways which own most of the ports and can direct cargo as they please, and probably also backed by heavy subsidies out of the overflowing surpluses of the United States Treasury. Sell to us now on excellent terms, or wait a few years and then be driven off the sea and ruined. Human nature could not resist the argument, skilfully blended of prospects of gain and loss. Five British shipping companies have been brought beneath the *summum imperium* of an American syndicate; the great shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff has also been virtually annexed; and a pooling arrangement and division of spheres of operation has been effected by the Trust with the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American line. The terms of this last-mentioned arrangement seem to be favourable to the Teutons, since their

companies have secured a guaranteed dividend of 6 per cent., a monopoly of their own ports, so far as relates to vessels of the Trust, and maintenance of their existing extensive connexions with British ports, such as Southampton. The directors of the Hamburg-American Line, in a circular to their shareholders, stated that, on the one hand, they could not ignore so powerful a combination, and that, on the other, 'it was out of the question that we should entertain proposals which were calculated to affect even indirectly in any form or shape the nationality and independence of our company.' The resultant of these conflicting reasons was that the company has entered into a combination 'intended to represent a defensive and offensive alliance (*Schutz- und Trutzbündniss*),' so that 'the syndicate and the two German companies accordingly undertake to support one another against the encroachments of outside competition.' This agreement is made for a period of twenty years. It is a most formidable alliance.

How was it that the British companies were absorbed by the Trust, while the German companies were able to conclude an alliance upon favourable terms? Why was it 'out of the question' for German, but not for British, lines to entertain proposals calculated to 'affect even indirectly in any form or shape the nationality and independence' of the companies. The answer is that, although these German lines to America receive no direct subsidy from the State except for postal services, yet the whole German system and the direct or indirect power of the Government control their action. The 'Times' observed with sarcastic truth:—

'People say now that the whole thing might have been prevented had this country pursued a different policy. Perhaps it might, but what chance was there of a different policy? Suppose the White Star Line had gone to the Government and said, "Unless we are subsidised on the American scale we must be run off the ocean in a very few years," what would have been the answer? A string of beautiful cut-and-dried free-trade maxims, with a few easy generalities about individual initiative and British enterprise thrown in as seasoning.'

The difference between Germany and Great Britain—one well understood by the able men who rule the Trust—was that in the one case they had to deal with a Government behind and in close touch with the companies, and ready to use the national force if necessary; in the other, they had to deal with companies not so supported.\*

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\* The two preceding paragraphs were in print before Mr. Gerald

In these circumstances the inquiry of the Select Committee on Steamship Subsidies attracted more attention when it was resumed in 1902 than it did when it commenced its proceedings in 1901. It is startling to find a veteran Free-trader, Sir Robert Giffen, who appeared before it, advising not only the giving of subsidies upon conditions, after the German model, but a return, or threat of a return, to part of our old navigation laws, so as to reserve to British ships all trade between one part and another of the British Empire. This is the present law of France and the United States, and would, no doubt, if our Colonies assented to it, be a powerful diplomatic weapon to use, but the last, we should hope, to be used, against hostile barriers. Lord Brassey also declared himself in favour of subsidies judiciously employed. Sir Spencer Walpole, on the other hand, in the weighty evidence which he gave to the Committee, opposed subsidies on the ground that they had a generally enfeebling effect, so that any advantage might be dearly bought in the long run, and because they would lead to favouritism to certain lines. The Committee have also received protests from representatives of small lines against subsidies to special existing lines, or to lines to be called into existence. Indeed, the effect that Government patronage might have on British traders who are not patronised seems to have received as yet too little attention. We cannot subsidise everybody. It is maintained by many that the greatness of the postal subsidy enjoyed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company has been productive of some ordinary bad consequences of an artificially favoured position.

In this, as in other fields, we think that war, though always an evil in itself, may sometimes be necessary. It is, we think, obviously legitimate, if there is sufficient proof that existence of trade is at stake, that a nation should grant shipping subsidies in order to secure a position in a new market against a subsidising rival, or to defend against such a rival a position already established. We do not say that this state of things has as yet in our own case been reached. It is, of course, far better that no subsidies, except for postal

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Balfour, in his speech at Sheffield on September 30, announced the agreement which the Government had come to with Mr. Morgan, the head of the Atlantic Shipping Combination. This agreement ensures the continuance of the British character of the ships, crews, and subordinate directorates. This does not affect the comparison between the previous action of the British and German companies.

services at the lowest obtainable rate, should be given by any nation. Subsidies given to defend British commerce should be regarded as a means of war used to compel others to lay down, together with ourselves, their arms. In this respect a modern American Trust must be regarded in the same light as a rival Power. If it be found that a capitalist combination of railway, manufacturing, and shipping interests is using its enormous strength to drive all competitors off the sea, and is establishing a monopoly which may eventually be used to tax the British consumer, it may become expedient that national strength should be brought into action to protect the citizen. If it were found that an important railway line, such as the Canadian Pacific, was passing, by the purchase of its shares, into the hands of a foreign capitalistic combination, with special interests to serve, it might become desirable that its control should be taken over by national authorities. It makes a vast difference by whom the shares in a company are held, but not much by whom Government stock, issued to replace shares, is held. A German railway can no more be annexed by the predatory capital of United States millionaires than a picture once lodged in the National Gallery can be carried off to America. These considerations are the more important inasmuch as we are only at the beginning of an era of colossal capitalistic combinations, aggregations of an imperial kind, *communitates communitatum*, in which companies, not individuals, will be the units. It were vain to found much hope upon the anti-Trust legislation occasionally threatening these institutions in America. As Mr. Dos Passos has shown in the lucidly written book referred to at the head of this article, history is strewn with the wrecks of statutes directed against commercial combinations and operations, from the earliest statutes against forestallers and regraters down to the latest against trade unions and trusts.

These trade questions are not those alone which have recently called the attention of the British public to the subject of State action in its connexion with the efficiency of the realm in the keen world competition. A German writer, Dr. Bonn, who has an intimate knowledge of our country, has recently pointed out in a Berlin review that the use, so frequent here of late, of the word 'Zollverein' is but 'one of many signs of the continentalising of England.' He adds that the more England is compelled to compete against other nations in spheres where she had formerly an



uncontested superiority, the more natural is it that her statesmen should study the methods of our rivals. The book by 'Veritas' to which we have referred is at once a proof of this desire and an assistance towards its satisfaction. Dr. Bonn adds :—

'The purely empirical England, the England of traditional self-help, is measuring itself against rationally organised States with a technically educated officialdom. The State as power-holder (*Machthaber*), which England of the nineteenth century always regarded as only Oppressor, appears now at once as Educator and Promoter, and out of a thousand clumsy mediocrities drills on all sides useful work-tools, against which England can only put a limited number of individuals, certainly distinguished, but not to be increased at will.'

Men fall, a French writer has said, by the same qualities as those by which they rose, and so it may be with nations. In one era reliance upon individual energy may be justified, but in a world of organised, regimented, and drilled masses individual energy may fail in commerce as did the undisciplined valour of Gaul and German against the legions of Cæsar. Still, Englishmen are not yet convinced that an advance on the lines of German officialdom would in the long run promote the interests of British trade and commerce. Is it certain, however, that the energy is what it was a century ago, and that it has not been impaired by success and the rewards of success? It is true that the Englishman, like the Roman of old, possesses the gift of succeeding with less of that governmental superintendence and control without which in some countries it seems that enterprise cannot flourish. But one difference between the often compared Roman and British Empires is that the former did not, like the latter, have to meet the competition of other states or empires of a strong and highly organised character. If they were to hold in the modern world the position held by Rome in the ancient, the English ought to have absorbed not only Ireland and Scotland, but France and Germany, and to have retained the whole of the North American population.

The danger to England lies in the incessant activity of the modern Continental State in connecting education with active life, and turning to good use the talents of each subject. We can war down subsidies by means of a larger purse, but much more than this is required if we are to hold our place in the world against the Germans. Here and there the Germans may oust a bit of English commerce by skilful application of their railway and shipping policy, but

apart from this we learn from every book of travel and consular report that they are succeeding by the application of better educated intelligence, and more persevering industry. Even if we grant subsidies, nationalise or control our railways, improve our ports, reorganise on a more rational system the distribution of work between our public departments, and their methods, the most essential thing will still be wanting if we have not also built up a system of education adapted to the needs and conditions of the modern world. It would be dangerous if the noise made about special matters like shipping subsidies caused us to forget where lies the real strength of our German kinsmen and rivals. We may fight subsidies by subsidies, but it is still more important to meet education by education, and keenness in work by corresponding keenness and industry.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.* By FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1887.
2. *Darwinism.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1889.
3. *History of Botany.* By JULIUS VON SACHS, F.M.R.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.
4. *Collected Essays.* By the Right Hon. THOMAS H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1898.
5. *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.* By LEONARD HUXLEY. London: Macmillan. 1900.

THE circumstances, however trivial, which attend an historical event are always interesting, and may be important. They are interesting because we like to feel that it touches, at any rate, the plane of our ordinary life, and is not wholly aloof; they may be important in so far as they may throw light on its causes and consequences.

The publication of the biographies and scientific correspondence of Darwin and Huxley have put us in possession of a complete account of the path by which Darwin was led to his great discovery, and of the difficulties which its acceptance met with. The story is sufficiently well known, but a brief summary will be useful.

Darwin went up to Cambridge as a young man of independent means, and, like many before and since, with a keen pleasure in the healthy enjoyment of life, especially when it took the form of fox-hunting and partridge-shooting. His career might have been a purely conventional one if he had not come under the influence of Henslow, the University Professor of Botany. Through him he received the offer of the post of unpaid naturalist on board the 'Beagle.' The problem which became the principal occupation of his life was first suggested to him by observations made in South America during the voyage. On his return he began to study it systematically, and found the first clue to its solution in 1838 in 'Malthus on Population.' He pondered over it for some twenty years, and in 1856 began to write out his views on a scale which was never completed, for in 1858 Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago, sent him an essay which 'contained exactly the same theory'; and, to make the coincidence even more complete, it was the

recollection of Malthus which had suggested it, when he was prostrate with fever at Ternate, in the Moluccas.\*

The Linnean Society was founded for the encouragement of natural history studies, and though its work attracts little public attention it is of sufficient importance to be provided with official quarters by the Government. In 1858 these were in the old Burlington House, in rooms now occupied by the Royal Academy. Here on July 1 a joint paper by Darwin and Wallace was read. It was communicated by Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker. Darwin's share included extracts from a sketch written out as long ago as 1844. The title was 'On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties; and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection.' Never, perhaps, was a theory of momentous importance launched in a more modest way. 'Our joint productions,' said Darwin, 'excited very little attention.'† According to the account given in Darwin's 'Life and Letters,' there was 'no semblance of a discussion.' Both Lyell and Hooker were present; the latter wrote, years afterwards, 'the interest excited was intense, but the subject was too novel and too ominous for the old school to enter the lists before armouring.'‡

Darwin's hand was now completely forced, and perhaps in the interest of science it was well that it should have been. In November of the following year he published the 'Origin of Species.' This was only an abstract of the vaster and more detailed work which he had long laboured upon, but, looking at his uncertain health, might never have finished. And probably in its abbreviated form it attracted more attention and more readers than had the argument been overlaid with detail and treated more diffusely. He had, at any rate, the advantage at Cambridge of studying good models. 'The logic of this book' (Paley's 'Evidences'), he tells us in his autobiography, 'and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as did Euclid.'§

He was satisfied with the result, at any rate, from a literary point of view. It was, he says, 'no doubt the chief work of my life,'|| and, 'from the first highly successful.' The clamour which it raised was in curious contrast to the silence with which the first promulgation of the theory was

\* Essays, p. 20.

† L.c. vol. ii, p. 126.

|| Vol. i. p. 86.

† Life, vol. i. p. 85.

§ Vol. i. p. 47.

received. Perhaps this measures the difference between an appeal to a public of wide and varied prejudice and emotion and a more apathetic, if instructed, audience. The storm of opposition, sometimes reasoned and critical, more often very much the reverse, gathered strength, as such storms are apt to do. The history of the campaign which followed may be read in the 'Life and Letters' of Darwin on the one hand, and those of Huxley on the other. All this has lapsed into the silence of historic calm. Some quarter of a century after, Charles Darwin was buried with the approval of his countrymen in Westminster Abbey, the resting-place of illustrious Englishmen. The elevation of his character perhaps reconciled some who would still have demurred to his scientific teaching. His grave is a few feet from that of Sir Isaac Newton. It was a happy circumstance that brought together the ashes of Cambridge's two greatest sons. For 'it is doubtful,' writes Huxley, 'if any single book, except the "*Principia*," ever worked so great and so rapid a revolution in science, or made so deep an impression on the general mind.'\*

Huxley proceeds to remark, and with perfect justice, 'that although the "*Origin*" has been close on thirty years before the world, the strangest misconceptions of the essential nature of the theory therein advocated are still put forth by serious writers.' The fact is that the popular impression which Darwin's work produced, though sound as far as it goes, by no means measures the depth of the revolution which he effected in scientific thought. It may, indeed, be asserted that this has been appreciated more thoroughly in foreign countries than at home. If so, this but illustrates the principle that things are perhaps best seen in their true proportions in perspective at a distance than near at hand.

The explanation of how this has come about may be deferred for the moment. It will be most instructive for the present to look at the problem which both Darwin and Wallace sought to solve as it presented itself to their minds. Darwin formulated this with admirable precision in the title which he deliberately chose for his memorable book—'The *Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection*.' To apprehend the full significance of this a digression is necessary.

Suppose we take a number of organisms at random—say,

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\* *Essays*, vol. ii. pp. 286, 287.

for example, that we go into the fields and gather an armful of plants as they come to hand, and then proceed to sort them, what do we find? It scarcely needs the experiment to assure us that we can throw the contents of our parcel into groups, each of which is composed of a larger or lesser number of *individual* specimens. But a little close inspection will show that our first sorting has by no means disposed of the business. Some of our groups will give us no difficulty; although the individuals composing it are not as absolutely identical as if they were cast in the same mould, yet they so closely agree that we have no difficulty in associating them. A closer scrutiny of other groups will show that they are by no means so homogeneous. We have probably a group of buttercups, which, when we come to scrutinise it carefully, turns out, notwithstanding their general resemblance, to be composed of at least three distinct sorts. The distinctions are tangible and definite, but require careful scrutiny for their recognition. Our primary group has therefore to be broken up into subordinate ones. When we have carried discrimination till it is exhausted, we may survey the result. We shall be struck by the inequality of the differences which separate our groups. Some will appear to only differ in inconsiderable details; others not to have a single point in common. It is clear, then, that we have groups of two very different kinds.

If—as we may obviously do, without altering the essential nature of the problem—we substitute for the limited area from which we have drawn our material the whole field of Nature, we are face to face with a problem which has occupied science, as far, at any rate, as plants are concerned, since the sixteenth century—the classification of living things.

The study of botany developed out of medicine, and the first attempts of botanical writers were to enumerate and group plants which were useful in pharmacy or the arts. Such attempts, based on their properties, were soon seen to be inadequate. A scrutiny of the plants themselves led to classifications, more or less imperfect, resting on structure. It is interesting to observe that while Chinese botanical literature still remains in the stage corresponding to that of the fifteenth century in Europe, that of Japan, even before it came under European influence, in so far as it accurately discriminated native plants, was two centuries in advance. The explanation is in each case the same: the method in the one case was purely literary, and relied on tradition; in the other it went to Nature for its facts.

It is obvious that classification would soon need a formal terminology. For this it went to logic, with the result that it borrowed trammels which clung to it like a shirt of Nessus down to the time of Darwin. Naturalists adopted for a group of individuals which resembled each other more closely than any other individuals the term *species*; similarly, for groups of resembling *species*, the term *genus*. As Mill remarks, these terms are 'used by naturalists in a technical 'acceptation, not precisely agreeing with their philosophical 'meaning.' And he adds:—

'It should be observed that, in ordinary parlance, not the name of the class, but the class itself, is said to be the genus or species; not, of course, the class in the sense of each individual of that class, but the individuals collectively and considered as an aggregate whole; the name by which the class is designated being then called not the genus or species, but the generic or specific name.' (System of Logic, vol. i. p. 134.)

And this is common sense; unfortunately it took naturalists two hundred years to arrive at it.

Although Kaspar Bauhin (1550–1624), the first great botanical systematist, had practically carried out in his writings the distinction between genus and species, and so anticipated Linnæus in the principle of binary nomenclature, it was another illustrious son of Cambridge—John Ray (1628–1705)—who formally introduced the terms, which he perhaps adopted, with much else, from a little-known writer, Jung (1587–1657), who was the founder of modern botanical terminology.

With the terms, naturalists derived from logic a good deal that was far less useful. Not satisfied with using the word *species* as a designation for the totality of individuals differing from all others by marks or characters which experience showed to be reasonably constant and trustworthy, as is the practice of modern naturalists, they required that it should receive a formal definition. Biological science thus hampered itself with scholastic fetters which it has not completely shaken off even at the present day. Ray, who may be taken as practically the father of 'species,' at any rate as far as the vegetable kingdom is concerned, found a criterion in the *distincta propagatio ex semine*. In other words, he was satisfied if species 'came true from seed.' But this would raise to specific rank every bean or cabbage we cultivate in our gardens, and therefore fails. Another criterion was what has been termed 'the rash generalisation that distinct species are to be recognised by their incapacity to produce fertile hybrids.'

Darwin dealt with this at great length; but it was reasserted by Wagner, and remained a stumbling-block even with Huxley to the last. It was, however, the doctrine of the 'constancy of species,' and the consequent denial of the existence of variation in Nature, which ultimately proved one of the greatest obstacles to the acceptance of the Darwinian theory. It was really implied by Ray, but expressed in the most extreme form by Linnaeus. 'We reckon so many species as there were distinct forms created *in principio*.' As a necessary corollary to this, he denied the possibility of the appearance of new species. These, as Lange says, are 'the traditions of Noah's ark.'\* All this was mere assertion; but Darwin himself has told us that 'when I was on board the "Beagle" I believed in the permanence of species.'†

But the dogma assumed its most definite form in a different way. Mill's 'ordinary parlance,' unfortunately, did not govern the use of the terms genus and species. They were not applied to the aggregate of individuals included in them, but to the distinctive marks or characters by which they are defined. Such a definition is an abstraction, but under the influence of the scholasticism with which Linnaeus was himself imbued it came to be regarded as having a real existence. And the same principle was applied to the higher groups into which genera were collected. Thus we have the Swedish botanist, Elias Fries, in 1835, maintaining that each division *ideam quandam exponit*. 'Every natural species,' says Shadworth Hodgson, 'in fact, seemed to owe its existence to an idea or conceived type, existing as an idea or conception previously to the existence of the individuals of the species which realised it, and determining the individuals to be what they were, in order to realise it.'‡ We shall see to what monstrous growth this sort of idealism ultimately attained, and how powerful was its influence in retarding the growth of progress in biology. We may well agree with Lange that 'There is in the whole of modern science, perhaps, no such instance of so empty and, at the same time, so crass a superstition as that of Species, and there are probably few points in which men have gone on rocking themselves with such baseless argumentations into dogmatic slumber.'§

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\* History of Materialism, vol. iii. p. 27.

† Huxley, 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 275.

‡ Metaphysic of Experience, vol. ii. p. 275. § L.c., vol. iii. p. 27.



If the scholastic fetters of the constancy of species hindered naturalists from seeing facts as they are, the necessity of doing so was nevertheless thrust on their notice in another way. If species had been created, as Linnæus assumed they had been, it might be supposed that they would differ pretty uniformly. But it is a matter of common observation that this is not the case: they are separated into groups, and the different kinds of roses, for example, are much more like one another than they are like brambles. As has been seen, the formation of genera for groups of species which had many points in common was accomplished very early. When, however, it was attempted to repeat the grouping process on genera, and collect them into groups of a higher order, great difficulties presented themselves, which, even to the present day, have not been wholly surmounted, and perhaps never will be. But the demand for a classification of some kind has always been an imperious necessity, if only to make the detailed knowledge of natural productions, as it accumulated, available for use. The examination of a 'Post Office Directory' will show that a classification may proceed on widely different principles. It may be either purely arbitrary, or more or less rational. An alphabetical arrangement relies on a circumstance which has no sort of significance, and is an example of the former; an arrangement by streets or occupations proceeds on a definite principle, which, though imperfect, illustrates the latter. In utilising the material for purposes of economic inquiry more instructive methods might be devised.

L'Obel (1538-1616), who spent much of his life in England, and died here, did not occupy himself with genera, but was the first to recognise, as we do still, certain large groups of plants, such as Grasses, Umbellifers, Papilionaceous Plants, and Labiates. He laid down the fundamental principle which systematists strive to this day to follow: '*Ordo utique sibi similis et unus progreditur ducitque a sensui propinquioribus et magis familiaribus ad ignotiora et compositiora.*' Kaspar Bauhin, the real founder of systematic botany, followed on the same track. Our own countryman Ray was a century in advance of his time in his attempts at a real classification, and he laid down the true principle: '*Methodum intelligo naturæ convenientem quæ nec alienas species conjungit nec cognatas separat.*' Linnaeus was deterred from the task by the pressing necessity of introducing some merely practical method into the chaos into which nomenclature had fallen. He, therefore,

invented what was avowedly an *artificial* system, which had the immense practical merit of enabling those who used it to name their plants with little difficulty. But he never lost sight of the unsolved problem of the construction of a *natural* system, which should exhibit the true relationships of the members of the vegetable kingdom. The intellectual indolence of mankind is incorrigible. The Linnean system, which its founder avowedly proposed as a mere provisional expedient, came to be regarded in Germany and England as final. But France, whose quicker imagination has often saved the situation in science, was never enthralled by Linnæus, and the developement of a natural system was in the main finally achieved by the labours of Jussieu.

That Linnæus, great as his powers were of co-ordinating facts, was deterred from the task is not surprising. For, though the homogeneousness of such groups as L'Obel marked out almost 'jumps to the eyes,' the discovery of true relationships becomes more and more difficult as we proceed. One cause of this was first clearly pointed out by Auguste de Candolle. The true marks in any living organism which indicate relationship are often overlaid by superficial characters which only have relation to the, so to speak, accidental mode of life of the individual species: such characters we now call 'adaptive.' De Candolle distinguished the former as morphological, and the others as physiological. An illustration will suffice. One of the largest and most widely distributed genera in the vegetable kingdom is that of *Senecio*, of which the common weed, groundsel, is a representative in this country. Yet another species of *Senecio* has been mistaken for ivy: some are succulent, like cacti; others are shrubs or trees. They masquerade in every possible guise; but the perplexed novice may console himself with the knowledge that they have entrapped even the most astute botanists. Yet they are betrayed by easily detected, though less obvious, characters, notwithstanding the bravery with which they sometimes flaunt, and are inevitably brought down to the level of the humble groundsel.

But we owe to Robert Brown, the greatest botanist whom Britain ever produced, the last clue to the mysteries of a natural system—the study of developement. In some cases everything that meets the eye will only put one on the wrong track: it is only, as it were, in 'becoming' that the structure of species reveals their true relationships.

The historical developement of the natural system has

been briefly traced in the case of plants because the story is more easily told and is fairly free from technicalities. But it might be paralleled from the animal kingdom. It was the result, as has been seen, of a slow process of induction. As with species, it ended in receiving an idealistic explanation. As late as 1853 we find Lindley adopting the dictum of Fries: '*Systema naturæ . . . est quoddam supra naturale, cujus clavem manibus v. ingenio humano non prensandam, summus tantum tenet naturæ auctor.*' As Sachs points out, this practically amounts to saying that the 'natural system is a representation of the plan of creation.'\* The fatal objection to this view is the fact that the physiological or adaptive characters of organisms have usually nothing to do with their position in a natural classification, and indeed disguise it. Fortunately in botany it remained little more than a pious opinion. Cuvier, however, in zoology maintained the absolute invariability of species and attributed the identity of structure throughout large groups of animals to the plan of the Creator.† This was, however, little more on his part than an Agnostic attitude, which he opposed to Geoffroy S. Hilaire, who—following Schelling, Goethe, Oken, and the '*Naturphilosophen*'—saw in the series of living beings but the individualisation of one common life, the *anima mundi*.‡ This was an evolutionary conception, but, being based on *à priori* reasoning, failed to carry conviction.

A theory explanatory of the diversity of vegetable and animal organisation which, though equally *à priori* and destitute of experimental foundation, has possessed a greater vitality is that of Lamarck. It had, at any rate, the merit of bringing into prominence an important feature common to all organisms, that of *variation*, which the belief in the constancy—or, rather, stability—of specific forms had kept out of sight. Linnæus could not shut his eyes to the fact, but he disposes of it very summarily. '*Naturæ opus semper est species: culturæ sæpius varietates.*' Varieties are, he says, produced by accidental causes: climate, soil, temperature, wind. With him the species differs intrinsically, the variety only superficially. Finally, he says that varieties are superfluous '*in foro botanico.*'

All this only proves that Linnæus, though a great codifier,

\* History of Botany, p. 153.

† Lankester, '*Advancement of Science*,' p. 330.

‡ Lewes, '*Biographical History of Philosophy*,' p. 597.

was not a practical naturalist. The case of Lamarck was very different. A close observation of Nature brought him to the same position in which Darwin afterwards found himself. The insight, from what we are accustomed to regard as a purely modern point of view, of observations recorded a century ago is almost startling. Two passages must suffice:—

‘In the same climate a great difference of situation and exposure causes individuals to vary; but if these individuals continue to live, and to be reproduced under the same difference of circumstances, distinctions are brought about in them which become in some degree essential to their existence.’

‘Is not the cultivated wheat a vegetable brought by man into the state in which we now see it? Let anyone tell me in what country a similar plant grows wild, unless where it has escaped from the cultivated fields. Where do we find in Nature our cabbages, lettuces, and other culinary vegetables in the state in which they appear in our gardens?’

Such statements, and much else that Lamarck states with absolute accuracy, were destructive of the old dogma of the constancy of species; but they fell for the most part on deaf ears—a fact which can only be accounted for by the deafness being correlated with blindness to observation. At any rate, the fundamental fact of variation was established. The old definitions of species given by Ray and Linnæus were disposed of. Lamarck substituted for them the following:—

‘A species consists of a collection of individuals resembling each other, and reproducing their like by generation, so long as the surrounding conditions do not alter to such an extent as to cause their habits, character, and forms to vary.’\*

The most orthodox Darwinian can find nothing in this to which he could take exception. Variation is an empirical fact accepted both by Lamarck and Darwin. To the former, however, it was a direct and adaptive response to the action of the environment; to the latter it was arbitrary and indifferent, and adjustment to changed conditions was accomplished by the selective preservation of such modifications as were suited to them.

Lamarckism deserves some respectful attention, apart from its historical interest. It underlies the remarkable attempt to construct a system of philosophy on evolutionary lines which we owe to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It has for

\* This and preceding quotations are borrowed from Lyell, ‘Principles of Geology,’ vol. ii. pp. 247–250.

that reason, possibly, influenced in a remarkable degree the whole trend of biological research in the United States; and it may be suspected that a rigid investigation would find its influence lurking in many of the projects for social amelioration in our own country.

The most important factor in the production of new forms, according to Lamarck, was the 'inheritance of acquired characters.' This was expressed in his fourth law:—

'All which has been acquired or laid down or changed in the organisation of individuals in the course of their life, is conserved by generation and transmitted to the new individuals which proceed from those which have undergone these changes.'

But the attempt to sustain this hypothesis either by observation or experimental evidence has entirely failed. Such cases as the occurrence of blind animals in caves, which seemed at first sight to be explicable on Lamarck's theory, prove to be better explained by the Darwinian principle; and if the *à priori* arguments will not stand the test of examination, the results of direct experiment supply no confirmation. As Lankester has observed:—

'No case of the transmission of the results of an injury can be produced. Stories of tailless kittens, puppies, and calves born from parents one of whom had been thus injured are abundant, but they have hitherto entirely failed to stand before examination.' (L.c., p. 375 )

In such a case one may almost say the wish is father to the thought. There is no more pathetic feature in human experience than to see descend into the grave, to pass away for ever, all those endowments with which genius and labour have adorned individual human beings. The cunning hand of the artist, the entrancing skill of the musician, the song of the poet, the eloquence of the orator—all perish with their possessors and 'leave not a wrack behind.' Were it otherwise, the toil of education would have been mitigated, and there would have been no bounds to the mental acquirements of the race. But when our first parents tasted of the tree of knowledge, the tree of life was denied them, and knowledge perishes with its possessor.

The brief historical sketch which has been given might have been much extended; but it will suffice to show that as soon as men began to study living organisms they recognised the existence of some principle in their ordering. This is equally true in the field of zoology as in that of

botany. As Lankester has observed, what 'collectors and 'anatomists, morphologists, philosophers, and embryologists 'had been so long striving after' was *the* natural classification based on the Theory of Descent.\*

The labours of systematists have often provoked impatience and sometimes ridicule, and this more especially perhaps in the case of botanists. Yet it was a careful study of the peculiarities of the flora of the Galapagos Archipelago which Darwin regarded as 'especially . . . the origin 'of all my views.'† It would be difficult to give a more striking illustration of the impossibility *à priori* of deciding on the utility or even intellectual importance of any subject of scientific inquiry.

The 'Origin' was published in October, 1859. Haughton, a clever Irish mathematician, had already declared that the principle of natural selection was not new. This turned out to be so far true that it had suggested itself to Wells in 1813 and to Matthew in 1831, as indeed it had also done to others. But it is one thing to throw out a suggestion, and another to devote the best part of a life to working out a theory in all its bearings. Writing to Huxley in November, 1859, Darwin said :—

'When I put pen to paper for this volume I had awful misgivings, and thought perhaps I had deluded myself, like so many have done; and I then fixed in my mind three judges on whose decision I determined mentally to abide. The judges were Lyell, Hooker, and yourself.' (Life, vol. ii. pp. 232, 233.)

In truth, they were more than judges; they were each and all either accessories before or after the fact. They can never be dissociated from the history of the theory, and were a monument ever to be consecrated to it their effigies would be its appropriate tripodal basis. Hooker had long been in Darwin's confidence, and the rational theory of the geographical distribution of plants which we owe to him was indispensable to Darwin's theory.

'The mutual relations,' he observes, 'of the plants of each great botanical province, and, in fact, of the world generally, is just such as would have resulted if variation had gone on operating throughout indefinite periods, in the same manner as we see it act in a limited number of centuries, so as gradually to give rise in the course of time to the most widely divergent forms.' (Lyell, 'Principles,' vol. ii. p. 283.)

The part which Lyell played is of peculiar interest, both

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\* L.c., p. 342.

† Life, vol. i. p. 276.

in its historical aspect and as an illustration of the working of a scientific temperament of the finest kind. But in truth the Darwinian theory was precisely what was required to give completeness to Lyell's own task. This is admirably expressed by Huxley :—

‘I have recently read afresh the first edition of the “Principles of Geology”; and when I consider that this remarkable book had been nearly thirty years in everybody's hands, and that it brings home to any reader of ordinary intelligence a great principle and a great fact—the principle that the past must be explained by the present, unless good cause be shown to the contrary; and the fact that, so far as our knowledge of the past history of life on our globe goes, no such cause can be shown—I cannot but believe that Lyell, for others, as for myself, was the chief agent in smoothing the road for Darwin. For consistent uniformitarianism postulates Evolution as much in the organic as in the inorganic world. The origin of a new species by other than ordinary agencies would be a vastly greater “catastrophe” than any of those which Lyell successfully eliminated from sober geological speculation.’ (Darwin's ‘Life and Letters,’ vol. ii. p. 190.)

Lyell himself summed up his own earlier position :—

‘In former editions of this work [the “Principles”], from 1832 to 1853, I did not venture to differ from the opinion of Linnæus, that each species had remained from its origin such as we now see it, being variable, but only within certain fixed limits. The mystery in which the origin of each species was involved seemed to me no greater than that in which the beginning of all vital phenomena in the earth is shrouded. . . . I pointed out how the struggle for existence among species, and the increase and spread of some of them, must tend to the extermination of others; and as these would disappear gradually and singly from the scene, I suggested that probably the coming-in of new species would in like manner be successive, and that there was no geological sanction for the favourite doctrine of some theorists, that large assemblages of new forms had been ushered in at once to compensate for the sudden removal of many others from the scene.’ (Principles, vol. ii. pp. 267, 268.)

Lyell was therefore on the same track as Darwin, and, but for the old stumbling-block of the ‘constancy of ‘species,’ might have arrived at the same goal. Like Darwin, he rejected the views of Lamarck because they ‘rested upon an assumption of a law of innate progressive ‘developement which could not be shown to be in ‘accordance with natural facts.’ But he was, though not without some hesitation, ultimately converted to the views of the former. As Wallace remarked :

‘The history of science hardly presents so striking an ‘instance of youthfulness of mind in advanced life as is

‘shown by the abandonment of opinions so long held and so ‘powerfully advocated.’\*

The developement of Huxley’s views is scarcely less instructive. He tells us:—

‘I remember, in the course of my first interview with Mr. Darwin, expressing my belief in the sharpness of the lines of demarcation between natural groups and in the absence of transitional forms, with all the confidence of youth and imperfect knowledge. I was not aware at that time that he had been many years brooding over the species question, and the humorous smile which accompanied his gentle answer, that such was not altogether his view, long haunted and puzzled me.’ (Huxley’s ‘Life and Letters,’ vol. i. p. 169.)

How Huxley gradually emancipated himself may be told in his own words:—

‘I think I must have read the “Vestiges” before I left England in 1846, but, if I did, the book made very little impression upon me, and I was not brought into serious contact with the “Species” question until after 1850. At that time I had long done with the Penta-teuchal cosmogony, which had been impressed upon my childish understanding as Divine truth, with all the authority of parents and instructors, and from which it had cost me many a struggle to get free. But my mind was unbiassed in respect of any doctrine which presented itself, if it professed to be based on purely philosophical and scientific reasoning. It seemed to me then (as it does now) that “creation,” in the ordinary sense of the word, is perfectly conceivable. I find no difficulty in conceiving that, at some former period, this universe was not in existence, and that it made its appearance in six days (or instantaneously, if that is preferred) in consequence of the volition of some pre-existing Being. Then, as now, the so-called *à priori* arguments against Theism—and, given a Deity, against the possibility of creative acts—appeared to me to be devoid of reasonable foundation. I had not then, and I have not now, the smallest *à priori* objection to raise to the account of the creation of animals and plants given in “Paradise Lost,” in which Milton so vividly embodies the natural sense of Genesis. Far be it from me to say that it is untrue because it is impossible. I confine myself to what must be regarded as a modest and reasonable request for some particle of evidence that the existing species of animals and plants did originate in that way, as a condition of my belief in a statement which appears to me to be highly improbable.

‘And, by way of being perfectly fair, I had exactly the same answer to give to the evolutionists of 1851–58. Within the ranks of the biologists at that time I met with nobody, except Dr. Grant, of University College, who had a word to say for Evolution—and his advocacy was not calculated to advance the cause. Outside these ranks, the only person known to me whose knowledge and

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\* Darwin, ‘Life,’ iii. pp. 114, 115.



capacity compelled respect, and who was, at the same time, a thorough-going evolutionist, was Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose acquaintance I made, I think, in 1852, and then entered into the bonds of a friendship which, I am happy to think, has known no interruption. Many and prolonged were the battles we fought on this topic. But even my friend's rare dialectic skill and copiousness of apt illustration could not drive me from my Agnostic position. I took my stand upon two grounds: Firstly, that up to that time the evidence in favour of transmutation was wholly insufficient; and, secondly, that no suggestion respecting the causes of transmutation assumed, which had been made, was in any way adequate to explain the phenomena. Looking back at the state of knowledge at that time, I really do not see that any other conclusion was justifiable.' (Darwin's 'Life and Letters,' vol. ii. pp. 187, 188.)

Nor was it; the objection was absolutely fundamental, and deserves the most attentive consideration. Huxley's first difficulty was the old one of the constancy of species. His second was that, waiving the first, how was the production of new species effected? The two were so far tied together that, if the second proved insoluble, the first was not worth fighting about. Now, as Huxley himself said later, 'Observation proves the existence among all living beings of phenomena of three kinds, denominated by the terms heredity, variation, and multiplication.'\* Of these, heredity had been recognised by Ray; variation in a limited degree by Linnæus, and in a fuller degree by Lamarck; multiplication and its consequence—the struggle for existence—by Malthus and Lyell. These were the elements of the problem. Darwin added natural selection, and solved it. To quote Huxley in after-years:—

'Every variety which is selected into a species is so favoured and preserved in consequence of being, in some one or more respects, better adapted to its surroundings than its rivals. In other words, every species which exists, exists in virtue of adaptation; and whatever accounts for that adaptation accounts for the existence of the species.' (Essays, vol. ii. p. 287.)

The question of variation now became of primary importance. Darwin's intention to publish his theory in a large work, of which the 'Origin' was only an abstract, was never fulfilled. 'Though considerably added to and corrected in the later editions,' he tells us, 'it has remained substantially the same book.'† But in 1868 he published the

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\* Essays, vol. ii. p. 287.

† Life, vol. i. p. 86.

detailed evidence relating to 'The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.' In this he wrote:—

'The initial variation on which man works, and without which he can do nothing, is caused by slight changes in the conditions of life, which most often have occurred under Nature. Man, therefore, may be said to have been trying an experiment on a gigantic scale; and it is an experiment which Nature during the long lapse of time has incessantly tried. Hence it follows that the principles of domestication are important for us. The main result is that organic beings thus treated have varied largely, and the variations have been inherited. This has apparently been one chief cause of the belief, long held by some few naturalists, that species in a state of Nature undergo change.' (*Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. i. p. 8.)

The fact is that the principle of the constancy of species had been a somewhat hasty generalisation from a totally different phenomenon to which the term 'specific stability' may be applied. And that it is so has been abundantly brought out by experiment under artificial conditions. Species are stable, but not necessarily permanently so; and their stability may be sooner or later broken down.

One of the most remarkable instances of stability is that afforded by the flora and fauna of Egypt. It has been repeatedly brought forward as an argument in favour of the constancy of species. The French army of occupation in Egypt from 1797 to 1801 was accompanied by a body of scientific men. Amongst other matters they occupied themselves with the careful collection of the remains of animals and plants buried in the tombs. It was a singular incident in a military campaign, characteristic of the intellectual sympathy which the French nation, to its credit, has always exhibited for things not obviously of utilitarian value. Lyell remarks:—

'Those who have never varied their conceptions of the import of natural history beyond the admiration of beautiful objects, or the exertion of skill in detecting specific differences, would wonder at the enthusiasm expressed in Paris at the beginning of this [the nineteenth] century, amidst the din of arms and the stirring excitement of political events, in regard to these precious remains.' (*Principles*, vol. ii. p. 264.)

They afforded an opportunity of comparing plants and animals as they existed two thousand to three thousand years before with their living representatives. Had the latter changed this would have afforded a measure of the fact. But they had remained unaltered.

More recent discoveries have afforded even more con-

clusive evidence. The kings of the twentieth dynasty were buried with their bodies invested with wreaths woven from the native plants. These remains have been made the subject of investigation by the distinguished botanist Schweinfurth,\* and a series of examples were sent by him to the Kew Museums, where they may be seen.

'The fragility of these objects is only due to the extreme state of dryness they have reached during the thirty to thirty-five centuries they have lain in the tombs. It is at the same time the principal factor in their wonderful preservation.'

With care they may be relaxed, however, in water, and then return to something like their original condition. We may then recognise the blue tint of the petals of the Egyptian water-lily (*Nymphaea caerulea*), which still floats in the Nile. The florets of the safflower equally retain their tint. 'In water the colouring matter is rapidly excreted, and we behold these flowers of some thirty to thirty-five centuries intensely colouring the liquid in the phial containing them.' One may regard with some emotion the silent testimony of these offerings of sorrow laid in tombs, 'at least contemporaneous with the time commonly assigned to the Trojan war, if not several centuries more ancient.'

Lamarck's comment on the facts as he knew them was unanswerable:—

'The animals and plants referred to had not experienced any modification in their specific characters, because the climate, soil, and other conditions of life had not varied in the interval. But if the physical geography, temperature, and other natural conditions of Egypt had altered as much as we know they have done in many countries in the course of geological periods, the same animals and plants would have deviated from their pristine types so widely as to rank as new and distinct species.' (Lyell, 'Principles,' vol. ii. p. 265.)

An even more striking illustration is afforded by the history of standards of weight. From Professor Ridgway's researches it appears that these were originally based on seeds. He finds that 'the Troy grain is nothing more than the barley-corn.' Further, 'in 1280 (8 Edward I.) the penny was to weigh 24 grains . . . which . . . was as much as 32 grains of wheat.' The ratio still obtains.

"In September, 1887," he says, "I placed in the opposite scales of a balance 32 grains of wheat, 'dry, and taken from the midst of the ear,' and 24 grains of barley taken from ricks of ears grown in the same field at Fen Ditton, near Cambridge, and I thrice repeated

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\* Nature, vol. xxviii. pp. 109-114.

the experiment; each time they balanced so evenly that a half-grain weight turned the scale.'” (*Origin of Currency and Weight Standard*, pp. 180–182.)

The vast majority of organisms are, in truth, not only very closely adjusted to their environment, but exhibit a certain inertia in adapting themselves to any change in it. The recent remarkable investigations of Brown and Escombe show that plants, for example, are ‘accurately “tuned” to ‘an atmospheric environment of three parts of carbonic acid ‘per 10,000.’ They add, it is not too much to say that ‘a ‘comparatively sudden increase in the air to an extent of ‘but two or three times the present amount would result in ‘the speedy destruction of nearly all our flowering plants.’\*

It is obvious that while Nature is able to preserve the evidence that supports ‘stability,’ it inevitably destroys that which would demonstrate variability. In order to establish the latter fact rigorously, Darwin was obliged, therefore, to have recourse to the evidence afforded by the effect of the change of conditions implied in ‘domestication.’ He concluded ‘that organic beings, when subjected during several ‘generations to any change whatever in their conditions, ‘tend to vary.’† As far as plants are concerned, the universal experience of cultivators is that, under artificial conditions, stability is destroyed in the course of a few generations. The departure from the type may easily be so extreme as to perplex the botanist. It is then, subject to limitations to be discussed hereafter, plastic in the hands of the cultivator. A great master of the art, Henri de Vilmorin, is quoted by Darwin as laying down the principle—‘the ‘first step is to get the plant to vary in any manner what-ever . . . for, the *fixed character of the species* being once ‘broken, the desired variation will sooner or later appear.’‡ So far Lamarck and Darwin were in agreement. A change in the environment *stimulates* variation. But beyond this they diverge, and the divergence is fundamental. According to Lamarck, the variation called out is a direct response to the stimulus, and adjusted to it. With Darwin the variation is indifferent, and natural selection has to be called in to effect the adjustment. The mode in which this is achieved is even to the present day much misunderstood. It will not be superfluous to examine it somewhat closely.

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\* Proc. R. S., vol. lxx. p. 408.

† *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. ii. p. 250.

‡ *Origin*, 6th ed., p. 262.

It is a matter of the most ordinary observation that no two individuals of the same species are exactly alike. All organisms vary. And Professor Karl Pearson has shown that 'variability is a primary factor of living forms, and is 'not in any way dependent on sexual reproduction.'\* Darwin himself suggested that all varying organisms obeyed the beautiful law which we owe to Quetelet. He observed:—

'It is known from the researches of Quetelet . . . that men may be grouped symmetrically about the average with reference to their height. . . . We may presume that this is the usual law of variation in all the grades of every species under ordinary conditions of life.' (Nature, vol. viii. p. 432.)

Professor George Darwin put the same idea in another shape: 'We may assume with some confidence that, under 'normal conditions, the variation of any organ in the same 'species may be symmetrically grouped about a centre of 'greater density.'† A well-known illustration is a marksman shooting at a target. The distribution of his shots will follow the same law; they will be grouped round a centre of greatest density, which is easily ascertained, as it is the centre of gravity of the circumscribed figure. We may picture the aggregate individuals constituting a species as grouped with respect to any discriminating character, like the shots on a target. If we desire a tangible representation of the abstraction we call a species, we may choose that individual which comes as near as possible to the centre of greatest density, and this we may distinguish as the *mean specific form*. If now some new condition is introduced which is relatively favourable to some, but unfavourable to others of the variations, the arrangement will be disturbed. The favoured variations, by inter-crossing, will get the upper hand. The result will be to shift the centre of density; the mean specific form will undergo a corresponding change.

But, as Darwin tells us, 'Changed conditions generally 'induce mere fluctuating variability.'‡ By doing so they increase variation, give natural selection a wider field to work upon, and accelerate a fresh adjustment which in time may acquire a new stability. The importance of this point of view is that it enables us to see clearly that what is operated upon by natural selection is not isolated individuals of a species, but their aggregate; and that the measure of its effect is to be sought in their *mass-mean*.

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\* Phil. Trans., vol. cxcvii. p. 163.

† Nature, vol. viii. p. 505.

‡ Origin, 6th ed. p. 181.

In any discussion of the influence of the Darwinian theory at the present time, it is more than ever necessary to restate what has been said about natural selection. The whole tendency of modern biological speculation has been to minimise its effect, and to more or less return to the Lamarckian position. It is contended that Darwin himself wavered and admitted that he had not given sufficient weight to the direct action of the environment. But this is to take unfair advantage of Darwin's scrupulous honesty. While insisting on the dominance of natural selection, he refused to shut his eyes to the possibility of the co-operation of auxiliary agencies. It is by no means inexpedient to quote from the last edition of the 'Origin' which received the revision of Darwin's own hand, after the attentive consideration of all that had been urged by his critics, his deliberate judgement on the efficiency of natural selection :—

'It may metaphorically be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinising, throughout the world, the slightest variations; rejecting those that are bad, preserving and adding up all that are good; silently and insensibly working, *whenever and wherever opportunity offers*, at the improvement of each organic being in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life. \* We see nothing of those slow changes in progress until the hand of time has marked the lapse of ages, and then so imperfect is our view into long, past geological ages that we see only that the forms of life are now different from what they formerly were.' (Origin, 6th ed. pp. 65, 66.)

Natural selection was, to use the words of Helmholtz, 'an essentially new creative thought.' \* Wallace expressed the same idea in other words, but with a singular grace, coming from the hands of the joint founder of the theory, when he wrote :—

'We claim for Darwin that he is the Newton of natural history, and that, just so surely as that the discovery and demonstration by Newton of the law of gravitation established order in place of chaos, and laid a sure foundation for all the future study of the starry heavens, so surely has Darwin, by his discovery of the law of natural selection and his demonstration of the great principle of the preservation of useful variations in the struggle for life, not only thrown a flood of light on the process of development of the whole organic world, but also established a firm foundation for all future study of Nature.' (Darwinism, p. 9.)

The comparison of the two men and of their work might be carried even farther. It is to the eternal fame of an illustrious University that it has given to the world, in the

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\* Huxley, 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 120.

labours of two of its sons, principles which penetrate the very arcana of Nature, and which, in their far-reaching generality, in some sort resemble one another, illuminating as they do on the one side the order of the physical, on the other that of the organic world. And it may be observed that the Darwinian, no less than the Newtonian, theory is essentially a mathematical conception. This is not the less true, though Darwin, like Faraday, was no mathematician. The verification of Newton's work is daily accomplished in every observatory. The work of Darwin will find its final justification in the application of the statistical method. A beginning has already been made by Professors Karl Pearson and Weldon, and the beginning of the century has seen the starting of a new journal, '*Biometrika*,' devoted to this method of treating the problem.

It is the privilege and safeguard of science to have little regard for the authority or opinions of any worker, however eminent. Those who follow it may claim the credit, at least as far as their occupation is concerned, of bearing in mind the injunction of St. Paul: 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' It is not to be supposed that the injunction would be lost sight of in face of anything at once so daring, so novel, and so far-reaching as the Darwinian theory. The lines of attack were numerous; they opened fire from the most different quarters; they have not ceased even to this day, though the strategic methods have changed.

Some of these may be briefly touched upon. The venerable Lord Kelvin, who is as intrepid in his theories on the physical side of Evolution as he is conservative on the organic, raised the difficulty that the drafts of biologists on time could not be met. If organic Evolution required a practically indefinite period for its accomplishment, the demand could not be conceded. But we live in the halcyon period of the world's history; man is the only disturbing element; the organic world has almost everywhere reached its equilibrium. We are not justified in assuming that the rate of change, almost imperceptible now, is that which always obtained. Darwin therefore, who neglected nothing, replied that it was probable, as Lord Kelvin himself insisted,

'that the world at a very early period was subjected to more rapid and violent changes in its physical conditions than those now occurring; and such changes would have tended to induce changes at a corresponding rate in the organisms which then existed.' (*Origin*, 6th ed. p. 286)

In the early half of the last century the English biological world was dominated by Sir Richard Owen. A disciple of the school of Cuvier, he was through Oken imbued with the transcendental conceptions of the 'Naturphilosophie.' A man of true scientific enthusiasm, he was gifted with a singular personal fascination and grace of exposition. But his work was marred by a subtlety of mental operation which constantly led him to grasp the shadow while the substance eluded him. His influence, notwithstanding his powers, on biological progress in this country was, on the whole, injurious. He was the last exponent of the idealistic school. Organic forms were traced back by him to 'archetypes' which, in so far as they were not abstractions, were figments of the imagination. Of these, actually existing organic forms were the outward expressions or variants. This semi-mystical interpretation of Nature was, as will be understood from what has been stated earlier, the last survival of an ancient method. At any rate, it was antipodal to every conception that Darwin entertained. There was bound to be a sharp conflict between the two men.

Now, it is one of those singular coincidences which might almost lead to the persuasion that the evolution of scientific thought had something about it of an automatic character that the very year of the publication of Darwin's first sketch was that in which Huxley delivered his celebrated Croonian lecture at the Royal Society 'On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull.' This demolished Oken's equally celebrated theory that the skull was only a portion of a modified vertebral column, and with it 'fell the superstructure raised by its chief supporter, Owen, "archetype" and all.\*' This cleared the ground. But Owen, like the 'Naturphilosophen,' was an evolutionist of a kind; and when in the following year the 'Origin' was published he was at first disposed to fall into line with it. In fact, he even went so far as to claim priority for its fundamental principle. In his account of the gigantic wingless bird of New Zealand Owen in 1850 wrote as follows:—

'In proportion to its bulk is the difficulty of the contest which, as a living organised whole, the individual of such species has to maintain against the surrounding agencies that are ever tending to dissolve the vital bond and subjugate the living matter to the ordinary chemical and physical forces. Any change, therefore, in such external

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\* Huxley, 'Life and Letters,' vol. i. p. 141.



agencies as a species may have been originally adapted to exist in will militate against that existence in a degree proportionate, perhaps in a geometrical ratio, to the bulk of the species. If a dry season be gradually prolonged, the large mammal will suffer from the drought sooner than the small one; if such alteration of climate affect the quantity of vegetable food, the bulky herbivore will first feel the effects of stinted nourishment; if new enemies are introduced, the large and conspicuous quadruped or bird will fall a prey, whilst the smaller species conceal themselves and escape. Smaller animals are usually, also, more prolific than larger ones.

'The actual presence, therefore, of small species of animals in countries where larger species of the same natural families formerly existed is not the consequence of any gradual diminution of the size of such species, but is the result of circumstances which may be illustrated by the fable of "the oak and the reed"—the smaller and feebler animals have bent and accommodated themselves to changes which have destroyed the larger species.'

All this is admirably sound, and Darwin himself would not have put it more clearly. It is an excellent example of the way in which natural selection acts in the struggle for existence. The passage is quoted in an article, in which it not difficult to see the hand of Owen, in Brande's Dictionary, to which he was a contributor. It is given as an instance of the principle of 'natural rejection,' of which it is stated Darwin 'seems not to have been aware.' But the distinction is one without a difference. The historian of science may therefore add the name of Owen to the list of those who, like Wells and Matthew, stumbled on the Darwinian principle, but who, from incapacity or indolence, failed to develop its consequences.

Those who have had the patience to read the preceding pages may, perhaps, have wondered for what purpose the speculations of so many preceding writers have been passed in review. They all ran out, so to speak, into 'loose ends.' All science, however brilliant the performance of those who illuminate it, is built on the foundations of those who have laboured earlier. And no adequate appreciation of Darwin's work is possible which does not take this into account.

Huxley traces to Descartes the modern doctrine 'that the 'physical world and all things in it, whether living or not 'living, have originated by a process of Evolution, due to 'the continuous operation of purely physical causes.'\* As regards lifeless matter, the demonstration of the fact began

\* *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 206.

with Newton, and we may quote the authority of Helmholtz for saying :—

‘It was Kant who . . . seized the masterly idea that the same attractive force of all ponderable matter which now supports the motion of the planets must also aforetime have been able to form the planetary system from matter loosely scattered in space.’ (Popular Lectures, p. 174.)

Darwin was the first to give an intelligible mechanical explanation of how the diversity of the organic world had come about. He thus made intelligible scientifically the Theory of Descent. This solved at once the problem of a natural classification for which everyone had been striving. It proved to be that arrangement which followed the pedigree of living forms. Down to the time of Lamarck systematists had engaged in the fruitless attempt to arrange organisms in a linear series, the *scala naturæ*. It is, as Lankester tells, the merit of Cuvier, by recognising four distinct and divergent branches or *embranchements*, to have

‘laid the foundation of that branching tree-like arrangement of the classes and orders of animals which we now recognise as being the necessary result of attempts to represent what is practically a genealogical tree or pedigree.’ (Advancement of Science, pp. 326, 327.)

It is curious that this part of his theory gave Darwin almost more trouble than all the rest; for, as Huxley says, ‘It seems obvious that the theory of the origin of species by natural selection necessarily involves the divergence of the forms selected.’\* And it is not the least singular feature about the whole business that systematists had been unconsciously in the habit of using language which implicitly assumed the Theory of Descent. Its establishment was

‘followed,’ says Sachs, ‘almost as a matter of course by the true conception of that which had been figuratively called affinity; the degrees of affinity expressed in the natural system indicated the different degrees of derivation of the varying progeny of common parents; out of affinity taken in a figurative sense arose a real blood-relationship, and the natural system became a table of the pedigree.’ (History of Botany, pp. 11, 12.)

The construction of the pedigrees of plants and animals is now one of the main problems of biological science. Huxley lays it down that ‘in a natural classification the things classified are arranged according to the totality of their morphological resemblances, and the features which are taken as the marks of groups are those which have

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\* Essays, vol. ii. pp. 280, 281.

'been ascertained by observation to be the indications of 'many likenesses or unlikenesses.'\* The problem, then, which confronts the systematist is to ascertain what marks or characters are the most trustworthy guide to affinity. Now, every organism inherits from its ancestors not merely a plan, but details of structure which arose because they were useful to their original possessors, though now for the most part they have ceased to be so. Such characters we term morphological. But organisms, besides such ancestral characters, are endowed by the operation of natural selection with others which are in direct adjustment with the necessities of their actual existence: these we term physiological or adaptive. As already pointed out, it is to the elder De Candolle that we owe the first recognition of this all-important distinction. But it is essential to observe that the two kinds of characters do not in any way run parallel. To return to an example already given: a groundsel may resemble an ivy, but the structure of their respective flowers shows their real affinity to be very remote, however close their superficial resemblances. Darwin, indeed, tells us that 'it may be even given as a general rule that 'the less any part of the organism is concerned with special 'habits the more important it becomes for classification.'† Adaptive characters, then, enable us to discriminate species, but are for the most part useless for defining higher groups.

In the development of an organism the adaptive habit is assumed last of all: the early stages are more generalised, and therefore more common to larger groups. This important principle of the progression from the general to the special we owe to Von Baer. Its acceptance gave an immense impulse to embryological studies as soon as we received from Darwin an intelligible Theory of Descent.

The appearance of Huxley's 'Life and Letters' has furnished an almost complete account of the gradual acceptance of the Darwinian theory. This deserves the more careful study as Huxley himself never completely accepted it. No one, Darwin observes, has a 'right to 'examine the question of species who has not minutely 'described many.'‡ Huxley, on the other hand, said: 'Species work was always a burden to me,'§ and to the end of his life he never had a firm grasp of the species question. But in this he was frank enough. 'We wanted,'

\* Encycl. Brit., vol. iii. p. 683.

† Darwin, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 39.

‡ Origin, 6th ed. p. 365.

§ Essays, vol. i. p. 7.

he said, 'not to pin our faith to that or any other speculation, but to get hold of clear and definite conceptions which could be brought face to face with facts and have their validity tested. The "Origin" provided us with the 'working hypothesis we sought.'\* Darwin, in fact, assisted by Lyell, succeeded where Herbert Spencer had failed in converting Huxley to Evolution. Huxley, however, from the first insisted that the Darwinian theory was wanting in rigorous proof; for this he demanded the production of species sterile to one another by selective breeding. But sterility is a physiological fact, and, like others of that class, in no way runs parallel with the morphological series, as Darwin took great pains to point out in the ninth chapter of the 'Origin.' It is not a specific criterion, nor is it practically useful in throwing light on questions of affinity. Huxley's difficulty, however, probably inspired Romanes, who accordingly launched a new theory, which was to supersede that of Darwin, and to which he gave the name of 'physiological selection.' He credited natural selection with the production of adaptations, but not of species. The latter he attributed to the isolation brought about by the occurrence of mutual sterility. It is sufficient to observe that as adaptations are the means by which we discriminate species,† the efficiency of natural selection was not seriously impaired.

Huxley warned Darwin: 'I will stop at no point as long as clear reasoning will carry me further.'‡ The latter, though he did not thrust it into the foreground, never flinched from recognising that man could not be excluded from his theory. In the first edition of the 'Origin' he frankly stated: 'Light will be thrown on the 'origin of man and his history.'§ Owen's evolutionism was not ready to go so far. In his Rede lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge, he endeavoured to save the position by asserting that man was clearly marked off from all other animals by the anatomical structure of his brain. This was in actual contradiction to existing knowledge, and Huxley had little difficulty in showing 'that the differences between man and the higher apes were no greater than those between the higher and the lower apes.'|| The case for the Evolution theory was now complete.

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\* Life, vol. i. p. 170.

† See Huxley, 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 288.

‡ Life and Letters, vol i. p. 172.

§ Origin, 1st ed. p. 488.

|| Life and Letters, vol. i. p. 192.

This 'monkey damnification' of mankind was forgiven with difficulty by Carlyle. It is almost superfluous to remark that no competent evolutionist ever contended that man was descended from existing apes, but only that both had common ancestors. Yet we may agree with Darwin when he tells us that the conclusion 'that man is descended from some lowly-organised form will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many persons.' But he adds, and the argument admits of no reply: 'He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame if forced to admit that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins.' \*

On another point Huxley's views were sharply differentiated from those of Darwin. He thought 'transmutation may take place without transition.'† This view has been ably sustained by Bateson. It is now, with little sense of humour, described as the 'saltatory' theory. Taking a series of forms genetically connected, he writes: 'In proportion as the transition from term to term is minimal and imperceptible, we may speak of the series being *continuous*; while in proportion as there appear in it lacunæ, filled by no transitional form, we may describe it as *discontinuous*.'‡ Huxley observed: 'I always took the same view, much to Darwin's disgust.'§ It cannot be contested that though the acceptance of discontinuous variation is compatible with Evolution, it is not with Darwinism. That large or sudden variations may occur in Nature, as they do under natural conditions, is not improbable. But the chance against such a variation being advantageous is enormous. And Huxley was ready to admit that 'it was a perfectly fair deduction that even the most complicated adaptations might result from the summation of a long series of simple favourable variations.'|| To Huxley, Darwinism was little more than a bridge which landed him in the Evolution territory which he had long prospected. Having arrived there, he discovered that there were other ways by which it might be reached. In 1892 he wrote: 'The doctrine of Evolution is no speculation, but a generalisation of certain facts . . . classed by biologists under the heads of embryology and

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\* Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 404.

† Life and Letters, vol. i. p. 173.

‡ Materials for the Study of Variation, p. 15.

§ Life and Letters, vol. ii. p. 372.

|| Essays, vol. ii. p. 280.

‘palæontology.’\* Earlier (in 1881) he had asserted even more emphatically that if the hypothesis of evolution ‘had not existed, the palæontologist would have had to invent it.’†

In some degree it is the measure of the value of a theory that it suggests more problems than it solves. The explanation of the paradox lies in the fact that the existence of the problems would not have been known unless the theory had revealed them. Opening one door, we see before us many others, still closed, of whose existence we had no knowledge. Darwin had no illusion on ‘his point. ‘No one,’ he says, ‘ought to feel surprise at much remaining as yet unexplained in regard to the origin of species and varieties. . . . Much remains obscure and will long remain obscure.’‡

We need not wonder that many competent persons have met with perplexities concerning the theory. These may arise from want of apprehension, lack of imagination, or the resurgence of idealistic conceptions. But it is impossible to overlook the significance of the fact that the Darwinian campaign has ceased to be an affair of pitched battles, and has passed on to the stage of guerilla warfare. No one now seriously contests the validity of the Theory of Descent; few probably who are competent to form any opinion on the subject hesitate to admit that man must be included in it.

It may be useful, and at any rate it will be candid, to dwell briefly on a few of these perplexities. The late Duke of Argyll was an accomplished controversialist, and he chose with judgement two points of attack. Both have been repeatedly raised, and both deserve consideration. Admitting the Darwinian principle, he urged that the initial steps in advantageous variation could not be actually so in many cases in any appreciable degree. How, then, is the existence of ‘prophetic germs,’ as he termed them, to be accounted for? The most probable answer is to be found in the principle of correlation. The parts of a complex organism are known to be so linked together that a variation in one involves some variation in the rest. A ‘prophetic germ’ may thus be sustained in the early stages of its existence by the support of a correlated variation which is actually efficiently useful. The argument has been also urged against the early stages of protective resemblance. But, unless in the almost impossible case of an organism being actually exterminated by a destructive agency, it is impossible

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\* Essays, vol. v. p. 42.

† Ibid. vol. iv. p. 44.

‡ Origin, 6th ed. p. 4.

to deny that the smallest change in the desired direction will not have some differential effect, if the number of individuals be large. And if this be so, the protection will rapidly increase with each successive generation.

An objection more difficult to bring within the scope of scientific discussion was that which the Duke brought against evolutionary theories on the ground that they relegated everything to chance. It, however, is obvious that chance only concerns the individual and not the aggregate. A man may be choked by a fish-bone, and yet the death-rate of the city in which he had lived would still be a quantity practically invariable.

The unwillingness to accept a mechanical explanation of the phenomena presented by living things, it need hardly be said, lay at the foundation of the Duke of Argyll's criticisms. It has been shared by many other distinguished men whose sincerity commands our respect. Nevertheless, there are few who will now deny that 'the hypothesis of 'special creation' is, as Huxley said, 'a mere specious mark 'for our ignorance.'\* Nor is the anthropomorphic argument from design in much better plight.

The old idealistic theories have reproduced themselves in a new shape, and as they have found many supporters amongst American scientific men they require some notice. The fallacy which, if one may be permitted to say so, lies at the bottom of all of them, depends on a misconception of the nature of variation. Admitting the Theory of Descent, it is asserted that natural selection is unable to account for this, without, at any rate, the assistance of an internal directive force. Variation on that view would never make any progress at all unless it were directed. The idea has taken various shapes. Its first form was perhaps due to Nägeli, who saw in organisms an innate tendency to progressive development. The distinguished American botanist Asa Gray, who was one of the earliest converts to Darwin, still believed that 'variation had been led along 'certain beneficial lines,' like a stream 'along definite and 'useful lines of irrigation.'† The American naturalist Cope invokes a 'growth-force' which acts independently of 'fitness,' as well as a 'law of polar or centrifugal growth,' to produce symmetry. Weismann has generalised all such

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\* Life and Letters, vol. ii. p. 302.

† Darwin, 'Animals and Plants under Domestication,' vol. ii. p. 432.

theories as an attempt to set up a 'phyletic vital force,' and he points out—what is, of course, true—that if we accept anything of the kind 'we should at once cut ourselves off 'from all possible mechanical explanation of organic 'Nature.'\*

The fundamental misconception which underlies all such views is that variation is unlimited and undirected, and even with the aid of natural selection would make a hopeless mess of things. But the wildest evolutionist has never contended that 'any type can be reached from any point.'† The character and range of variations are necessarily determined by the nature of the organism that varies. Other possibly conceivable variations are by the nature of the case impossible.‡ As Weismann puts it, 'under the most 'favourable circumstances a bird can never be converted 'into a mammal.'

Even if some of the subsidiary problems which flow from the Darwinian theory still await a complete solution, the fact in itself militates against the theory itself. Much supplementary discovery was required before Newton's work was able to satisfy the requirements of practical astronomy. And to this day the motion of the moon has not been completely adjusted to theoretical calculations. As Weismann tells us 'natural science can never close her 'account, since she will never be in a position to solve all 'problems.'§ Wallace observes with justice that Darwin 'did his work so well that descent with modification is now 'universally accepted as the order of Nature in the organic 'world; and the rising generation of naturalists can hardly 'realise the novelty of this idea, or that their fathers considered it a scientific heresy to be condemned rather than 'seriously discussed.'|| A more striking illustration could hardly be afforded than the generous, if half-reluctant, approval of Darwin's work given by Lord Salisbury in his address as President of the British Association at Oxford in 1894. A smaller man might have felt the restraint of high position. But Lord Salisbury, though standing at the high-water mark of Conservative feeling, possesses a singular open-mindedness and an almost cynical contempt for obsolete illusions. And this is his deliberate judgement:—

'A lasting and unquestioned effect has resulted from Darwin's

\* Studies in the Theory of Descent, vol. ii. p. 638.

† Weismann, l.c. vol. ii. p. 652.

‡ L.c. vol. i. p. 361.

§ L.c. vol. ii. p. 641.

|| Darwinism, vol. v.



work. He has, as a matter of fact, disposed of the doctrine of the immutability of species. Few now are found to doubt that animals separated by differences far exceeding those that distinguish what we know as species have yet descended from common ancestors.'

The dignity of the occasion was worthy the importance of the decision. The Chancellor of our most ancient University dismissed the dictum of Linnæus, and accepted the validity of the Theory of Descent. But on the principle of natural selection he spoke with a more uncertain voice. And for this he gave two reasons—which, if not surprising, are certainly not convincing. The first is the inadequate response by physicists to the assumed demand of biologists for time. This is not insuperable, and has already been touched upon in preceding pages. The other was based on a singular application of a remark of Weismann's, that if we reject natural selection we must fall back on the principle of design. 'There,' he added, 'is the difficulty. We cannot 'demonstrate the principle of natural selection in detail.' But the following year Professor Weldon pointed out the answer. In a paper communicated to the Royal Society he says: 'The questions raised by the Darwinian hypothesis are purely statistical, and the statistical method is the only 'one at present obvious by which this hypothesis can be experimentally checked.'\* He then gives an instance of an investigation in which 'the observed phenomena imply a 'selective destruction.'

Lord Salisbury finally preferred to shelter himself 'behind 'the judgement of the greatest master of natural science 'amongst us, Lord Kelvin.' And he quoted from him the striking words which the latter had used in the same chair more than twenty years before:—

"I have always felt that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of Evolution, if Evolution there has been in biology. . . . I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations."

The argument of design is simply the reproduction of the idealistic principle which, like the constancy of species, has been shown in the preceding pages to have in one shape or another reappeared at intervals in biological speculation. It substitutes for the explanation of phenomena by intelligible causes the realisation of an idea external to our possible knowledge. No one would have repudiated the conclusion

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\* Proc. Roy. Soc., vol. lvii. p. 381.

at which Lord Salisbury arrived more decisively than Weismann himself :—

“For what is investigation,” he says, “in natural science but the attempt to indicate the mechanism through which the phenomena of the world are brought about? When this mechanism ceases science is no longer possible.”

And he quotes the well-known dictum of Kant :—

“Since we cannot in any case know *à priori* to what extent the mechanism of Nature serves as a means to every final purpose in the latter, or how far the mechanical explanation possible to us reaches, natural science must everywhere press the attempt at mechanical explanation as far as possible.” (L.c., vol. ii. p. 638.)

No one would demand, certainly no one exercises, a more complete liberty in the field of physical science than Lord Kelvin. It is difficult to see why he should impose limitations upon his fellow-workers in other fields to which he would be unwilling to submit himself. As he observed in an earlier passage of the same address :—

“Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honour, to face fearlessly every problem which can be fairly presented to it. If a probable solution consistent with the ordinary course of nature can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative Power.”

The purpose of this retrospect has been to show that during three centuries the human mind has been slowly striving to arrive at an intelligible explanation of the order observable in the field of living Nature. In truth this chapter of scientific history is not very different in substance from any other. The problems to be solved first assert themselves gradually, till the day arrives when they are ripe for solution, and only await the man whose patience, gifts, and insight are adequate to the task. Such a man is in some sort himself the product of Evolution, though his inevitableness in the abstract in no way detracts from his personal merit. And in the present case who would not echo the eloquent praise of Lord Salisbury ?—

‘The equity of judgement, the simple-minded love of truth and the patient devotion to the pursuit of it through years of toil, and of other conditions the most unpropitious—these things endeared to numbers of men everything that came from Charles Darwin, apart from its scientific merit or its literary charm.’

Such an appreciation of the man and his work would not have fallen from a great political leader unless he had known that Darwin’s theory had become part of the common stock of ordinary thought. On the scientific side it

will still afford material for fresh investigation and perhaps of controversy. How will it influence that larger field of opinion which is indifferent to its technicalities, and accepts it merely in its broader aspect?

As might have been expected, the influence of the principle of natural selection and of the Theory of Descent on biological studies has been profound. In this respect it has been in marked contrast to Lamarckism, which was comparatively sterile in this respect. A new life has been infused into our museums; it has ceased to be sufficient that they should be mere repositories for what is rare, strange, or beautiful. The study of the variation of specific forms is no longer regarded as superfluous, and the importance of ascertaining the precise geographical distribution of species is never lost sight of. Fossil remains are not looked at as mere marvels, exciting our wonder and curiosity as to the inhabitants of the earth in a past age, but are prized as authentic and important documents for establishing the pedigree of those which are contemporary with us. In well-equipped laboratories all over the world skilled investigators vie with one another in studying the embryology and working out the developement of every accessible living form. Even the science which the Japanese have borrowed from Western civilisation has already in their hands achieved some notable additions to our knowledge. The method has been everywhere fruitful in detecting those latent and generalised inherited characters which are obscured in the adult. Few observers have accomplished more brilliant work in this field than Kowalevsky, whose recent death we deplore. We owe to him the remarkable discovery that the lowly ascidian must be assigned a place in the ancestry of man.

Perhaps the most remarkable result of the Darwinian theory is the developement of teleology. When we look on the face of Nature our eyes are opened to the fact that every detail has a meaning and a purpose, without which it would be speedily suppressed. The Principle of Design led to the recognition of the more obvious adaptations. It is a singular revolution which has enabled science to draw its illustrations from such works as Derham's '*Physico-Theology*.' But without natural selection the interpretation of structure would not have gone very far. A minute knowledge of the physiological requirements of organisms is needed before the corresponding adaptations become intelligible. This has opened and stimulated an immense field

of research. Darwin himself showed the way in many of the works which occupied the latter portion of his life; several of these have been the subject of review in our own pages.

Wallace believed that man had 'escaped natural selection,'\* and Darwin wrote to him: 'I differ grievously from you, 'and am very sorry for it.'† But mankind can no more escape from its influence than from that of gravitation. As Professor Karl Pearson says, it is 'something we run up 'against at once, almost as soon as we examine a mortality table.'‡ As far as the struggle for existence is concerned, its influence in its broader features on the fortunes of mankind can hardly be denied. Europeans have exterminated the natives of Tasmania, and in turn have been expelled from Hayti by the negro. The races of Central Asia were pressed into Europe, and the descent of the Northern hordes on the South wrecked the Roman Empire. There have been those who have seen in the 'yellow peril' a similar menace to our own. On the other hand, we may hold tropical possessions in India and Africa, but we cannot people them. Huxley has laid it down that when in a society every member is secure 'in the possession of the means of existence, the 'struggle for existence, as between man and man, within 'that society, is *ipso facto* at an end.'§ He might have pointed as an example of such a society to the colony of Seychelles, in which three-fifths of the population exist without any manner of employment. It is perhaps a measure of the intelligence of the whole that only two individuals return themselves in the census as 'freethinkers.' In contrast to this is the city of York, which has been investigated by Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree, with the result that 10 per cent. of the inhabitants had not sufficient income to live up to the standard of food allowed to paupers. Huxley thinks 'the

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\* Essays, p. 182.

† Life, vol. iii. p. 116.

‡ Biometrika, vol. i. p. 76.

§ Essays, vol. ix. p. 36.—But one may permit oneself to wonder whether Huxley would have thought the struggle for existence in abeyance in such a case as this, which is clipped at hazard from a current newspaper:—'An elevator will drop from the twenty-eighth storey to the floor with no halt unless there is a signal to stop. The descent makes you feel the bottom had fallen out of the world. The constant rising and dropping affects the elevator men. They generally have to cease the work because of shattered nerves—that is, if they do not die suddenly from heart disease. Every elevator man gets disease of the heart.'

‘struggle for existence in society is a struggle not for the means of existence, but for the means of enjoyment.’\* This may be so in such a country as France, but it would be cynical to apply the statement to such a case as York. And if we consider the fact that the population of France is all but stationary, it will be seen that the effect of the one agency may be as restrictive as that of the other.

No one can deny that the principle of natural selection suggests grave problems to the social reformer. ‘Poverty,’ Darwin tells us with truth that cannot be contradicted, ‘is not only a great evil, but tends to its own increase by leading to recklessness in marriage.’† He continues: ‘On the other hand, as Mr. Galton has remarked, if the prudent avoid marriage, whilst the reckless marry, the inferior members will tend to supplant the better members of society.’ It has been asserted, though the evidence would require careful scrutiny, that something of the kind is actually taking place in some parts of France. Another quotation must be made from Darwin, because it would be impossible to state the argument in more pregnant words:—

‘Man, like every other animal, has no doubt advanced to his present high condition through a struggle for existence consequent on his rapid multiplication; and if he is to advance still higher he must remain subject to a severe struggle. Otherwise he would soon sink into indolence, and the more highly gifted men would not be more successful in the battle of life than the less gifted. Hence our natural rate of increase, though leading to many and obvious evils, must not be greatly diminished by any means. There should be open competition for all men; and the most able should not be prevented by laws or customs from succeeding best and rearing the largest number of offspring.’ (L.c.)

It is scarcely necessary to emphasise the fact that the verdict of natural selection is absolutely opposed to those who would seek social amelioration in a dead level of average comfort, from which the best could not rise and the worst would not sink.

Wallace, however, hit the truth when he stated‡ that ‘man . . . is actually able to take away some of that power from Nature which before his appearance she actually exercised.’ Man can never escape from natural selection, which will remorselessly punish all his errors, while it will support his best endeavours. But we are between the upper and the nether millstones: how are we to escape from the

\* L.c., p. 40.

† Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 403.

‡ L.c.

effects of the indolence of the Seychelles on the one hand, and of the poverty of York on the other? All that can be said is that a race which is at once prolific and intelligent must in the long run, other conditions not being adverse, oust all other races.

Man is no doubt largely master of his own destiny. The general duty of the State would seem, in the light of what has been stated, to be limited to the restraint, in so far as is practicable, of the undue increase of the most degenerate class of the proletariat, and to the removal of restrictions which would operate against capacity and originality having a free chance, not merely for themselves, but for their offspring. Darwin thought that primogeniture was 'a scheme . . . for destroying natural selection.'\* Direct interference may in theory be practicable, but in practice it would be hopelessly repugnant to general sentiment. The experiment of the Oneida community is little likely to be imitated, even if we could place confidence in anyone who would undertake the unenviable responsibility of directing it. Frederick the Great is said to have seriously attempted to create a race of giants. Theoretically the thing might be done; but it would require many generations to establish a stable race, and it would require a Methuselah to carry it through. Darwin justly thought all 'such hopes . . . 'Utopian';† but Mr. Galton has boldly launched a scheme by which he thinks the State might actually deal with the problem.

Indirectly and in detail the Darwinian principle has in several directions forced itself on public opinion. Mental disease and crime are to a large extent hereditary, and it becomes a pressing problem how far it may be necessary to segregate those who exhibit those aberrations from the community like lepers, and prevent their continuing their race. What is to be done with the 'professional criminal' of whom the Prison Commissioners report, 'His crime is 'not due to special causes such as sudden passion, drunkenness, or temporary distress, but to a settled intention to 'gain a living by dishonesty'? For such 'moral cripples' Huxley thought 'there is nothing but shutting up or extirpation.'‡

And disease itself offers a wide problem. In any one case it is certain that, owing to the action of variation, all

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\* Life, vol. iii. p. 91.

† Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 403.      ‡ Life, vol. ii. p. 306.

individuals are not equally liable to become its victims. Two men may sleep in the Himalayan Terai, and one will die and the other escape. If any epidemic disease were allowed to run its own course, the most susceptible would be exterminated, and the disease itself would either disappear for want of anything to prey on or assume a mitigated form. It can hardly be doubted that this was the case with many of the scourges of the Middle Ages. The natives of tropical Africa exist in the face of malarial fever, which decimates European officials. Measles, which in Europe is only a moderately fatal disease, operated like a pestilence in Fiji. It has even been surmised that a common 'cold' is the last attenuated form of a disease which was once lethal. The severe mortality from influenza has perhaps increased the immunity of future generations. The recalcitrance of the unvaccinated may in this aspect have a patriotic side. Sentiment precludes the State from regarding excessive mortality with philosophic indifference, and science has placed at its disposal means of mitigating its ravages. But it must be remembered that these are only a shield, and their very existence imposes a greater risk on those who do not avail themselves of them.

Darwinism has something to say also about education. 'If,' as Lankester states correctly, 'pure Darwinism is to be accepted, then education has no value in directly affecting the mental or physical features of the race, but only in affecting those of the individual.'\* Its object, then, must be to fit human beings for their social existence; in other words, to make them good citizens, and to afford those with gifts above the average the opportunity of developing them. By improving the standard of conduct the indirect influence of education is not inconsiderable. Drink, betting, and ignorant or careless housekeeping are more potent causes of poverty than a low wage. Education, by restraining self-indulgence, may do much to remedy its effects and raise the power of wage-earning. That it has actually done something the orderliness of our vast crowds is a conspicuous testimony. A well-nourished population supplies one of the conditions for the perpetuation of a vigorous race. An aristocratic structure of society has at least the merit of presenting us with standards of excellence, both physical and mental. As Lankester remarks, 'It is not a little remarkable that the latest developement of zoological

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\* *Advancement of Science*, pp. 378, 379.

‘science should favour that respect to breeding which is becoming less general than it was, and should tend to modify the current estimate of the results of popular education.’ \*

The questions of genius and the exhibition of exceptional talent have been the subject of much speculation. Weismann points out that ‘Gauss was not the son of a mathematician; Handel’s father was a surgeon, of whose musical powers nothing is known; Titian was the son and also nephew of a lawyer.’ † He adds that such cases prove ‘that a high degree of endowment in a special direction cannot have arisen from the experience of previous generations.’ Talents, then, must be regarded as analogous to ‘sports’; thus Huxley says: ‘Newton was to all intents and purposes a “sport” of a dull agricultural stock.’ ‡ But it is to be observed that the families in which talent appears are often found to have varied in the direction of a higher average intelligence, which shows itself from time to time in special ways; that of the Cavendishes is an obvious example. And it may be conjectured that special gifts will be more apt to manifest themselves in a race which is not subsiding into a condition of stability, but is vigorously responding to the struggle for existence. This consideration may throw some light on the extraordinary outburst of talent in Italy in the Middle Ages. Huxley thought that the ‘conditions of our present social existence exercise the most extraordinarily powerful selective influence in favour of novelists, artists, and strong intellects of all kind.’ § And this is true; but the inference is not that there will be races of novelists, but only of ‘strong intellects.’ But natural selection does not stop even at man; it extends to the products of his activity. As Lange observes, ‘Even the great discoveries and inventions, which form the basis of higher civilisation and intellectual progress, are still subordinate to that universal law of the conservation of the strongest, while they are at the same time tested by the most delicate methods of science and art.’ ||

In a sense Darwin accomplished a larger task than he proposed to himself, or even had foreseen. He left the theory of Evolution a completed generalisation. And this has no doubt influenced and impressed many who troubled

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\* L.c., p. 379.

† Essays, p. 96.

‡ Life, vol. i. p. 240.

§ Essays, vol. ii. p. 178.

|| History of Materialism, vol. iii. p. 67.



little about the details of the Darwinian theory. In its broadest aspects evolutionism has become a commonplace of ordinary thought. The effect, paradoxical as it may seem, has been on the whole conservative. The recognition of the fact that in every detail the present is built on the past has invested the latter with a new title to respect, and given a fresh impulse to the study of its history. *A priori* methods have everywhere fallen out of favour, and no serious investigation has any chance of acceptance which is not based on a critical examination of all preceding documents which would throw light upon it. This may be traced in part to a growing confidence in the trustworthiness of the scientific method, and to a belief that, if it errs, it possesses in the long run the means of correcting its own errors. A notable instance is the subsidence of the terror at the results of Biblical criticism. There is a tacit acknowledgement that if in this and other matters the truth can be ascertained it has to be faced. On the other hand, it is perceived that the demands of science are not necessarily arrogant, and that its conclusions are at the best tentative, and subject to correction in the light of fresh knowledge.

The fundamental principle of Evolution is continuity, and this falls in with the innate conservatism of the British race. Our legal system is the despair of the scientific jurist because it cannot be deduced from symmetrical principles, but is an organic growth, still possessing an inherent elasticity which enables it, if in a cumbrous fashion, to adapt itself to new conditions. But we have refrained from enforcing it on countries under our rule which possess a jurisprudence of their own, and no tribunal has ever been called upon to administer such varied systems of law as our Privy Council. In the coronation of our sovereigns we still preserve the form of popular election, and their assent is given to the Acts of our legislature in Norman-French.

In the preservation of such forms our action has been rather instinctive than reasoned. We have, in fact, unconsciously obeyed the laws of organic Nature, which suppresses nothing till its further preservation proves injurious, and replaces nothing till changed conditions demand a new adjustment. When we dress for dinner we equally conform to them. The articles of clothing we put on are not devised on abstract principles, but are a mass of obsolete survivals of adjustments to past habits. Our coat has tails because the skirts were once buttoned back for convenience in

riding; it has buttons at the back because it was once gathered in at the waist; and the collar is notched because it once stood up and had to fit the neck.

An absolute creative power is denied to man equally with Nature. Either can only accomplish the extended development of something which has preceded. It is often the practice to speak of art as creative; but this is far from being the case, and Mr. Walter Crane has recently given a perfectly accurate account of the limitations under which the artist works:—

‘There appears to be a law of evolution working in the arts of design quite as inevitably as in the Natural world. Certain germinal motives, derived from forms in Nature or art, are combined by the fancy of the designer. A conflict for pre-eminence, a struggle for existence, takes place in the mind of the artist, as his hand records the stages of the evolution of his design either on paper or in some plastic material. In view of his ultimate purpose—the use and destiny of the design—certain lines, certain forms, prevail over others as the most fitting; the design sheds inessentials and takes final shape. It may closely follow the principle of its inception, or it may, passing through a multitude of complex stages, finally be involved in some very different shape; but in either case its development proceeds much as the development of a plant from its seed germ to its full completion and flower, always strictly adapted to its environment.’

Nor does Evolution necessarily imply progress. Nature is self-regarding, and simply adjusts the organism to its conditions. In that aspect degeneration not merely may, but does, become a necessity of existence for its victims. Huxley pointed out that there is an ambiguity in the expression ‘fittest.’ That ‘which survives in the struggle ‘for existence may be, and often is, the ethically worst.’\* This is a profound truth fraught with political consequences of the deepest moment.

The brief history which has been given in the preceding pages is one of perpetual conflict between what may be called roughly the mechanical and the idealistic explanation of the methods of Evolution. It is not to be supposed that it is at an end when we deal with the higher aspects of man’s nature. Darwin almost alone in this country has pushed his theory to its logical conclusion. Wallace remarks:—

‘Although, perhaps, nowhere distinctly formulated, his whole argument tends to the conclusion that man’s entire nature and all his

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\* *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 303.

faculties, whether moral, intellectual, or spiritual, have been derived from their rudiments in the lower animals, in the same manner and by the action of the same general laws as his physical structure has been derived.' (Darwinism, p. 461.)

The theory of Evolution probably leads to the same conclusion. It would, however, be premature to dogmatise on a subject for which the materials for an accurate judgement are still confessedly insufficient. Mr. Andrew Lang has recently drawn attention to the remarkable fact that so practical a body as the United States Government has created means for ethnological study to which no parallel exists in this or perhaps any other country. Wallace dissents from Darwin's views; and his general discussion, as well as the more detailed studies of the subject which we owe to Weismann, must be weighed with all the consideration due to those distinguished men.

The remarkable pronouncement by Huxley in his Romanes lecture on the origin of the ethical principle is not inconsistent with Evolution, but is not reconcilable with the Darwinian theory. It is frankly pessimistic, while the latter is not. 'Since,' Huxley says, 'thousands of times a minute, were our ears sharp enough, we should hear sighs and groans of pain like those heard by Dante at the gate of hell, the world cannot be governed by what we call "benevolence."' But to Wallace, as to Darwin, the whole aspect of Nature is joyous; and, as the former points out, we are not justified in projecting into it what only exists in our imagination. Huxley thought that 'the ethical process is in opposition to the cosmic process,'\* to which the struggle for existence belongs. The latter Huxley identified with evil; the former with good: the two are in necessary conflict. The cosmic process in the long run will get the best of the contest and 'resume its sway'† when Evolution enters on its downward course. But that it will ever do so is a wholly illegitimate assumption.

The relation of Evolution to religion is one which it would be in no way profitable to discuss, briefly or even at all, with our present knowledge. That it will ultimately be embraced in a complete theory is wholly probable. Meanwhile in this, as in other fields, Evolution makes for tolerance, and cannot regard without reverential respect any system which gives expression to man's hopes and fears. Darwin has told us that 'for myself I do not believe there ever has been any

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\* Essays, vol. ix. p. 31.

† Ibid. p. 45.

‘revelation.’\* This was written to a correspondent as a mere dictum. It can only be construed to mean that there has been no specific revelation in the ordinary sense. He would not, perhaps, have refused to extend the term to the process by which our knowledge of all that is cognoscible is gradually opened to us, and in that sense revelation is continuous and inexhaustible. Finally, we must agree with Weismann that

‘It would be a great delusion if anyone were to believe that he had arrived at a comprehension of the universe by tracing the phenomena of Nature to mechanical principles. He would thereby forget that the assumption of eternal matter with its eternal laws by no means satisfies our intellectual need for causality.’ (Studies in the Theory of Descent, vol. ii. p. 710.)

Here we arrive at a point beyond which science can carry us no further, however wistfully we demand of it a guide. Many will be content to follow Darwin in thinking that ‘the safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is ‘beyond the scope of man’s intellect; but man can do his ‘duty.’†

Yet we are the sons of the ages; and they are wholly mistaken who fear that the cold abstractions of science will necessarily deprive us of our heritage. If the intellect is silent, the emotions will not be dumb.

‘In a certain sense,’ writes Lange, ‘the ideas of religion are imperishable. Who will refute a Mass of Palestrina, or who will convict Raphael’s Madonna of error? The “Gloria in Excelsis” remains a universal power, and will ring through the centuries so long as our nerves can quiver under the awe of the sublime. And those simple fundamental ideas of the redemption of the individual man by the surrendering of his own will to the will that guides the whole; those images of death and resurrection which express the highest and most thrilling emotions that stir the human breast, when no prose is capable of uttering in cold words the fulness of the heart; those doctrines, finally, which bid us to share our bread with the hungry and to announce the glad tidings to the poor—they will not for ever disappear in order to make way for a society which has attained its goal when it owes a better police system to its understanding, and to its ingenuity the satisfaction of ever fresh wants by ever fresh inventions.’ (History of Materialism, vol. iii. pp. 360, 361.)

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\* Life, vol. i. p. 307.

† Ibid. p. 307.

**ART. V.—1.** *An Account of the Campaign in the West Indies in the Year 1794.* The Rev. COOPER WILLYAMS. London: 1796.

**2.** *State Papers* (Public Record Office). *Colonial Correspondence: War Office, Original Correspondence.*

**P**ROBABLY there are few names which have recurred more frequently in the pages of this Review than that of the Greys of Howick. From the day in 1787 when Mr. Grey, subsequently Lord Howick and second Earl Grey, delivered the speech on Pitt's commercial treaty with France which raised him at once to the first rank among living debaters, down to this present year 1902, it may truly be said that the Greys have made themselves felt in the councils of the nation. And this they have achieved not through the influence which arises from great wealth or vast territorial possessions, still less through the mere courting of popularity, but through sheer strength of character, force of intellect, and integrity of principle. It is true that neither the second nor the third earl enjoyed the reputation of being the easiest or most conciliatory of colleagues, but the political services of their family were not confined to them during the period covered by their long and eventful lives. For, together with the third earl, his cousin Sir George Grey entered Lord John Russell's Cabinet in 1846, and for twenty years, with little interruption, reigned over the Home Office. Thus the Greys have always at least two strings to their bow; and while the present head of the family seeks to add to the innumerable Greytowns which are scattered so thickly over our Colonial Empire, the Parliamentary fame of the race stands chiefly committed to the grandson of this Sir George. We venture therefore to predict that the Greys of the twentieth century will still furnish subjects for these pages about the year 2002.

It may seem exacting to enquire of a house, which shows an unbroken political succession from the twenty-sixth year of George III. to the second of Edward VII., whether its traditions were always and exclusively political; yet the question is by no means an idle one. If we turn to the Parliamentary debates of 1798, for instance, we have no difficulty in finding the name of Mr. Grey. He is opposing the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, moving resolutions against the war with France, condemning barracks as an accursed thing, and, characteristically enough, bringing

forward a motion for reform of Parliament. But if we glance at the list of the Navy for the same year, we find that his brother, George Grey, is captain of H.M.S. 'Boyne,' bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir John Jervis. This George was the father of Sir George, the Home Secretary; and, therefore, the present Sir Edward Grey is the great-grandson of one of the great St. Vincent's flag-captains. Similarly, if we look through the Army List of 1793, we find that another brother, Henry Grey, is a captain in the Eighteenth Light Dragoons, and that one of his brother captains is the Honourable Arthur Wesley, an officer in that day still unknown to fame. Again, among the officers of the Seventh Fusiliers there is the name of yet another brother, Lieutenant William Grey; and finally, high up in the list of lieutenant-generals, we encounter the name of Sir Charles Grey, K.B., the father of these three fighting sons. And who was Sir Charles Grey, K.B. (the reader may ask), and what title does he possess to fame, except as the father of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill? That is precisely the question which we propose to answer in the present paper. For it was not by political, but by military service that the first eminent Grey of Howick imprinted his name upon English history; and that service has been most undeservedly forgotten.

Charles Grey, second surviving son of Sir Henry Grey, first baronet, of Howick, was born in 1729. It was the second year of King George II., and the first of Walpole's ten years of unbroken peace. Seven years had passed since the great Duke of Marlborough had been laid in Henry VII.'s chapel, three years since Cadogan, his devoted quartermaster-general, had been carried to rest by his side. Dupleix had just begun the work of establishing French power in India; Canada was still an insufferable thorn in the side of New England. William Pitt, just come of age, was travelling abroad, and not for two years yet was to become a cornet of horse. Robert Clive was an unruly urchin of four. James Wolfe was a sickly child of two, doubtless already enamoured of his father's red coat, but not yet dreaming that he would one day wear it himself, and that among his pupils would be the baby just ushered into the world at Howick.

Of Charles Grey's early years and education little seems to be known, nor can we learn anything of the reasons that led him to embrace the profession of arms; but certain it is that in 1748 he received a commission as ensign at the ripe

age (for those times) of nineteen. It was the year of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; and James Wolfe, having served during the past war at Dettingen, Culloden, and Lauffeld, was already sure of his promotion to the rank of major. Our next sight of Grey is as a lieutenant of the Sixth Foot, actually doing duty with his regiment at Gibraltar—a fact which is far more creditable to him than at first sight appears. For, let the Horse Guards and War Office threaten as they might, it was almost impossible in those days to make officers remain with their regiments in the Mediterranean garrisons; and indeed lack of officers was one principal cause of the loss of Minorca in 1756. Fortunately, however, Grey was already clear of the Mediterranean before that time, having earned his captaincy in 1755 by raising an independent company of foot. This was a time-honoured method of increasing the army when the prospect of war demanded a sudden augmentation, and it was an exceedingly wasteful one. Many an impecunious gentleman re-established his affairs by scraping together one hundred raw boys and tottering old men, handing them over to the authorities as good recruits, and putting most of the levy-money, paid for them by a liberal country, into his own pocket. Not thus, however, we may be sure, did Captain Grey earn his promotion, for within three months after his company was complete he obtained a transfer to the Twentieth Foot, then commanded by the smartest regimental officer of his day—Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe.

The Twentieth at this time were quartered at Canterbury, where Wolfe was busily training his men to meet a French invasion, and urging his officers to ‘turn their thoughts to ‘what may be most serviceable to the King’s affairs and to ‘the good of the country as far as we can contribute to them.’ There were great field-days against imaginary enemies ‘marked out by stakes 5 feet 7 inches above the ground, to ‘regulate the movements of the troops and guide their levelling well’; in all of which manœuvres Captain Grey bore his part in command of the left flank-company. It is pretty evident that under Wolfe’s direction this company was already something of a light company; and it is certain that Grey was an enthusiast for light infantry to the very last.

At length, in 1757, the time came for the Twentieth to go on active service, and for Grey to go with them. The occasion was the expedition despatched against Rochefort at the outset of Pitt’s first administration—a foolish enterprise

which resulted in absolutely nothing, and is interesting only as a proof that Pitt's capacity as a Minister of War is absurdly overrated. However, in July, 1758, the regiment was sent to more profitable work as part of the army under command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, though it joined him too late to take part in the campaign of that year. Wolfe had sailed to America some months earlier, to command a brigade at the siege of Louisburg; but the next campaign was to show that his officers still kept the Twentieth in faultless order, and that Wolfe's fire-discipline was not forgotten.

During May and June, 1759, Marshal Contades, with greatly superior numbers, had succeeded in outmanœuvring Ferdinand, and had finally thrown himself into an impregnable position at Minden, hoping to keep Ferdinand's army impotently watching him, while his own detachments worked mischief in other quarters. The dispositions by which Ferdinand enticed him from his stronghold are well known; but so hazardous were they that only the strictest vigilance over every movement of the French could save them from being disastrous. As a matter of fact, though Contades's motions were carefully observed, they were not until after long delay reported to Ferdinand, so that they came upon him almost as a surprise. No sooner did he learn what was going forward than he sent his aides-de-camp flying in all directions to summon the various divisions of his army; and among those aides-de-camp, for that day at least, was Charles Grey. It must have been a curious experience. The light was still dim, for the hour was not later than three o'clock on the first morning of August. A heavy gale was blowing from the west, which drowned all sound of cannon to leeward, where the danger was greatest, and redoubled that of the French batteries to windward, in which quarter the enemy was making a feint attack. Eight different columns, horse, foot, and artillery, were struggling forward over rough ground and heavy tracks to their appointed place in the line of battle, and nobody knew quite what was going to happen. Indeed, Ferdinand himself, having dispersed the whole of his Staff with messages, was fain to gallop, with a single groom for his companion, almost from end to end of his line before he could ascertain whether the day was already lost or the fight but just begun. The sequel of the battle is familiar to all. The eight columns, with the exception of the British cavalry under Lord George Sackville, took up their allotted positions



correctly ; but eight battalions, six of them British and two of them Hanoverian, by some mistake advanced through a cross-fire of artillery straight against a mass of French cavalry, repulsed the said cavalry in three separate attacks, and, continuing their forward movement in spite of frightful losses, fairly blasted the centre of the French line off the field. What part Grey took in these affairs we do not know. The Twentieth were in the most exposed situation on the right of the first line of the victorious battalions, and came out of action triumphant, though with a loss of three hundred and twenty officers and men killed and wounded. Among the wounded officers was Grey himself, though whether he was hit when galloping forward to arrest this mad attack of the British (as is highly probable) must remain uncertain. Certainly he was not one of the Staff officers despatched to hurry Sackville into action—perhaps it would have been better if he had been, for a peremptory message, delivered with the quick and imperious temper of the Greys, might possibly have brought that miserable officer forward in spite of himself. But the chief lesson of the day, as we may guess, to the young captain lay in the experience gained of the effect of an unexpected attack even on the most highly trained army.

In the campaign of 1760 Grey appears to have gone back to his regiment, so that he probably arrived too late in the field of Warburg to see the British cavalry retrieve under Granby the reputation which it had lost under Sackville. But in October the Twentieth formed part of a force which was detached to make a diversion on the Rhine under command of the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, better known as the ill-fated Duke of Brunswick, who was checked at Valmy and killed at Auerstadt. It so fell out that the Prince found himself with no alternative but to retreat or to hazard a surprise attack upon greatly superior numbers. He chose the bolder course, and opened the action with consummate skill ; but the heroism of the Chevalier D'Assas saved the French from complete surprise, and, after six hours of furious fighting, the Prince was repulsed with very heavy loss. The Twentieth lost close upon two hundred officers and men wounded ; but it never budged a foot until its ammunition was exhausted, while its fire, with that of the Twenty-fifth Foot, was said by the French to have annihilated three of their brigades. Grey, who was again wounded, learned from this action of Kloster-Kampen another lesson, this time from another side, in the art of conducting a surprise attack.

At the close of the campaign he returned to England, and in January, 1761, received the command of a newly raised regiment, with promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Within three months of its formation this corps took part in the expedition to Belleisle—Pitt's one successful raid upon the French coast—and thence was ordered to the West Indies, Grey presumably accompanying it. There, in December, 1761, it formed part of General Monckton's force at the reduction of Martinique, though so slightly engaged as to suffer no casualties; and it was then left as part of the garrison of the island. Grey, however, seems to have accompanied Lord Albemarle to Cuba, and to have taken a share in the siege of Havana. Little appears to be really known of his part in these West Indian expeditions; and, if he was present at all, it is evident that he made no long stay in that quarter. There was a potent attraction to draw him to England in 1762; for in that year he married Elizabeth, daughter of George Grey of Southwick.

Peace came in 1763. Grey's regiment was disbanded, and himself placed on half-pay. In 1764 an heir, the reformer Charles, was born to him, but it was many years before his quiver was filled with its full complement of five sons and two daughters. In 1772 his services received some recognition by his appointment as aide-de-camp to the King, with its attendant rank of colonel in the army, from which it is reasonable to infer that he held no extreme views in opposition to the Government on the question of the dispute with the American colonies. It was precisely in that year 1772 that this quarrel was revived with a bitterness that led inevitably to war; but England's real opportunity had been thrown away four years before. Five thousand men despatched to Boston in 1768 would perhaps have heartened the loyalist majority in the colonies and overawed the party of violence, for there was little real vitality, at first, in the American Revolution. But instead of five thousand the Government sent little more than five hundred; and the result was that in 1775 ten thousand men found themselves not only powerless to act, but unable to hold the town.

Among those ten thousand men was Grey, who had arrived at Boston with the Commander-in-Chief in May, 1775, holding the local rank of major-general. He seems to have filled some appointment on the Staff, for though he took part in the operations about New York in 1776, his name does not appear in the list of brigadiers until 1777. In the

campaign of that year when Howe sailed from New York to the Chesapeake for the capture of Philadelphia, Grey commanded a brigade; and he has left on record his appreciation of the masterly manœuvres by which Howe won the victory of Brandywine. His own part in the action was, however, unimportant, his brigade forming only the reserve of Cornwallis's division, which turned Washington's right flank and rolled his line back in disorderly retreat. A week later, however, there came to Grey the chance which comes to every man at least once in his life. After the victory of Brandywine Howe pursued his march upon Philadelphia; and Washington, outmanœuvred at every point and unable to arrest his advance, in the last resort detached General Wayne with fifteen hundred men to a forest on the skirt of Howe's left flank, with orders to harass his rear. To make an end of this troublesome intruder, Howe detached Grey with the Forty-second Highlanders, a composite battalion of light companies, and the Forty-fourth Foot, and gave him a free hand to deal with Wayne as he thought best. It was evident that Grey's only chance of success lay in an attack by surprise, for his force, owing to the weakness of battalions in those days, could not have exceeded a thousand men; but he had made a study of surprises, and he now laid his plans for falling suddenly upon Wayne by night with the bayonet alone. To this end he not only gave strict orders that not a shot should be fired, but removed the flints from the men's muskets to ensure that he should be obeyed. 'This system,' he explained to his men, 'conceals you and your numbers from the enemy; the enemy direct their fire wherever they see or hear fire; consequently they fire upon each other, while you are concealed, and they fall an easy prey.'\* At one o'clock in the morning of September 21 Wayne's outposts were overpowered, and the British, rushing into his camp, plied the bayonet with frightful effect. Darkness alone saved the Americans from absolute destruction. From two to three hundred were killed and wounded, not a few by each other's shot, one hundred more, together with the whole of the baggage, were taken, and the remainder were dispersed in every direction—all with no greater loss to Grey's force than a single officer killed and seven privates killed and wounded. From that day forward Grey was

\* Grey's 'General Orders,' January 24, 1794; an echo of his orders in 1777.

known to both the British and American armies by the nick-name of 'No-flint'; and he never lost an opportunity in future of impressing upon his men the principles which had brought this little engagement to so successful an issue.

Grey's next action came shortly after Howe's occupation of Philadelphia, when Washington attempted to surprise and overwhelm the British in their camp before the city at Germantown. The enterprise was a bold one; but Washington's plan—namely, to descend upon the British simultaneously with four different columns in four different quarters—was too complicated for a half-trained army, and was not made the simpler by the fact that a great many of the Americans, both officers and men, were exceedingly drunk. A dense fog, which came on just at the opening of the action, did not mend matters; but perhaps the most unfortunate part of Washington's combinations was a design to occupy Grey's brigade, which lay on Howe's extreme left, by a feint attack. Grey, who was always marvellously cool and clear headed, calmly met the feint attack by a feint defence, and, using the bulk of his brigade as though it had been a reserve, first broke up the American centre by falling on its flank, and then proceeding to Howe's right, which was very hardly pressed, routed the Americans in that quarter also. Poor Washington retired with the loss of over a thousand men, complaining loudly that his troops had retreated at the moment of victory; the real fact being that Grey, instantly penetrating his plans, had roved from one end of the field to the other, striking hard just where his blow would fall heaviest, and therefore deciding the issue of the fight wherever he struck.

The campaign closed with the final reduction of the defences about Philadelphia; and it is much in Howe's favour that Grey thought him right to attempt no more. Meanwhile, however, the disaster at Saratoga had changed the whole aspect of affairs. The French formed an alliance with the revolted colonies in the spring of 1778. Howe went home, having resigned his command; and his successor, General Clinton, evacuating Philadelphia, brought the army back to New York. There it remained, too weak for the present for more than desultory raids upon isolated ports or posts of the enemy. But Grey possessed a perfect genius for the organisation and execution of these predatory expeditions. Was there a snug little haven where American privateers could be provisioned and refitted under the shelter of a battery? A few battalions were shipped under General

Grey ; a landing was effected under the shades of evening in some neighbouring inlet ; before dawn 'No-flint' was in the midst of the sleeping Americans ; by noon every cannon, store-house, and stick of shipping had been destroyed, and Grey's force, diminished by a very few casualties, was embarked and on its way to work similar destruction elsewhere. On one occasion a raid of this kind was conducted on so large a scale that Grey held but a subordinate position ; and it is noteworthy that his column alone fulfilled its mission with his wonted deadly accuracy. As usual he made his assault at night with the bayonet, and killed or captured every man of an entire American regiment. The Americans raised a loud outcry against the cruelty of these attacks, and it is certain that the carnage was sometimes very great. But killing is, after all, the business of war ; and it is difficult to hold men's hands in nocturnal fighting with the bayonet. Speaking generally, there was no very bitter feeling of English against Americans nor of Americans against English in the field during this war ; but when American Whig met American Tory, both parties frequently behaved little better than savages.

The campaign of 1778 was the last in which Grey took part in America. He came home sick at the end of the year or early in 1779 ; and our next sight of him is as a witness before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into General Howe's conduct of the war. Here he spoke his mind with greater freedom than the majority of the officers examined, strenuously upholding the correctness of Howe's proceedings throughout. His evidence must have been unpalatable both to Government and Opposition, for, while disposing very summarily of the accusations of barbarity against Howe, he reserved his heaviest strokes for the Minister who conducted the war, the Lord George Germaine who, as Lord George Sackville, had disgraced himself at Minden. Clearly but ruthlessly he showed that the blame for Burgoyne's disaster at Saratoga lay not with Howe but with Germaine ; and he summarised the whole position with formidable terseness. 'The reduction of America is impossible with our present force ; it is uncertain with *any* force ; but we have never had a sufficient force there.' Herein lies the whole secret of our failure in the American War of Independence. Had the colonists been united, and had one in three of them really felt strongly about the subject of dispute with England, they would have driven us from the continent in two campaigns. But, as

affairs actually stood, an addition of fifteen thousand men, for which Howe had earnestly entreated at the end of 1776, would probably have decided the issue forthwith, and would have offered no opening to France to interfere. When once the French fleet was thrown into the scale the result of the contest, as Grey said, became uncertain, no matter what might be the strength of the forces in America.

Grey was not long left unemployed. In the summer of 1779 the united fleets of France and Spain entered the Channel, and rode there for some weeks triumphant, with sixty-six sail of the line. Instantly there was a panic over the safety of Plymouth; and Major-General Grey was sent down to inspect the port and to take charge of its defence. It was high time, for he found the second arsenal of England so much neglected as to be open to easy capture by a *coup-de-main*. 'The defence of the place,' he wrote in a terse journal, which now lies before us, 'seems to depend on 'the consultation of the Commander-in-Chief, the Navy 'Board, the Admiralty, the Ordnance and the Victualling 'Board; it is therefore not surprising that nothing has 'been done.' The garrison consisted of four thousand men, chiefly militia infantry; the fortifications were either obsolete or out of repair; and there were only thirty veteran artillerymen (invalids, as they were then called) to work one hundred and seventy-nine guns. Hasty arrangements were made that the seamen should leave the ships in harbour and man the batteries in case of emergency; but Grey, mistrusting such a makeshift arrangement, began at once to train some of the militia men as gunners. Meanwhile he obtained tools for the repair of the fortifications; whereupon the resident engineer declined to sanction the work without the orders of the Board of Ordnance. Four days were wasted in obtaining these orders, and a week later, on August 17, the hostile fleets came into sight. Suddenly, on the same afternoon, the alarm-guns were fired, and all was apprehension. As Grey had foreseen, it was five hours before the seamen could disembark to man the batteries, and those five hours were, we suspect, among the most miserable of his life. Fortunately the alarm proved to be false; for no regular code of signals had been established in the port whether to give the alarm or for any other purpose. Three days later, on August 20, Admiral Lord Shuldham, came ashore to consult the generals. Grey and the Governor proposed the construction of a boom. The Admiral flatly rejected the suggestion. On the following

day the Admiral, changing his mind, ordered the boom to be begun; whereupon the Navy Board promptly ordered that it should be discontinued. Finally, the country gentlemen flocked into the town, bringing their workmen with them, and began to repair the fortifications under Grey's direction; upon which the Admiral, in defiance of all protests, withdrew the seamen from the batteries and left the place practically defenceless. Fortunately the allied fleets withdrew from the Channel without doing the least damage; but though Grey remained at Plymouth until the early summer of 1780, he could effect but little. If he issued orders to the chief engineer, the Board of Ordnance at once, and without a word to the General, issued contradictory orders to supersede them. Grey could not even obtain blankets for his men in the winter until a clerk in London had cudgelled his brains to remember where he had caused them to be stored. The story is almost incredible; but we have it in Grey's own hand, so that there can be no doubt about it. In the midst of the record of folly and mismanagement comes the following terse entry, under date of March 16, 1780: 'A detachment of Hessians and New York Volunteers arrived in the lines this morning, being part of Sir Henry Clinton's expedition, driven into St. Ives Bay.' The reader would hardly gather from this sentence that Sir Henry Clinton's expedition had sailed from New York in December 1779, and that its destination was Charleston in Carolina; so that these two hundred unfortunate men had actually been blown helplessly across the Atlantic. In these days we hardly realise what must have been the anxieties of generals and the sufferings of soldiers on these old enterprises over sea.

In 1782 Grey was promoted lieutenant-general and created Knight of the Bath, rewards which he had thoroughly earned. It seems that his representations as to the state of Plymouth were not without effect, for in 1785 a commission, of which he was a member, was appointed to report as to the defences of the dockyards. Grey was one of a large majority which advocated the fortification both of Plymouth and Portsmouth; but the proposal was very coldly received in Parliament. Pitt therefore, in 1786, brought forward a motion affirming as an abstract principle the expediency of fortifying the dockyards; but, amazing as it now appears, this was actually lost by the Speaker's casting vote. Sheridan and Fox were the principal speakers on the side of the majority. But the insecurity of the dockyards was by no means the only military danger which threatened the

country. The army and navy were practically mere collections of officers, well trained indeed by the recent war, but without men. For twenty years before the younger Pitt took office, generals and admirals had represented that the pay of their men was too small; and at the outset of Pitt's administration the Adjutant-General pointed out that the ranks of the army could not be filled, since the man who took the King's shilling was foredoomed to literal starvation. Unhappily such remonstrances fell on deaf ears.

There can be little doubt, we think, that Pitt strove long and honestly to abstain from any interference with the internal affairs of France during the early years of the Revolution. Indeed, the reduction of the army at the beginning of 1792 is clear proof of the friendliness of his intentions towards that country. Within a year, however, he found himself at war with the Republic—a war which probably could not have been averted by any means—and with neither an army nor a navy. Pitt's own idea for bringing France to reason was based on considerations congenial to his financial mind. The immediate cause of the French Revolution had been a large deficit, which it was customary to describe as national bankruptcy. Since 1789 that deficit had been enormously increased, and the resources of France greatly diminished by reckless mismanagement, waste, and extravagance. All industry was paralysed, all trade at a standstill. There remained to her only her possessions in the West Indies, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia, all of them rich islands, to windward, and St. Domingo (the wealthiest colony in the world) to leeward. If these islands were captured, France's last source of income would be cut off, and her power must collapse from sheer want of money. Every circumstance and every argument seemed to favour such a plan of campaign. First, there was a precedent set by the great Chatham himself for the capture of the French West Indies; secondly, overtures had been received both from St. Domingo and Martinique for placing those islands under the protection of the King of England; thirdly, these possessions would be useful pledges to hold in hand against the day of general pacification; lastly (and this was most important), a West Indian campaign could not open until November, and between February and November there would be time to raise the necessary troops. By attacks on the West Indies and a little timely help to the Royalists in Brittany or La Vendée the disorders in France would be



brought to an end, and the Government established on a basis which would restore peace to Europe.

This was the design, apparently the joint production of Pitt at the Treasury and of Henry Dundas at the War Office, which the Ministry cherished most closely at heart, and to which they resolved to devote their principal energies. It was reckoned that the capture of the French West Indies would require ten thousand men. Preparations were therefore made to despatch that number, and the troops received their orders for foreign service in August, 1793. At about the same time, or perhaps somewhat earlier, Sir Charles Grey accepted the chief command of the land forces for the expedition, with Sir John Jervis for his colleague in command of the fleet.

All this was very well ; but meanwhile the Government had already committed themselves in another direction. At the very outset of the war, in February, 1793, they had sent over every man who could be produced at short notice (the total number was eighteen hundred), and placed them under command of the Duke of York for the protection of Holland. They did so very reluctantly, and with every intention of withdrawing these troops almost immediately. But Austria and Prussia were already operating against France along the line of the Rhine from Basle to the German Ocean ; and, moreover, Austria had lately won a great victory at Neerwinden, so that it was difficult to resist her appeal to join forces and aid her to put a summary end to the Convention in Paris. The Government therefore gave the Duke of York authority to act with the Austrians ; and if they had reinforced him with every soldier that could have been raised, and made a march on Paris the first object of the campaign, they would not have acted unwisely. But they did neither of these things. Only a handful of British troops were sent to the Duke, with injunctions that most of them would shortly be required elsewhere ; the capture of Dunkirk was prescribed as the first object of the operations, so that the prize might be dangled before the British constituencies ; and, finally, the strictest orders were given for the occupation of Ostend. Why so much importance should have been attached to Ostend is a mystery which we have been unable to fathom. In vain the generals on the spot urged that the place was of no military importance ; that it could be held only on a very precarious footing at best ; that Antwerp was their real base, and that it was most inconvenient to be obliged to guard two lines of communication.

It was no fault of the Duke of York that he was driven back from before Dunkirk with the loss of the whole of his siege-artillery, but the Ministers were out of humour over the failure, so, without the least consideration for the Duke's military position, they peremptorily required him to send back four of his regiments at once for the West Indian expedition. The Duke complied, but added that he should now be forced to withdraw the garrison from Ostend; whereupon Dundas, losing his temper completely, ordered Grey to sail at once with four battalions to Ostend to take over the command.

To Ostend, accordingly, he went, reaching the port on October 29, when, with proper management, he ought to have been on his way across the Atlantic. When he arrived he found nothing to do which could not perfectly well have been done without him, for, although the French had indeed advanced towards Ostend, the Duke of York had made effectual dispositions to compel their retreat in all haste. 'Pray stir up the Austrians to take care of their own ports,\* and leave me to capture French islands,' wrote Grey; but on his return to England after ten days' absence he found a fresh mortification awaiting him. The short voyage to Ostend had already proved to him that his transports were unfit for a voyage across the Atlantic, which meant, of course, vexatious delay; but now he discovered that the Government had decided to hand over half of his force to Lord Moira for a descent (which proved utterly abortive) upon the coast of France. The Ministers, in fact, under pressure of many calls for troops which their own folly made them unable to furnish, had completely lost their heads. Happy chance had lately placed Toulon in their hands, and it would have been worth their while to have withdrawn every man from Holland and England in order to have held it. If they preferred to pursue operations in the Low Countries they should have evacuated Toulon and concentrated all their force in that quarter. If they really thought the French West Indies to be the most important object, they had not a man too many in the whole army to capture them and to hold them effectually. But with inconceivable folly they scattered their scanty battalions in all directions, reaped disaster as a natural consequence, and then blamed the commanders.

With feverish energy, but with no light heart, Grey

plunged into the final preparations for departure. With their usual bungling the Government had directed Moira's expedition as well as Grey's to fit out at Portsmouth; and had not Sir John Jervis, to Moira's huge disgust, appropriated every barge and lighter in the port for himself, much time would have been lost. The General and Admiral accomplished all that lay within their power; but hospital-ships and several ordnance-store ships were still wanting when, on November 26, they lost all patience and sailed from St. Helens lest they should lose a fair wind. Sir Charles took his passage with Jervis in H.M.S. 'Boyne,' for the pair were on the most affectionate terms; his son George was also on board as flag-captain, and his son Henry as deputy quartermaster-general; while yet another son, William, and another relation, Thomas Grey, were on other of the ships bound westward. The voyage was a favourable one, but there was much to cause anxiety to the Commander-in-Chief. In the first place, he had started a month too late; and in the second his force was by admission not strong enough to master Martinique, which was the key of the French Windward Islands. Dundas, most sanguine of men, had hinted his hopes that none the less Grey would capture the whole of the French West Indies in one campaign; and while leaving him a free hand, had suggested that he should deal with St. Domingo first, and then return to Martinique. Nothing could have served better to open Grey's eyes to the military ignorance of his employers. Operations were already in progress in St. Domingo; but to have taken that island first would have meant leaving the greater part of his force in garrison to hold it, and a subsequent loss of at least two months spent in beating back to Martinique, a thousand miles, in the teeth of the trade-wind. In fact, the only point in which the Government had striven to make his task easy was the division of captured booty and prize-money, for which they had furnished him with a series of precedents dating from 1697 onwards. Thereby there hangs a tale, which shall presently be told.

On January 6, 1794, Grey arrived at Barbados, the invariable starting-point for all West Indian expeditions before the days of steam, since the island is the most windwardly of the whole Caribbean Archipelago. There he found matters in none too encouraging a state. In the first place, Dundas had again forgotten the trade-wind in giving his orders for the concentration of the troops already in the West Indies; and, in the second, a sickly season had laid fifty-eight British

officers and more than ten times that number of men in their graves during the past six months. Grey was always most solicitous as to the health and comfort of his men, and he now wrote for a supply of Teneriffe wine so as to save himself from being reduced to furnish them with rum. The condition of the transports as they came dropping into Carlisle Bay increased his anxiety, for they showed altogether a sick-list of twelve hundred men. These were the first-fruits of the Government's neglect to provide him with hospital ships. Nevertheless, the Staff in Barbados had pushed all preparations on their side well forward, and had obtained excellent information, charts of the French ports, plans of the French fortresses, guides, and pilots. Martinique was no longer the Martinique which Monckton had conquered in 1761. The chief port, Port de France, had been strengthened since then by the building of a citadel of the most approved type under the eyes of the Marquis de Bouillé, who, poor man, since his lapse into a royalist refugee after the failure at Varennes, would have given his ears never to have designed it. Moreover, every landing-place was guarded by batteries, and the garrison was strong and efficient, under a brave and skilful officer, De Rochambeau. Grey reckoned that he could embark six thousand men for service—an inadequate force, for there were as many of one description and another in Martinique. Yet that island was the key to the rest; and to capture Guadeloupe and St. Lucia first would so weaken his force as to make any subsequent attempt on Martinique impossible. He took council with Jervis and resolved, at whatever hazard, to try his fortune first at Martinique. A month perforce spent at Barbados was utilised to the utmost in collecting negroes to perform fatigue duties, drilling a naval brigade, and above all in training the light companies to cope with a skulking enemy in a wild, rugged, and mountainous country. The American war had been the making of the British light infantryman of that period, just as the Boer war should be the making of him at the present time; and Grey was not the man to allow such useful teaching to perish. By February 3, 1794, all was ready, and fleet and transports sailed away to Martinique.

Of the operations which followed it is impossible without a map to give any detailed account; and it must therefore suffice to indicate the principles upon which Grey acted. Since his force was insufficient to meet the united troops of the enemy, it was essential to destroy that enemy in detail,

and at the smallest cost to himself. He therefore attacked Martinique at three different points simultaneously, so as to keep the French divided. Always landing his troops so as to take the coast batteries in reverse, he captured one after another of them, together with their garrisons, with little loss; and where those batteries were situated on a peninsula he decided their fate immediately by drawing his troops across the neck of that peninsula and cutting them off from the mainland. Ascertaining that there was a position which commanded the only pass between the northern and southern portions of the island, he drove the French from it, and occupied it himself. He then proceeded to deal with the northern portion piecemeal, overpowering each stronghold by converging columns from three or more directions, and, when this was accomplished, he turned his whole strength against the citadel and forced De Rochambeau, after a most gallant defence of thirty-one days, to surrender.

Leaving a garrison of twelve hundred men to hold it, Grey, on the 30th, sailed for St. Lucia, some thirty miles from Martinique, having on the previous day made the parole 'More,' and the countersign 'Islands.' There he pursued the same tactics, and, since the island was weakly garrisoned in comparison with Martinique, reduced it in two days, not without fighting, but without the loss of a man of his force. This done he left a garrison, as before, and returned to Martinique. On April 7 he gave for parole the word 'Two,' and for countersign 'More,' and on the 8th he sailed for Guadeloupe, which is so divided as to be practically two islands—Grande Terre and Basse Terre. Between the 11th and 13th Grande Terre was conquered, still by the same tactics; and Basse Terre, a stronger and more difficult country, between the 13th and 22nd.

The ease with which these conquests were achieved must not blind us to the skill of the commander or to the gallantry and endurance displayed by the troops. The losses of the British in killed and wounded throughout these operations did not exceed three hundred and fifty, but there was plenty of hard and fierce fighting, for the majority of the French defences were carried by storm, sometimes after a determined resistance. Some of them, however, were abandoned after only a feeble struggle, being either taken in reverse or surprised by one of Grey's favourite night attacks with the bayonet. Once, at least, the flints were removed from the muskets of the assaulting party; and, owing to Grey's predilection for the bayonet, it is probable that no

British force ever fired so few shots as this which conquered the French Windward Islands, nor showed a heavier list of killed among the enemy. Yet these surprises and turning-movements nearly always meant long and fatiguing marches, at best along rough tracks, at worst through the tropical forest, often through heavy rain, and always through damp and stifling heat. For the attack on St. Pierre, for instance, two columns marched by different routes straight across the most mountainous portion of Martinique, from the eastern sea to the ridge of Mont Pelée itself, met punctually at the appointed time, after covering thirty miles in twenty-four hours, and, without further delay, stormed a fortified height with the bayonet. This was the most difficult of the combinations attempted by Grey, but, like all of the rest, it was worked out to a successful issue. To his skilful and well-timed attacks, and to no other cause, must be attributed the comparatively small loss of the British.

Not less to the credit of the Commander-in-Chief was the spirit which animated his force, and which carried it through such constant and continuous exertion. It was the old story which so often has been, and still is, repeated in the army: the General took care of his men, and the men did their best for the General. All ranks alike bivouacked with such shelter as they could find during the seven weeks of the campaign in Martinique; but there was little sickness, for the General had been careful to procure flannel shirts for the men. After the storming of Fort Fleur d'Épée in Guadeloupe, the sharpest piece of work in the whole of the operations, the chaplain of the 'Boyne' entered the captured fort, where the dead and wounded of both sides were still lying thick, and found the General in the midst of them writing his despatch at a table. Asleep at full length upon the same table lay a British gunner; but still the General wrote on, and would not on any account allow the exhausted man to be disturbed. He knew the efforts which his troops had made for him, and repaid them by the thoughtfulness and consideration which never fail to earn for officers the affection of their men. Nor was he less a favourite with the navy than with the army. Thanks to his cordial relations with Jervis, the two services worked together with a heartiness that has never been equalled in our history; and the blue-jackets not only performed marvels of gallantry at sea, but, as usual, contrived to haul their guns up to positions ashore which no one but the British sailor would have thought it possible to occupy.

It now remained for Grey to establish provisional Governments in the conquered islands and to arrange for the disposal of vast quantities of tropical produce, taken in the ports, for the benefit of the captors. The Revolutionists had confiscated all the property of the Royalists for the Revolutionary Government, so that the whole of it was lawful prize. For other produce found on the estates the inhabitants in Martinique and St. Lucia offered a pecuniary indemnity which, though far below the value of the goods, was accepted by Grey and Jervis. All private property otherwise was strictly respected, so strictly that three soldiers who attempted to plunder were hanged; and thus the matter of prize-money was held to be settled. But Grey was still far from easy, for he knew well that to make conquests is one thing and to hold them another, and he foresaw that without reinforcements, for which he had already asked again and again, his tenure of the captured islands would be precarious. The strain of his short but intensely exhausting campaign was making itself felt; his men were already falling down fast, and he himself was so much worn down in mind and body that he felt himself obliged to ask for leave to return home for a few weeks' rest. At the beginning of May four battalions reached him, but these were destined for St. Domingo, where the need of them was most urgent; and, indeed, Dundas pressed Grey hard to send thither some of his own troops also. But this was impossible. There was one complication which Pitt had not foreseen in designing his West Indian campaign—namely, that the French Republic would admit the negroes throughout the West Indies to the full Rights of Man, stir them up to rise against the whites, and turn the war into a war of race and colour. This was exactly what was to happen, and already there were symptoms of dangerous unrest among the blacks all over the Archipelago, which were the more serious since Grey had been obliged to weaken the garrisons in all the British Islands in order to complete his fighting force. Then there was always the haunting dread lest a government so ignorant of war as Pitt's should fail, not only to reinforce him in time, but also to prevent the reinforcement of his enemies from France. In this difficulty he resolved to organise an armed constabulary of negroes under white officers—the first germ of our West India Regiments—and to ascertain the true position of affairs by a visit of inspection to all the islands. On the eve of

his departure, on May 31, he and Jervis entertained General Thomas Dundas, an excellent officer, whom he was leaving in command at Guadeloupe, when suddenly, at dinner, Dundas complained of feeling ill and left the table. Concerned though they were at their friend's sickness, the two commanders took leave of him without anxiety, and sailed away that evening for St. Kitts.

There five days later Grey received the news that Dundas was dead; and on the following morning came the startling intelligence that a French squadron with two thousand troops had arrived in Guadeloupe, had overwhelmed the British garrison at Fort Fleur d'Épée, the principal defence of the harbour of Point-à-Pitre, and had taken possession of the harbour. Still more disquieting was the information that the disaster had been principally due to the disgraceful behaviour of the French Royalists, upon whom he had counted to support the British troops. Grey at once summoned reinforcements from the other islands, and sailed for Guadeloupe, where he arrived on June 6. He found the French in practical possession of Grande Terre, the windward half of the island, but he still held Basse Terre, the leeward half, on the other side of the harbour, and could hope to regain what was lost. His opportunity soon came. The French imprudently sent a detachment across the water to occupy a headland on Basse Terre. They had hardly settled down comfortably for the night before the British came upon them silently with the bayonet, killed a great many, and drove the remainder literally into the sea. A week later, on June 19, Grey despatched a force across the harbour to Grande Terre, and, after a week of desperate fighting, drove the French with very heavy loss from all the posts around Fort d'Épée. But the hot season, with its terrible alternation of vertical sun and heavy rain, had told so heavily upon his troops that he resolved to cut matters short by a surprise attack upon the posts fortified by the French to command Point-à-Pitre itself. The assault was duly delivered on the night of July 1; but this time Grey's luck deserted him. The storming party, misled by its guides, rushed not into the entrenchments, but into the town, amid a storm of musketry from the houses and under a raking cannonade from the French guns on the heights above and on the ships below. The British swept the streets clean with the bayonet, cleared the sharpshooters out of the houses, and were just about to complete their work by destroying the magazines, when sudden exhaustion checked them. Then



they wavered, and the men who had religiously obeyed 'No-flints' instructions in a score of night attacks, began to fire, and to fire upon each other. With great difficulty they were drawn off, after suffering grievous loss; and Grey, who was only awaiting the signal of their success in order to storm Fort Fleur d'Épée, saw his combinations wrecked. The operations of the past month had cost the British over six hundred men; and the General had no alternative but to retreat to Basse Terre, and take up a defensive position. It was no fault of his, for his plans had been laid with all his old skill; but, as he wrote at the time, 'the troops had not the power in them; they were so completely worn down that they *could* not advance when ordered.' \*

'It is hard to be foiled, but idle to repine,' wrote Grey curtly in reporting his failure, but his position was now very serious. Not a man had been sent to him since he started, except a handful of young recruits who succumbed to the climate instantly, not a shred of clothing, not a single pair of shoes. His loss in officers had been frightful. His entire force in the ten islands to windward had shrunk from some nine thousand to little over six thousand men, of whom twelve hundred were on the sick-list, and the remainder shoeless and almost naked. 'You seem to have forgotten us altogether,' he wrote to the War Office at this time. Hardly had he written the words when he was summoned to Martinique by trouble with the negroes in that island, and by disquieting reports from St. Lucia. He hurried to the threatened quarter and restored order, hoping always to hear of reinforcements on their way to him; but instead of reinforcements he received first the thanks of Parliament for his services, and a fortnight later a severe letter † from Dundas cancelling all his arrangements as to prize-money, and convicting him on the bare statement of certain merchants in London, of extortion, rapacity, and oppression. Righteously indignant, Grey wrote at once to ask that his successor might be sent out at once; but, meanwhile, his duties left him as yet no time to deal with the disloyalty of his employers. The revolt of the negroes was coming steadily to maturity in all the islands, and the mortality of the troops increased with frightful rapidity. In Guadeloupe alone four hundred out of twenty-five hundred men died during the month of August, and of the survivors fifteen hundred were

\* Grey to Nepean, July 9, 1794.

† Dundas to Grey, June 9, 1794.

on the sick-list. In Martinique and St. Lucia the condition of the men was little better; and it was all too plain that this was to be one of those seasons when the yellow fever stalks abroad in his might, like a man among a nest of ants, and treads white men down by hundreds at every step. Worn to a shadow, but never despondent, Grey heartened his men against the unseen enemy. His Staff died, or were shipped half-dead to England; his servants died to the last man; his best officers died; and he was left alone to watch his gallant army sink daily by whole companies into the ground. October came, but no reinforcements; and now the French, increased to six thousand fighting men, black and white, made a succession of furious assaults upon the British position on Basse Terre. For ten days the little garrison, now reduced to fewer than two hundred and fifty effective men, held out most gallantly, repelling assault after assault with immense loss to the enemy; but the odds were too great, and on October 6 a remnant of one hundred and twenty-five decrepit, sickly men crawled out of the entrenchments with the honours of war, having capitulated on condition that they should be sent back to England. One fort in Basse Terre even then held its own, and, indeed, was not evacuated until two months later. But towards the end of November Grey's successor arrived, and allowed him to sail for England, with his health shattered and his heart well-nigh broken by the fate of his gallant army. Not until a full month later did the first reinforcements reach the Windward Islands, by which time the troops had fallen to a total of fifteen hundred fit for duty, and twelve hundred sick, or, in plain words, doomed to die.

No sooner was Grey safe in England than he joined issue with the Government as to the charges of extortion and oppression which had been levelled against him and Jervis. The bare facts of the matter were these. The property seized by the captors as lawful prize was in reality such by every precedent and custom of war; but a great many of the English West Indian merchants had carried on an illicit trade with the French islands, contrary both to the laws and the interests of their own country, and on Grey's capture of the islands found that the money which they had advanced to the French merchants was in danger. They had done exactly the same during the American war, and had found themselves in the same trouble when Rodney captured St. Eustatius. Rodney, on that occasion, had described them as smugglers in peace and traitors in war, which was

strictly accurate, and if Rodney had added that they were pirates also he would not have exceeded the truth. Hoping to save themselves, these gentry had tried to buy up the prize-property at their own figure, but found themselves defeated by the captors, who put a reserve price upon the goods. They then contrived to insinuate themselves into the business as agents to the captors ; and, having done so, they advised the French not to pay the contributions with which they had undertaken to indemnify the captors from all claims, while by their principals in London and Liverpool they approached Pitt with false charges of extortion and oppression against the Admiral and General. The West India Committee, as it is called, has, to the great misfortune of the West Indies, always enjoyed far more influence with English Ministries than it ought. The West India merchants, being then in the plenitude of their wealth and power, were not without considerable weight in politics ; and to this Pitt's opponents declared that he had yielded.

Grey, however, was not going to sit still under such treatment. He cared little for the money himself, but he was not going to allow his officers and men, or rather (for most of them were dead) their widows and children, to be defrauded by a pack of rascally merchants. With some difficulty he obtained copies of the charges against him, refuted them categorically, and demanded justice. Though the Ministers had committed themselves by issuing regulations for the division of prize-property, they strove hard by the most pitiful shuffling and procrastination to evade their responsibility. At last, after three months of waiting in vain, Grey lost patience, and brought matters to a crisis by putting up his son to move for papers in the House of Commons. Thereupon the Ministers at last decided to stand by the men whom they ought never to have deserted. Meanwhile the West India merchants, not knowing what had happened, brought forward a motion in the Commons for enquiry into the conduct of Grey and Jervis ; whereupon both Government and Opposition united in virtuous indignation to crush them, and to repeat their sense of the good service of both commanders. The situation was inexpressibly ludicrous, for less than twelve months before Pitt and Dundas had censured Grey as strongly as they now commended him ; while Fox, in 1781, had found no abuse virulent enough for the Tory Rodney, when his action at St. Eustatius, precisely parallel to Grey's, had been called in question by those same West India merchants.

Thus the question of the prize-money was settled, though the Government still tried by petty obstruction to deprive the fleet and army of their full rights. But Grey was determined not to give way for an inch, and finally, after endless trouble with dishonest agents, forged 'soldiers' wills,' legal quibbles, and other impediments, the money was at last distributed in 1806 to the amount of 378,000*l.*, less some 15,000*l.* for legal expenses. Such was the greed in the Public Departments that without the constant intervention of Grey and Jervis, their men would have come off but ill; while the roguery of the merchants who were employed as agents in the West Indies would be incredible to any who are unfamiliar with the then Caribbean standard of commercial morality.

It is hardly surprising that after such an experience Grey should have flatly declined to resume command in the West Indies. He was, however, bitterly regretted by those whom he had left behind him; and many a letter reached him during the dismal year 1795, telling him of disaster on disaster and of the desire of all ranks that he were still at their head. But his fighting days were over, though the Government had the grace to make him a Privy Councillor and to give him command of the Southern District in 1796, to which was added the Governorship of Guernsey in 1797. During the mutiny of the fleet at the Nore he was ordered to take immediate command at Sheerness, his popularity and firmness being the best guarantee against any spread of the disorder among the troops; and it was by his direction that the whole garrison was turned out to witness the execution of the mutineer Parker, off Queenborough. For the rest, he was busily employed in organising and training his troops to meet an enemy in case of invasion, and, above all, in trying to persuade the authorities to employ movable heavy guns instead of fixed batteries for defence of the coast. No man better knew the weakness of guns of position for such purposes, for no man had taken more coast-batteries in rear than he; but it was none the less difficult for him to carry his point. Every little watering-place desired a battery of her own to save herself from French privateers, heedless of the dispersion and waste of force which such multiplicity of defences must entail; and too often, through pressure of parliamentary interest, they obtained them. The question is not yet an obsolete one, and Sir Charles Grey's opinion respecting it is worth placing on record.

In the matter of the forces placed under his command within the district, he found himself at first under considerable difficulties. Yeomanry and volunteers declined to consider themselves as under the orders of the General, preferring to correspond with a Secretary of State or the Secretary at War, whom they could threaten with political penalties unless they complied with their wishes. Colonels of militia were not less recalcitrant. It was the custom in those days to mass the flank companies of regiments into composite battalions of grenadiers and light infantry; and Grey was the more anxious to follow this practice, being convinced that in case of invasion the harassing tactics of a well-trained light infantry would be invaluable. Colonels Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Belgrave, however, denied the right of a general to take the flank-battalions of their regiments from them, and, in a protest addressed to the Duke of York, condemned the proposal as unconstitutional, actually adding a threat to prosecute any offending general in a court of law unless he gave way. At the present day such folly and conceit sound well-nigh incredible; yet there were many officers in those days who would have hesitated to bring down on themselves the wrath of the heads of two great Whig families. Grey, however, was no such officer. With perfect courtesy and tact, but with unmistakable firmness, he pointed out that the opinions of these two magnates were flat nonsense, and that he for one would endure no such insubordination in his district.

The value of his steady resolution and clear understanding shows itself repeatedly in the opinions which he furnished to the Commander-in-Chief on all military questions that were submitted to him; but the quality which appears above all to have endeared him to his superiors and colleagues was his cheerfulness. These years from 1794 till 1799, or even later, were heavily charged with gloom and depression in consequence of repeated military failures, while, in the picturesque phrase of one of Grey's Staff, 'guineas were as rare as smiling faces.' 'Too many men in high office are fond of croaking,' wrote Huskisson to him in 1798. 'I am glad to find that you do 'not despond.' Grey, indeed, would not hear of despondency, and was always urgent that England should take the offensive. 'The French attack us?' he urged, in effect. 'No; let us attack them!' and it may be added that all of our best officers favoured the same policy. But the timidity of the Ministers shrank for years from any bold or

decisive measure, and drove good and enterprising officers, such as Sir Charles Stuart, to decline all employment in sheer disgust. One small raiding expedition Grey did indeed organise and, in spite of many difficulties, succeed in despatching, namely, that which blew up the dock-gates of the new canal between Bruges and Ostend in 1798. The result was not encouraging, for though the object was accomplished, and a work which had cost five years of labour and three millions of money was destroyed, yet the force was unable to re-embark owing to bad weather, and was captured almost to a man. This misfortune, however, was due principally to the Admiralty, which threw every possible obstacle in the way of the expedition, and, by delaying it beyond the appointed time, lost the season of fine weather which would have rendered its success certain.

This appears to have been the last operation in which Grey took a leading part. There was, indeed, some talk of giving him command of sixty thousand men for a great expedition against Brest in 1799; and he went so far as to select his Staff, nominate the subordinate generals whom he would have chosen, and state the terms upon which he would accept the post. But the whole project came to nothing, and an ill-conceived campaign in Holland was substituted for it. Little, therefore, remains to be told of his life. In 1801 he was created Lord Grey of Howick by Addington's Ministry, rather, it should seem, on account of his son's services in Parliament than his own in the field. In 1806 he was elevated two steps higher in the peerage as Viscount Howick and Earl Grey, and in the following year he died at the age of seventy-seven.

As an officer he represents the most favourable type produced by the British Army. He had studied his profession until he knew every detail of it, but he possessed the strong common-sense which looks first of all at the facts of a military situation, and then thinks out the means of overcoming them, in terms not of military technicality but of human nature. The gift is one which is generally seen most strikingly in the actions of great partisan commanders, as they are called, such as Peterborough and Dundonald; and, indeed, the closest parallel which we can adduce to Grey's achievements in America and the West Indies are those of Dundonald. But, in truth, it is only this same common-sense, on a transcendent scale, which makes a Marlborough or a Wellington; and it is generally some fundamental defect of character only which distinguishes

the great partisan from the great general. Grey, though Fate never entrusted him with military operations much beyond the scope of a partisan, suffered from no such defect. A Dundonald or a Peterborough who had played such a part as he played at Germantown would have quarrelled interminably with every superior authority, civil or military, for the rest of his life, because the success of the day was not ascribed to him only. Grey's one thought when questioned as to the conduct of his commander-in-chief was to defend him loyally against every attack.

In his treatment of those set under him, the spirit which inspired him was the same—thoroughly practical, thoroughly loyal. His orders are essentially those of a reasonable man addressed to reasonable men. The General was not too proud to explain to the private soldier why he insisted upon certain points, and he called upon him to obey with goodwill 'as became a good and faithful British soldier' before he threatened penalties. Not that he spared either lash or halter if occasion required, but he preferred always to appeal first to a soldier's self-respect. So, too, he would humour the susceptibilities of an able but cantankerous old subordinate with infinite tact; but on the slightest sign of insubordination he asserted his authority with inexorable sternness. He would allow no shortcoming to pass, even though it was effaced by success, without at least a gentle rebuke. 'The Fifteenth Regiment, while accepting the 'Commander-in-Chief's acknowledgements for their spirited 'conduct, *will allow him to say* that, if they had not fired, 'the surprise might have been more complete . . . and he 'desires that commanding officers will turn back to his 'orders at the opening of the campaign and read them to 'the officers and men.'\* On the other hand, he never failed to do justice to the work of all ranks, successful or unsuccessful, if they had done their best; and he strove, not in vain, to deserve the like justice from them by incessant care for their welfare and by unfailing kindness of heart.

The result was that his army was a happy family. It was the cordial feeling between all ranks which carried it irresistibly through its early triumphs, which tided it over its subsequent reverses, which preserved its fortitude unbroken against a host of enemies round about and the yellow fever raging in its midst. There is no grander episode in the whole of our military history than the defence of

Basse Terre in October, 1794; and it is of melancholy significance that such heroism gave place to despondent apathy and worse, when Grey relinquished the command. Grey, too, on his side, no sooner arrived in England than he employed all his energy to extort from the Government the rights due to his men, flinging back in their faces the offer of a new command with which they tried to placate him. Whatever his differences with the Government of the day, he enjoyed to the end of his life the confidence, which no misfortune could shake, and the affection, which no carping could destroy, of the officers and men who had served him in the field.



AET. VI.—*The Victorian Anthology.* Edited by Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

THOUGH it be a truism to say that chronological divisions have no natural relation to the human events which take place in them, it is remarkable how often an epoch of thought or art appears to us as contained within a century. The coincidence is accidental and the accident takes accent from our temptation to show the feet of human change keeping step with the beats of time. But even if there were less of truth than there is in the suggested unison, it would still be convenient to shut off within the circumscription of a cycle the events contained in it, just as we are content to let a window make a framework to a section of landscape, even if the outline of a hillside may be curtailed, one stretch of woodland severed from another, or some reach of a river made to lose its continuity with the stream. Occasionally the severance works for fragment, but as often as not it involves a composition. So it is with history, and especially perhaps with the history of art; and at all events it is certain that in isolating thus the nineteenth century for the purpose of presenting the aspect of a cycle of English poetry, we do succeed in getting something like a complete picture. It may be said, not unfairly, that the birth of the century was contemporaneous with that of a new poetic era, and that its close saw the exhaustion of the movement which its opening happened to inaugurate; and, with this assumption, we may hope that it will not be uninteresting to pass in review, partly for the sake of chronicle, but partly also for appreciation, the names of those who have made the chief show in verse from 1801 to 1900. We may well begin with a reflection with which we might appropriately end: the work of the period has been a redemption; from slovenliness we have risen to style; from vagueness to precision; from levity to earnestness; from triviality to high purpose; from convention to reality in feeling and thought. And, without venturing upon what would be a wide disquisition, we will content ourselves with ascribing—as to two great parent causes—the birth of so happy and so vast a change to the impulse of scientific discovery, and to the purifying fires kindled by the French Revolution.

The great poetic outburst which illumined our Elizabethan era, and has continued without a lull, though with much variation in volume and quality of light, ever since, came at

so mature a point in the literary developement of Europe that it has been marked by two apparently contradictory characteristics. It has been at once derivative and individual. Derivative, because with Homer and such of his followers as have come down either in fragment or tradition, the Attic Tragedians, the Lyrists, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Dante, and Petrarch, all soliciting imitation and supplying models, it was impossible not to accept and digest the grand result of time. Individual, because with such a wilderness of choice before him, a poet was almost bound to follow his own bent, and to become epic, dramatic, lyric, classic, medieval, romantic, mystic, or a compound of some or all of these, as Nature made and bade him. And a capricious diversity was made all the easier because there was no academic and conservative public audience with its powerful traditions to coerce him, as at Athens, and no Imperial coterie to dictate his taste and subject-matter, as in Augustan Rome. Leaving out Shakespeare, who stands alone, as incapable of imitation as of approach, Marlowe, Jonson, Ford, Milton, Marvell, Denham, Congreve, Addison, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, to say less of Prior, Beattie, Collins, and the rest, had by the close of the eighteenth century provided their successors with a variety of native type and model, both in motive and treatment, unparalleled in the literature of any country. As it was with Adam and Eve on leaving Paradise, when

‘The world was all before them where to choose  
Their place of rest,’

so it was with the poetical aspirants of the nineteenth century, and they accordingly scattered themselves over the whole domain. From the start onwards we have had satire, unalloyed, or as sauce to didactics; we have had tragedy, melodrama, comedy, lyrics, one epic at least, a pretty natural daughter of the middle ages, in classic name and fancy dress, and thinking to dance her steps under the tuition of Apollonius Rhodius; we have also had a most remarkable series of epical cameos, most properly named *Idylls*, but esteemed by some as an Arthurian cycle; besides scores of truncated narrative, that sometimes recall the limits, and occasionally the topics, of Theocritus; and, lastly, we have had didactic gossip by the square yard, and introspective stanzas by the cartload.

For the multitudinous and no less multifarious poetic production of the last hundred years the spread of education

has been largely responsible; and this through one of its thousand consequences, good and bad, that self-esteem which is apt to mistake taste for power, and the desire of achievement, which is so common a possession, for creative instinct, with which so few are dowered. The repeal of the paper duties, and the mechanical appliances which have cheapened production, have been contributory and facilitating causes. Something also must be laid to the charge of the many forms and devices of unscrupulous advertisement, to the recklessness, the lack of sense, and occasionally of conscience, in inferior criticism, not to do more than mention the pernicious habit of a group of authors reviewing one another in turn. But, just as true merit was never permanently obscured either by hostility or neglect, so no mediocrity has ever been made illustrious in the long run by unmerited laudation. It is certain, however, that after we have swept away the piles of rubbish which vanity has produced, and incompetence or dishonesty has recommended, the poetic work of the nineteenth century remains very splendid. A mere review of it, even without anything like an attempt to classify it or to account for it, is of supreme interest. Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, Southey, and Wordsworth may be said to have led off the procession. Two out of these five, Crabbe and Wordsworth, were something more than 'considerable,' and both of them may, one certainly will, prove to be immortal. It is a few of his small pieces such as 'Hohenlinden,' 'The Mariners of England,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'O'Connor's Child,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic,' which give Campbell his chief title to renown. Of these 'Hohenlinden' approaches nearest to greatness. Of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' it may almost be said that it is saved by its theme in spite of its treatment. 'O'Connor's Child' is fantastic and secondary, and little better than a vamped-up reproduction of rags and tags from the store closets of the old ballads. As to the 'Pleasures of Hope,' what are they? Blameless no doubt, with a strong smack of the school exercise, and such a prophetic forecast of the Prize Poem as illustrates his own well-repeated dictum that

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

Patches they have, and many, which are hardly purple, and filled they are with facile generalities, touches of conventional landscape and morality; they abound in platitudes most remotely connected with the pleasures of hope; and

lastly they are interspersed with occasional flashes of outrageous hyperbole, of which one specimen is enough :

‘On Erie’s banks where *Tigers* steal along,  
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song ;  
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
*And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk.*’

We trust that we may be forgiven for our italics.

The chief merit of Campbell is his blamelessness, and the literary modesty which saved him from such disastrous failures of over-vaulting ambition as made Southey the laughing-stock of every good judge from Porson and Byron until now. Of Rogers it is unnecessary to say more than that he was a cultivated gentleman who chose to employ a strenuous leisure in writing tolerable verse.

Crabbe, as he was infinitely superior to Campbell, so he more vividly recalls their common poetic ancestry. He is of the race of Pope, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, and Cowper. He may lack the philosophic insight, the neatness, the antithesis of the first, the rollick and burliness of the second, the causticity, wit, and political grasp of the third, the grace of the fourth ; but then, to make up for these deficiencies, he has been spared the matchless dreariness of the fifth, and there are moments when he shares the qualities of all. But he poured new wine into their old bottles, and he has a characteristic which differentiates him : his purpose was his own. It was at once sad and solemn ; he was the first of our moderns to take seriously to heart, and consciously to write about, the suffering, temptations, difficulties, and degradation of the poor, urban and rural, as he knew them. This he did in no vague or reflective fashion, but in narratives drawn from concrete experience. The population of the Eastern Counties among whom he was bred, half agricultural and half seafaring, perhaps also in an especial degree the victims of material poverty and spiritual neglect, were eminently likely to awaken his sympathy and rouse his sense of wrong ; while his opportunities of knowledge as he went among them, first as doctor and afterwards as clergyman, accentuated the influence of their condition upon his heart and brain. The outcome was such a string of poems as ‘The Village,’ ‘The Parish Register,’ and ‘The Borough.’ These may not have added much to the graces of English poetry, any more than the pictures of Teniers did to the æsthetic beauty of painting. But they have directness of incident, firmness of touch, and

distinctness of portraiture. In fact Crabbe was a serious, purposeful Teniers in verse; and so has perpetuated for us some of the many contemporary phases of poverty for which the generation among whom they were manifested will be held unwontedly responsible at the bar of history. His intent was somewhat akin to that of Wilkie in painting, and still more to that yearning towards the delineation of her own class and neighbourhood which so soon afterwards produced the novels of Miss Austen. But no poems like his have since been attempted, and their predecessors, 'The Deserted Village' and Gray's 'Elegy,' were both so far removed from them that we may fairly say of them that there is nothing 'quid prius dicamus, nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.' Crabbe's powers were undoubtedly great enough to make his literary work permanently valuable as a picture of manners and a record of sentiment, although perhaps they were not great enough to place him very high among the poetic expositors of man's nature to man.

The contribution of Coleridge to the permanent literature of England is in very poor proportion to his genius. He must be classed among the first poets of the second order, that is to say of the order which comes next after the four Giants of Epic, Shakespeare and the three great Athenians; and yet he will be remembered by less of his work than will any undeniable master. It is indeed deplorable that the soul from which could emanate 'Christabel,' 'Kubla Khan,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' and the two great adaptations of Schiller, should have shed so niggard a lustre upon the world. But so it is, and Coleridge can only be mourned as a shattered, half-redeemed prodigal, whose very creations cry out against him, and who for his wandering and self-waste must ever demand pardon of his kind.

Sir Walter Scott is an illustrious example of a man endowed with the highest genius who, having tried both, came to the conclusion that his natural vehicle of expression was prose, not verse. It would be incorrect to say that he never wrote a poem after the production of 'Waverley,' but his occasional relapses do not interfere with the fact of his resolve. And after all, as might be expected, it was wise. The world would not be so very much the poorer if 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and 'Rokeby' were to perish, but it will remain infinitely richer so long as 'Old Mortality,' 'The Antiquary,' 'The Monastery,' 'The Legend of Montrose,' 'Quentin Durward,' and a score at least of the other novels survive. Considering the swing

and rapidity of the verse in his longer poems, it sounds strange to say that he perpetually fails to produce music in his shorter lyrics, but it is stranger still that nobody seems to have noticed the extreme clumsiness of many a line in some of the best known of them. To take one only, though dozens might be collected: can anything be worse than

‘Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances’?

But, thank Heaven, the fame of Sir Walter has been otherwise won. Might it not be true to suggest that one reason why his poetry remained below his natural level was that he is one of the very few men who have risen to the height of literary greatness without fully belonging to, or being in keen sympathy with, their epoch? Far otherwise was it with the two poets whose names stand next on the roll. Byron and Shelley were set on fire by the French Revolution. It illumines ‘*Manfred*,’ ‘*Childe Harold*,’ and ‘*Cain*,’ ‘*Prometheus Unbound*’ and ‘*The Revolt of Islam*,’ and is the cause of many another less valuable effort of the two masters, especially of each in his more palpably satirical mood. It is questionable whether either Byron or Shelley has had, or ever will have, accurate justice done to him. The lightning of their genius was too highly tinted by the more unpopular and less abiding colours of an epoch whose effervescence was checked by a reaction which wreaked vengeance upon all the most openly avowed products of the period against which it set itself to war. It was the cant of the ‘twenties’ and ‘thirties’ to dismiss Byron as false and sensual, and Shelley as a dangerous atheist. To the half-blind preachers of this unwarranted rejection the lordly self-presentment of such a nature as Byron’s, its alternate flash and gloom, its masterly grasp of Nature in her most stupendous moods, the rhetoric which could roll audible thunder among the summits of Alps, fling sunbeams adown their valleys, sparkle over their falls and torrents, and sweep along their clouds, were all as naught. They could see nothing but what their littleness left them free to ridicule or dislike, loathe or dread; and their position is all the more provoking because they were right in their judgement of what they could see. Among things that irritate, it is as prominent as it is true that the lower nature which looks at the higher from below is apt only to catch sight of its baser parts and qualities; but it does catch those. The names of Byron and Shelley have been more commonly associated than those of any two other poets.

The reasons for this are obvious. They were both of them, to begin with, of gentle birth, and—we say it with deference to those who might think otherwise—their poetry was largely influenced by their rank, though in varying extent and fashion. They were both, too, what one of them called ‘exiles of the heart’ as well as of the home. The conjunction of these two accidents added recklessness to Byron, intensity to Shelley. It wrung ‘Alastor’ and ‘Prometheus’ from the one, ‘Manfred’ and ‘Don Juan’ from the other. These were indeed widely sundered products, but it must be remembered that Shelley also wrote ‘Swellfoot the Tyrant,’ just as Byron wrote ‘The Vision of Judgement,’ and that if Shelley gave us his delicate Laments and Romances we are all much the richer for ‘The Dream.’ Social isolation was in both of them the cause of a common defect, in which, however, we once more see the difference of their temperament conspicuously working. Each of them in his own way from lack or contempt of criticism fails in style. In Byron this is most apparent in the want of what is called ‘finish,’ and in the vain facility with which he allowed his ‘rubbish’ to go forth to the world. It is impossible to charge such a worker as he was with commonplace idleness, and so it seems better to lay to his account a moral lethargy which made him careless of his true fame. He never seemed to treat his creative faculty, or what came of it, as a reserved chamber of his nature to be kept swept and garnished, whatever came of the rest. He wrote indeed :

‘I hope to be remembered in my line  
With my land’s language,’

but the desire was not fervent enough to carry him beyond the poorer result inevitable to his native powers. If only the conscientious labour of a Tennyson had been possible to him, what a manifestation he would have made!

The social isolation of Shelley was even more complete than that of Byron. Byron was at least in correspondence with Rogers, Moore, Broughton, John Murray, and a host of others from whom he had to endure valuable protest and counsel which were not altogether without fruit. But Shelley had no one to criticise or advise him. His circle was small, and it only lifted hands of adoration. His main defect was exuberance, and he had no one to apply or even to recommend the pruning-knife. How infinitely the ‘Prometheus’ would have gained if somebody could have persuaded him to reduce it by at least one-fourth of its mere

bulk. There is too much of everything after the first act, which, however, is faultless; too much Zeus, too much Demogorgon, too many pine trees singing interminably 'old songs with new gladness,' too many 'voices of spirits o'er land and o'er sea.' There are even too many of the lyrics in the fourth act, divine as are some of them; and there is far too much of an ill-defined, half-imagined millennium, which might be rest to an over-fatigued Titan, but which only takes casual account of anybody else. But may we be forgiven for seeming to complain that these two great human bestowals were not better than they were.

Near to them in the 'Castello,' but somewhat apart, like 'the lonely Saladin,' there sits a quieter figure. He left the world so soon, and with so little done, though some of that little be of the highest, that the world can hardly estimate him. It may mourn him, but it cannot judge him. The promise of his 'Endymion' gleams through its faulty shape, and survives its frequent clumsiness of epithet and its crude versification. If it contained nothing else of value than that splendid symphony in words of which the first theme begins:

'Oh, sorrow, why dost borrow,'

and after two other magnificent measures comes back at last to the melody with which it started, the poem itself would be stamped with immortality. Half a dozen of the 'Sonnets,' 'Lamia,' the lines to 'Autumn,' 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' and beyond all these the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' and 'Lines on a Grecian Urn,' are credentials enough for a youth who died at twenty-six. But, as we have already said, you cannot place Keats, because you cannot tell what would have become of him.

It would be gross ingratitude to one of the caterers for the delight of his boyhood if a survivor of the last generation were to forget to mention with affectionate remembrance the name of Thomas Moore. If a schoolboy were to try to picture the sort of regard which the thought of him calls up in his elders, it would resemble that which he himself might feel for a family friend who was wont to confer upon him occasional sovereigns. Dear, chubby, little old Anacreon! He could sing to us of love and wine without doing us any harm. How we felt for him when he sang

'The days are gone when Beauty bright  
My heart-strings wove.'

The more, perhaps, because we could not quite realise the



operation. And how glad we were to hear—our own locks being still brown and our cheeks ruddy—that it was possible for him and his olden contemporaries, although

‘The snowfall of Time might be stealing’

over their brows,

‘Like Alps in the sunset, when lighted by wine  
To wear the gay tinge of Youth’s roses again.’

And how thoroughly we agreed with him, having some grumpy mathematical master or fruit-withholding gardener in our mind’s eye, when he broke out—

‘Only think what a world we should have of it here,  
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,  
Were to fly off to Saturn’s comfortless sphere,  
Leaving Earth to such spirits as you, Boys, and me.’

It is true that he wrote ‘Love,’ not ‘Boys,’ but we used to take the liberty of making an undoubted emendation in our own favour. Then did not he teach us ‘The Minstrel Boy’? How real as well as noble we thought the lad, and how our breasts swelled with sacred pity when we heard that

‘The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman’s chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne’er spoke again  
For he tore its cords asunder.’

We endorsed that last act of the poor little hero, without pausing to think—seeing what is the toughness of catgut—how very trying a feat it must have been for his relaxing fingers. Then, when we had grown somewhat older, when sentiment, with its gratuitous but very real sadnesses, had begun to work in us, how grateful we were for such lines as

‘No, not more welcome the fairy numbers  
Of music fall on the sleeper’s ear,  
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,  
He dreams the full quire of heaven is near,  
Than came that voice when all forsaken  
This heart long had sleeping lain,  
Nor deemed its cold pulse,’ &c., &c.

By the time that such tender catastrophes had lost something of their original poignancy, had not Lalla Rookh already grown dear to us? Did we not rejoice over the hoodwinking of Fadladeen? And were we not—wicked young puppies—uncertain whether we were glad or sorry that the seductive king’s messenger, the mysterious and handsome singer of romantic stories, who beguiled the long

journey as he rode beside the litter of his master's bride, should turn out to be her betrothed himself, so that there was nothing like naughtiness or irregularity in the loves of Feramorz and Lalla Rookh after all? And how our hearts had ached over 'The Fire-Worshippers,' and the sweet lament for Hinda at the close of that poem. Poor Tom Moore, what Fame will end by doing with you we do not care to enquire; we trust that you may even now be sipping your nectar and water, cooled to a consolatory point, in the company of Anacreon and a pleasant group of the Anthologists. It may be that no future generation of old fellows will be grateful to you, or recall, when they think of you, the merriment and little heart-aches of their youth. We suppose that our grandchildren will have merriment and heart-aches, but will they have a Tom Moore also? We, at all events, not foreseeing either their temperament or their destiny, will return thanks for having had you. As for your politics, or your satire, we knew very little about them, and cared less; they may possibly have amused our elders.

The Reactionaries were assisted in the tilt which they ran against Byron and Shelley by the contrast of the decent life and calm genius of Wordsworth, seated remote and contemplative among the hills and vales of the Lake country. There he was, in honest communion with Nature, and, save for an occasional outburst of judicial indignation, breathing nothing but resignation and content, while the others were storming in vain fever and fury, and flaunting a somewhat ostentatious violation of what they affected to mistake and despise. The range of thought in Wordsworth, his rustic dignity, his power of seeing the true poetry in common things, his gentle unaffected mysticism, and his simple method of expressing it, are qualities so well and so long acknowledged in him that, except in an historic sketch, it would be too late to call attention to them. But even now it may be worth while to recur to his love for the poor and his reverence for woman. His poor are not the shepherds and shepherdesses of earlier sentimentalists; they are living, working, loving, thinking human creatures, with sins, virtues, and sufferings of their own, not to be pitied, blamed, or loved one whit more or less than their betters, and affording equal food for the contemplative poet or the humane philosopher. What we might call the 'village' stanzas of Gray's 'Elegy' form a shorthand registration of a vast amount of Wordsworth's poems; and to the minds and tastes of many the multiplicity and elaboration of

concrete instances by the later poet grow wearisome in comparison with the brief and easy summary of the elder. Possibly so voluminous a writer as Wordsworth suffers from attempts to read too much of him at one time. There seems in him a reiteration of subject, in which minute shades of distinction merge into dreariness, and beget a monotony of treatment which has, perhaps, no minute shades to lose. His unchanging simplicity is apt to pall, like the bread diet of the poor of whom he loved to sing. But his worship of women is as supreme as it is simple. It would be unfair to it to say that it has been achieved by no one else, for it is clearly innate in the man; it is not an achievement, it is an intuition. In the days of duelling it would have been unsafe to give a full and true expression of our opinion to his face of the man to whom the 'Lucy' poems did not appeal.

Among the worthier workers of the second rank George Darley must not be forgotten. He was not great; he had no mission; and, unfortunately for him, he arose at a moment when men were for asking, with a new directness, of all who proposed themselves for fame, 'What have you come to teach?' His impulse was secondary, his style derivative. He savoured, now of the Elizabethans, now of Milton, now of Shelley, and now of Keats. His method was inartistic. He had nothing of his own to say, but he remembered what others had said before him, and he piped away to their airs, sometimes almost as they would have done it themselves, and always prettily, because he was like them. He was an echo, faint, but not unfascinating. Of his two best known works, the Fairy drama 'Sylvia' and 'Nepenthe,' we prefer the former. Darley's merits may be said to be those of an anthologist on a large scale, and that is as far as one can go in recalling him.

Another strange and half-formed genius who broke into a brief show of prominence along with Darley was Thomas Lovell Beddoes. He had more of strength and less of grace than Darley, but his light was, like that of his friend, planetary, and his work purposeless. Such fame as he had was equally fugitive, and the kindly attempt of his late editor to revive him has, as in Darley's case, failed. Yet both in 'The Bride's Tragedy' and in that so-called of 'The Fool' there is poetry, and in his fragments, especially in those of 'Death's Jest Book,' Beddoes scintillates at times with some thought or expression, some little half-gleam of self-revelation, which seems to hint at a mind that never

shone with its full power. It may be that real madness lay at the root of his imperfection, for his life was eccentric and unaccountable, and he died a suicide.

As to the value of a certain contemporary of Darley and Beddoes, we could wish that we were more heartily in accord with critics to whose judgement we should be glad to subordinate our own. But we cannot affect an unfelt admiration, and we can only present the long drama of 'Joseph and his Brethren,' by Charles Wells, as a work which many persons highly competent to judge have as highly praised. It does not seem to us that the touching old tale has gained anything by its elaboration. In the reprint of 1876 it occupies some 252 pages of considerably more than twenty lines apiece on an average. Its first act alone is about as long as most of Shakespeare's plays, and there are four of them. The composition consists of little else than a series of sermons preached upon texts supplied by the main incidents of the story. Reuben's lecture to his brothers on their treatment of Joseph occupies some three hundred lines at least, and is only broken by ejaculatory sentences from one or other of his ten listeners. The disquisitions upon cruelty, mercy, pity, patience, ambition, and—as soon as Phraxanor, Potiphar's wife, and the only female character, comes on the scene—upon lust, love, honesty, duty, and God's providence, are surely unredeemed by originality. Phraxanor herself falls immeasurably below the Phædra of Euripides, and adds nothing to the Phèdre of Racine. Perhaps the truest apology for the poem is that the work was that of a very young man.

Among the strong men of his generation who deliberately adopted verse, very few were more deliberate in their adoption or stronger in their use of it than Walter Savage Landor. He did not hesitate between prose and verse, but he oscillated between them as a man may between a town and a country house. With now a play, now some 'Imaginary Conversations,' now an epic, he turned backwards and forwards from one to another with a lordly alternation too magnificent to be called caprice. His power in both directions no man may call in question, but there is an indescribable difference between poetic genius and such power. As a boy, he was a precocious scholar, and, when he could be persuaded to try, he produced Latin and Greek verses, original and in translation, which were the bewilderment, and more than once provoked the envy, of his teachers. But his waywardness and wilfulness were

as transcendent as his aptitudes, and he was as a lazy animal that will not put forth its strength. Later on, with like irregularity, he chose his own models, and invented his own methods. Though he studied Dante, he undervalued him on the score of his medievalism. He idolised Milton, whose mightiness in music appealed to him; probably from analogy he would have loved Handel as a musical composer. As a poet we may admire his elevation of style and his intellectual pride, which, scorning small subjects, held itself aloof from playfulness in metre, tricksiness in fancy, triviality in sentiment. We may acknowledge that he never dandled a commonplace, and that he avoided poetical doll-dressing, with all the thousand and one prettinesses in which too many, who ought to have known better, have either courted popularity among half-cultivated coteries, or stooped to solicit the applause of the mob. But it would be difficult to own that he ever moves us; we leave him as calm and unexcited as he is himself. Even his landscape is not vivid; he has not fed his reverence with it like Wordsworth, mastered it like Milton, or assimilated it as Byron did that of Spain, of the Alps, and, above all, of Italy. He cannot bid Nature sing, as Shelley did, ode upon ode of her own making. In short, he is not an evangelist. He had not that kind of self out of which, after all, Gospels are made. And so he remains, colossal, impressive, like a ruin whose purpose is unknown, and from which we turn not without wonderment, but unstirred by reverence, sympathy, or affection. Half a dozen of Shakespeare's sonnets, Byron's 'Isles of Greece,' Shelley's 'Sky-lark,' and the 'Ode to a Nightingale' of Keats are, any one of them, worth a wilderness of 'Gebirs' or 'Hellenics,' fine as these may be. We may admit Landor's stateliness of diction, though this is not so much native as derived. We may acknowledge his power of creating weird situations, but what is there either in his subjects or his treatment of them that satisfies or seduces us? Does he feel, or make us feel, what he writes? Grievously as we may revolt from much that we find in Byron or Shelley, at least we feel that they felt, and thence comes the touch of Nature that makes us akin to them. Not so with Landor.

Perhaps the lowest depths beneath style were plumbed by Wordsworth, just as its high-water mark was habitually paced by his immediate successor in the primacy of English poetry. We reserve the expression 'grand style' to express the majesty of verse, say, in Milton and Virgil, but that is a

matter apart. We employ the term 'style' for a more general purpose. It conveys the idea of masterly elevation of manner, of an inevitable form of phrase, of chasteness in rhythm, of caution in expression, and of a general finish and polish in work. Now, in all these, especially when his volume, his range of subject, and his multiplicity of metre are considered, we hold Tennyson to have been supreme. As he ranges below the majesty of Milton, so he cannot be said to have caught and reproduced the inmost melodies of verse like Shelley, while the rhetoric of Byron he may consciously have shunned. But style, as representing the conscientious handicraft of a master determined to send forth nothing slipshod, common, or unclean, he certainly had and used as no Englishman has ever had or used it. He represents in this respect a staglike bound of our poetry out of the wilds of the rough and the unkempt into a smooth, well-shaven lawn of gardenlike order. It was natural that such a method should be allied to a receptive rather than to a creative mind. Imagination he had, and fancy in abundance, and he relied upon the latter more, perhaps, than on the former. His constructive faculty was not large. The consequence of this last limitation, so long as he remained conscious of it, was his love for short pieces. None of his poems up to and inclusive of those published in 1842 is 500 lines long. 'In Memoriam' is but a wondrous collection of pearls strung together. Very few of its odes are absolutely essential to one another. They follow in fair sequence, though rather like separate stones in an ungraduated necklace; but it requires some ingenuity to plead a general design. So it is with the 'Idylls of the King'; the connexion between these is confined to the re-appearance, ever and anon, of the same personages. In short, Tennyson was a carver of cameos, which he set in a blank matrix. But, then, what gems these cameos are! The two exceptions, outside the dramas, are 'The Princess' and 'Maud.' 'The Princess' especially stands apart. Its story is consecutive, directly told, and is constructed without flaw, but it is slight. Still, as a production, especially taking size into consideration, we are inclined to put it as high as anything he ever did. Perhaps its excellence is partly owed to an element of jocularity, to the fact that it was originally started for fun; this feeling, working unconsciously in its author all through it, may have given him a sense of ease and freedom. Certainly he does touch the serious subjects involved in it with a surer hand than elsewhere. Absolute

seriousness of approach towards the highest is apt to work hesitancy and a want of precision, sometimes even of courage and candour. There are few minds in the whole history of literature that have been equal to this test. A little ripple of laughter, however restrained, evades the difficulty, and leaves success complete. Of 'Maud,' in spite of its many beauties, we had rather not say much. It has been called its author's masterpiece. After much reflection, we take leave to doubt this. Its subject is needlessly disagreeable. Its hero provokes no sympathy; its heroine is a phantom, a statue for Pygmalion to write verses to. The brother and the lordling are unfair caricatures. It is immortalised by some exquisite fragments, such as the garden song, the apostrophe to the Swainston cedar, many lines of the song that begins 'Oh, that 'twere possible 'After long grief and pain,' and the nautilus. But it is defaced by metres here and there that are positively ugly, and by satire that is unexciting because too often undeserved. Of Tennyson perhaps the last word to say is this: Outside and below the group of the very grandest, he is the most perfect and companionable of poets, and will be remembered by an unusual quantity of his work. He will stand for ever in the history of English literature as the champion who refund and rescued the lost Lady of Style. His aim was always lofty; he never wrote a line, much less conceived a poem, that should express himself at the expense of his readers. He never laughed, at or with society, the laugh which corrupts while it affects to censure. It was not in him to gloze over the commonplaces of lust, or to elaborate the portraiture of great crimes with a half-concealed admiration; he could never have written his own apology, or excused his readers' fascination as did the author of 'Monsieur de Camors' when he bade farewell to his adulterous traitor and suicide with the words, 'Sans doute un grand coupable, mais qui pourtant 'fut un homme.' No 'Cencis,' no 'Beppos,' no 'Don 'Juans' for him; though perhaps he did spend too much time over the episode of Launcelot and Guinevere, and though his fame would not have suffered if he had abstained from the somewhat namby-pamby love-making of Rosamund and Henry. Let us forget these blemishes of substance, with here and there a false experiment in form; they are but a few specks in the crop of rich fruit which the garden of his soul has borne for the world; let us turn them lovingly to the bottom of the basket. The poetry of the

nineteenth century culminated in him, and, fitly, in the very noontide of its own course. He may be said, in his own words,

‘To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,’

and there is none to dispute his throne with him.

Side by side and almost year for year with the great laureate there was working a man whose genius was at once the contrast and a complement of his own. Browning's method was not so much a negative lack of style as a positive rejection of it. His magnificent imagination, his intellectual force, his instinct for a fine subject, his love for and mastery over landscape, his penetration into the devious passages and closed chambers of human nature, are all undoubted; but so are his wilfulness, his roughness, his unliterary avoidance of simplicity, his love of leaving his reader, and perhaps sometimes himself, lost in half-lights of intention, and half-thridded mazes of unexpounded philosophy. His burliness and muscularity found acceptance with many persons not too capable of appreciating his highest qualities, but who fancied that they had found in him satisfaction for a lack of virility which they had imputed to Tennyson simply because he was delicate and clear. Many such mistook his obscurity itself for profundity, thinking that what they could not plumb must needs be deep. A host of the admirers of ‘Sordello’ irresistibly recall that old Northumbrian story of the night-wanderer who stumbled into one of the hundreds of disused shafts in the mining district, but, managing to catch hold of the bank as he fell, maintained himself with foot and hand, shouting the while for help. He is said to have been dragged out shaking and chattering in his agony; and it was found that, had he but known it, his toes were only a few inches from the bottom. But Browning must not be undervalued because silly folk have raved about him. He will pass his immortality in the company of his great rival and contemporary; propped, it may be, upon a somewhat lower bed of amaranth or moly, though very close at hand. Because nonsense has been talked about ‘Paracelsus’ we need not forget ‘Strafford,’ ‘Pippa Passes,’ ‘Saul,’ ‘Rabbi ben Ezra,’ ‘How they brought the good news ‘from Ghent to Aix,’ and, above and beyond all else of his, large or small, the matchless and priceless ‘Ring and the ‘Book.’ But great as he was he cannot be wholly forgiven, even by the most grateful of us, for the perversity which elected to scorn the use of good handicraft in the shaping of



fine thought. Whoever the jeweller may be, he has no right to set diamonds in mud.

At Browning's own side for many years sat and wrote his gifted but artistically deficient wife. The long romance of their joint lives, and the unquestioning worship of her husband, threw for a while an undue lustre upon the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The chastisement inflicted upon a still living critic, who at the time of her death indulged himself with a flippant remark in violation of good taste and feeling, but which is not now more worthy of repetition than it was originally of punishment, is still remembered by the readers of 'Pacchiarotto.' The voice of the militant husband is silent now, but we may express the verdict of a later generation without irreverence or cowardice on the one hand, or the risk of undeserved affront on the other. A love of paradox in the reading public contributed to the undue esteem in which, at one time, the productions of the poetess were held. It pleased people to say that the grey mare was the better horse. We remember these very words in the pages of an eminent Review. But though it was ludicrous to look upon Mrs. Browning as the rival or superior of her greater husband, her claims to consideration are beyond cavil. She had feeling, romance, wit, picturesqueness, thoughtfulness occasionally rising into wisdom, and landscape; but none of these qualities was hers in a superlative degree. 'Aurora Leigh' exhibits her range and her limitations. It is a novel in verse, yet its story is undigested and improbable, and its incidents are so overlaid with that intellectual gossip to which both she and her husband were regrettably prone, that it is next to impossible to pick them out as one goes along. They are jerked in as though she were on the point of forgetting them, and as if they were things only worth mentioning, as it were, by the way. The narrative portion of the poem does not occupy ten per cent. of its dimensions. The rest is made up of reflections, sometimes excellent, but in the main tedious and trite. The plot is rather like a story by George Eliot, but a story whose every merit the novelist would have transcended, and from the absurdities and crudities of which she would have steered clear. The worst poetic defect of 'Aurora Leigh' is its abominable versification. From its long stretch of some eleven thousand lines one might bring forward a hundred examples. In fact, her artistic taste was Mrs. Browning's weakest point. Her lyric metres are often as faulty as her blank verse. They jingle themselves at times

into something very like vulgarity. Their music is that of the guitar or the harp at their best; at their worst it is that of the banjo. Yet she must have read the best models. Shelley and, later on, Tennyson were at her command; but she must have turned from them without true study. Perhaps she loved to imitate her husband's perversities. Perhaps he encouraged her—he would certainly not correct her—and she still remained under the expiring lyric tastelessness of the generation that preceded her. Still, with all her shortcomings in art she was a grand manifestation of a woman who revered womanhood, and who conceived that her mission was to hold up the best in it at once as a standard for her own sex, and as a plea and protest to ours. So let us forgive much that is weak, much that is rough, much that is even tawdry if looked at from the artistic side alone. She was voluminous beyond measure, and, like some of her betters in the craft, would probably have written much better if she had written far less. One would have been glad to rub out some twenty thousand of her lines, and then to set her to work to polish and chasten the rest.

With Browning and Mrs. Browning we take leave of the two last great sinners against style. Tennyson, Patmore, Arnold, and Swinburne have all been thoroughly conscientious in form, phrase, and general workmanship. Arnold may have been dry and without a large stock of melodies; Patmore over-frugal and over-chastened; the trill of Swinburne exuberant, repetitive, over-prolonged. But with all of them their strings are ever in tune, and they never touch their instrument with a slack or slovenly hand. As to Arnold, we have heard it said by many folk that to them his work was altogether satisfying; but the remark has generally been made by those who have had an undoubted cross of the prig in them. There is a staid manliness of thought, a carefully pruned nicety of expression everywhere. In 'Thyrsis' and 'The Scholar Gipsy' there is a note struck of honest love and genuine regret. But the magical power of grief-begetting grief, the poignancy which stabs while the verse enchants, the haunting lights and shadows of a suggested passion which hold the memory enslaved, are not there. One can set down anything of Arnold's with a 'This is uncommonly good,' and that is fatal. It may be urged that something of this sort is true even of Milton's 'Lycidas.' If so, it springs of a common artificiality. But then 'Lycidas' is ablaze with lines that have an immortality and perfection of their own, apart from the amber in which

they are embedded. There is nothing of that sort in 'Thyrsis' or 'The Scholar Gipsy,' and they are Arnold at his best.

Of Clough much has been written because more has been felt. To a large group of friends who mourned his comparatively early death his poems were made sacred by memory. They loved his work as they had loved him. But to us, who come to a view of him when the mists of regret have floated away, a colder and soberer judgement appears the truer. He was a dweller upon the borderland of genius, and intellectually was picturesque, but unkempt, like the landscape of the moor edges. Earnest and humorous, and, if unpolished, altogether manly and genuine, his figure suggests that of a respectable Salvator Rosa, or, to take a modern parallel from prose fiction, of a Warrington who wrote verse. He was inexpert alike in form and diction. He had no more mastered his vehicle than he had tamed his intellect. He held neither of them in hand. His difficulties in art were exactly mated to the perplexities of a soul in flux. But he belongs to the 'living minds' of the century, and he exemplifies its variety, even if he has not contributed much to its achievement.

Of such writers as Aubrey de Vere and Sir Henry Taylor it would be impossible for any lover of good literature to speak without respect. Sir Henry Taylor's noble poem 'Philip van Artevelde' in its day almost took the world by storm; but neither that play nor 'Edwin the Fair' has retained its hold upon the reading public. As with De Vere's 'Alexander the Great' and 'St. Thomas of Canterbury' the poet failed in the instinct to make choice of topics which seize. We do not, however, place these works upon the same plane; each of Sir Henry Taylor's rising to a height not attained, and possessing an attractiveness not shared, by either of the other two. The Irish chronicles which Mr. de Vere so laboriously put into verse are but dreary reading, and he further fails to make interesting the Medieval Records or the Legends of Saxon Saints. This, perhaps, may be owing to the Roman Catholicism which can provoke at best only sectarian sympathy. The workmanship, however, is always good, and is always that of a cultivated gentleman. Some of his smaller pieces and sonnets are gems which for years to come will brighten the pages of many an anthology.

The excursions of Charles Kingsley into verse were so infrequent, and the total result of them so small, that, but for

his excellent quality, we should hardly treat him as a claimant for poetic honours. The 'Saint's Tragedy' we may put aside; it is half prose, and even when in verse it seems to lay no stress on its own assumption of the clothes of Poetry. 'Andromeda' is constrained and stunted, as every subject must be which, classic in origin, suffers doubly from being treated in a classic metre. Modern readers fight shy of Greek subjects, and there they are wrong; still less will they attack Greek metres, but there they are right. Kingsley strikes a tenderer and more alluring note in his ballads. 'The Sands of Dee,' 'The Three Fishers,' 'The Starlings,' 'Airly Beacon,' the two poignant stanzas of 'A Lament,' and 'Earl Haldane's Daughter,' which in the volume of the collected poems is only called 'A Song,' are each and all delightful. He is careless in rhyme and metre, but his is not a vulgar carelessness. Wise people, who value true pathos, and welcome the reappearance, even *en déshabillé*, of the good old ballad forms, will take the best of Charles Kingsley's little poems to their hearts, and keep them there.

Macaulay is another commanding figure to whom poetry was merely 'parergon'—to Anglicise a convenient Greek word—but whose sparse produce, like the widow's famous cruse, will last a long time. His 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are undeniable. We have been told that we may call them what we please, so long as we do not call them poetry. But what are they, then? They are written in admirable verse, and verse which is in itself a perfectly fresh mood of ballad metre; and they are hardly the worse for a smoothness which does not destroy their swing or their virility. Roman spirit and the religion of old Rome, set in true Italian scenery, pervade them; and pathos, though kept in hand almost throughout, is occasionally let loose in them; while the whole group is made to subserve modern feeling and purpose. These qualities have made them popular, and if they do not also together make up poetry, it is not easy to say what does. Still, Macaulay cannot be called a poet in the broader sense, for he was but a brief sojourner, a tourist in the realms of song; his native soil and natural habitat was prose.

Very much apart from his fellows, and that owing to a mental loneliness which was to him half a creed, worked Coventry Patmore. A speculator almost fantastic upon spiritual things; a mystic theorist upon life and conduct; proud and soaring, with a touch of the saint in him, and a

snap of the eagle, too; manly in talk, and at times almost tyrannous in attitude; such he was, and such he would have claimed to be. His poetry was gentle and refined to a fault, and it spent itself so largely upon the delineation of over-delicate shades of feeling, and within so circumscribed a range of scenery and incident, that it was voted tasteless by the multitude. But he was a poet of a high order. If constricted, he was from the first conscious of his limitations, and when he had exhausted the vein which he set himself to work, he ceased to produce altogether. Then the mental solitude in which he had long elected to live brought about in him something of that sterility which comes of isolation. 'The Angel in the House' is full of beauty; so are 'Amelia' and 'Tamerton Church Tower.' In the last two the influence of Coleridge is traceable, whom, when at his best and highest, and that unhappily was but seldom, Patmore was wont to extol. 'The Unknown Eros' lacks charm, because it is without that explicability which, after all, is essential to charm. But the character of Jane, Frederick Graham's humble little wife, in the 'Angel in the House,' forms one of the clearest and most pathetic studies in modern fiction, prose or verse.

An episode in the literary firmament of the 'fifties' was the rising and setting of Alexander Smith. That a young man should have written such a first book, and afterwards nothing half so good, was a bewilderment. Perhaps, however, we do not allow a sufficient analogy between man's mind and material phenomena. A morning dawns blazing with sunlight and the beauties that are born of it; long ere noon there comes an eclipse of mist and gloom, and the day never recovers itself. So it is sometimes with genius; it dawns, flushes, and dies out in dulness. But was Alexander Smith's vein genius after all? A late re-reading of 'A Life Drama' begets doubt. Was there more than a great receptiveness? Is not the whole thing a series of echoes crossing and recrossing one another, now of Keats, now of Byron, and now of Tennyson? Was there more than an extreme facility of picking up and imitating methods of fancy, moods of feeling, turns of expression—in fact, the tricks of the poet's trade? Whatever it was, it was well done enough to deceive the very elect, not excepting the last Master left alive from whom the inspiration of imitation came.

As we float down the stream let us not forget to turn our boat into the pleasant backwater whereby dwells the simple,

genuine, unambitious, and unobtrusive Barnes. Local he was, even to the dialect which makes him difficult to many and impossible to more; but to the few who overcome he is undeniably precious. After all, Theocritus was provincial in speech and subject, and Wordsworth eminently local; and Barnes had some of the qualities of both those masters. Like them, he saw the poetry in rural poverty, and was not above being the evangelist of rural life, manners, humour, and feeling. He saw with, felt with, jested with, wept with the rustics of Dorsetshire, just as did Theocritus with the peasants of Sicily and Peloponnesus, and Wordsworth—except the jesting—with the ‘statesmen’ and farm-labourers of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He had not, indeed, the genius of the other two; but, all the same, we take leave to doubt whether either of them ever wrote a better little poem than ‘Woak Hill.’

We now come to two poets, William Morris and Rossetti, whom we class together because they both represent that yearning ‘reuler pour mieux sauter’ which started the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in painting, and such poems as their own in literature. As painters and poets both, they illustrate each phase of the movement. We should be unaffectedly sorry for the person who could tell us after trial that he did not enjoy ‘The Life and Death of Jason’ and ‘The Earthly Paradise,’ or the songs and ballads in Morris’s first volume. How ‘The Tune of Seven Towers,’ ‘The Eve of Crecy,’ ‘The Sailing of the Sword,’ and a dozen other sweet things hold one’s memory! And what a promise—perhaps not quite fulfilled—was there in the fragment called ‘Sir Peter Harpdon’s End.’ It may be said that all his poems, great and small, are but reproductions, even if they can be trusted to be that, of gone forms of life and feeling, and even of affectations that were superseded by a healthier renaissance. It may be that there is too much of what we may dub Botticellism in the composition of Morris, as there was in that of many of those who felt and worked with him. We may blame him for never having extricated himself from his medievalism, for having ‘reulé’ but never having ‘sauté.’ But what he has given us is very beautiful, and, for ourselves, we accept it with gratitude. We acknowledge the presence of the pearls, and we decline, because they may not be altogether fit for daily food, to wish that they had been barleycorns. To our thinking the worst charge against Morris is his pessimism, his hate and dread of the inevitable end, and the hopelessness with

which he persists in looking on life as the vestibule of death.

If genius might be said to consist in doing what a man sets himself to do surpassingly well, as well perhaps as it could have been done, then Rossetti had genius of the first order. But if it be truer to say that genius consists in doing with supreme excellence things that are of enduring benefit to mankind, then Rossetti must be relegated to a lower level. We all remember how we were dazzled by 'The Blessed Damozel,' 'Sister Helen,' 'Troy Town,' and the Sonnets. Nor have we forgotten 'The White Ship,' 'Rose Mary,' or 'The King's Tragedy.' For 'The House of Life,' in spite of its fine handicraft, and its delicate shades of thought and feeling, we have a slighter sense of gratitude. Throughout almost all of Rossetti's work, however, there runs one and the same unpleasant influence, the sense of moral and nervous decadence. We think that this must be confessed, though we are far from admitting the charge to the extent to which it is urged by an eminent foreign critic. Still the canker is there. It is a vice akin to the pernicious theory of Art for Art's sake, which seems to us to be the begetter of things abominable in literature, sculpture, and painting alike. We may all enjoy Rossetti's work from 'The Blessed Damozel' down to 'Jenny'—alas, we are but mortal and are prone to feast where we should not—but how many really wholesome dishes has he offered us besides 'The King's Tragedy'?

Each of the gifted women who wrote their novels under the names of George Eliot, and Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, yielded to the charm which compels so large a troop of sensitive natures. In 'Jubal' and 'The Spanish Gypsy' George Eliot made two serious attempts to justify a claim to the coveted name of poet. Of 'Jubal' nothing need be written. As to 'The Spanish Gypsy' one may permit oneself an expression of regret that instead of a story manacled in verse which is seldom more than tolerable, which never soars, and is too often pedestrian, the writer did not use her materials to give us, as she might have done, in her native fashion, a glorious novel in admirable prose. George Eliot, posing as a poet, provides a literary analogue to the Apteryx among birds: she has everything but the wings, and cannot fly. As to the verse of the sisters Brontë, it was on its first appearance not unnaturally overvalued. None of us could forget the novels, and but few of us were not aware in some measure of the sadness and dreary romance of the

three lives. Sympathy often passes into admiration, and in many a loving heart the two are confused from the first. But after a careful re-perusal, it is impossible to see much more in the collection than might have been achieved by dozens of cleverish daughters of rural clergymen; and, strangely enough, Currer Bell's pieces seem to be the least meritorious.

Both Jean Ingelow and Miss Rossetti have done more interesting and distinctive work. The first named, especially, treats from time to time her delicately chosen and daintily handled subjects with a gentleness and womanly grace that go far to subdue the reader. For instance, overprolonged as it is, 'High Tide on the Coast of 'Lincolnshire' is a monument of pathos, and instinct with the dreary life of the people of the fens.

If George Meredith were as victorious over us with his verse as he is with his prose, he would be the most triumphant 'of our Conquerors.' But as a poet he falls into one of two pits: he either loses his idiosyncrasy, and becoming clear he is tame, or else, beginning to speak in his own tongue, he is untamable. We bear with him in his prose because what his style partly veils is so splendid. His wit, his wisdom, his plastic power and his own joy in it, all gleam out on us through the interjected photosphere of his perversities. These we forgive to him, and only greet an unusually tough paragraph or chapter with an affectionate oath. But though we can bear that our prose should be somewhat over purée, we must have the turtle of our poetry clear; so we say to him, we hope not ungratefully, 'Introduce us to more Egoists, let Richard Feverel undergo 'fresh ordeals, make Shagpat shave himself afresh, negotiate 'for us another Marriage however Amazing, but let ' "Modern Love" and "The Joys of Earth" alone.'

Probably few poets of any age, certainly none among our moderns, have started upon the path of fame with so fair a promise as that which was given by 'Atalanta in Calydon.' Mr. Swinburne took us by storm. The youth who could present a famous but very difficult old myth with the fearlessness and good faith which illumined his poem, and who was capable of writing the best passages in its choruses, to say nothing of a great deal of the blank verse, fully justified the acclamations which greeted him. If Mr. Swinburne has not developed quite commensurately, it is not because he was chilled, like Keats, by want of welcome. There was no frost in his May. Even the wayward drift and over-frank-



ness in treatment of many pieces among his 'Poems and 'Ballads' were condoned far more handsomely than he should have hoped. If some of us felt a first fine shade of disappointment creep over us with 'Chastelard,' which deepened with 'Bothwell' and 'Mary Stuart,' it was not that what was done was not well done—for it was all wondrously well done—but it was that a writer so splendidly endowed should not have cared to treat something nobler, to do something still better worth his doing. Had not the world had already a little too much of the frivolity, intrigue, levity, moral squalor, cruelty, and crime of Mary Stuart and her Court? We grieved that one who might have been among the most picturesque of teachers, as the 'Songs 'before Sunrise' testified, should tend towards subsidence into a raker of dead rose-leaves from the bowers of light ladies, a chronicler of their frailties, and of their sufferings at the hands of paramours whose deeds and natures were even more unsavoury than their own. Such feelings were not relieved by the appearance of 'Tristram and Iseult.' It was now too clear that Mr. Swinburne had become by habitual preference a treater of such themes, and that the world must make up its mind to suffer by his choice. One exception we are bound to admit: 'Marino Faliero' is a great subject grandly handled. Since those days he has done little more than disport himself with his powers. He has tossed metre about as a Japanese juggler spins plates or keeps sham butterflies upon the wing. He has loved to elaborate an idea through a score of complicated stanzas very much as an over-ingenious musical composer tortures a theme through endless variations. And all these things he does with an exuberance and a faultless dexterity which bewilder and charm us for the moment, but upon which he must pardon us if we reflect with a genuine regret. He has suffered, like most great people, much from epithets. He has been called comet-like, erratic, meteoric; but these hardly supply a befitting image. He does not strike us as lawless, or out of the way, except in having been very brilliant. He is rather represented, to our thinking, by a star that floats suddenly into the astronomer's ken, shows for a while as of the first magnitude, arousing a wild surmise, a hope, a prophecy, but slowly dies back to a moderate though still considerable splendour, and leaves the disappointed observer saddened as well as silent, like Keats' sailors upon their peak in Darien.

With Mr. Swinburne the roll of the masters is closed.

But there are many names, early and late, which deserve record. There is Bishop Heber, whose 'Bluebeard' is, with the exception of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' the best comic poem ever written by a clergyman. There is Bailey, of whose death at a ripe age we have lately heard, and in whose 'Festus' and 'The Age' the display of his own literary ambition is perhaps, after all, in spite of their momentary acceptance, the chief effect. Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám's 'Rubáiyát,' must not be forgotten, though his original work may have passed out of remembrance. There is, too, the late T. E. Brown, the Manxman, a great scholar and tutor, whom a long generation of Clifton schoolboys remember with affection and reverence, and whom a grateful group of readers still thank for his 'Fo'c's'le Yarns,' 'Manx Witch,' and 'The Doctor'; genuine pictures, all, of the homely island life and scenery amid which he was born and nurtured. There is Sir Alfred Lyall, whose masculine 'Verses written in India' make us wish that there were more of them. There is Professor Courthope, whose 'Paradise of Birds' might well have been followed by something *simile aut secundum*. Sir Lewis Morris has been a voluminous writer, and a careful and conscientious worker. He is, perhaps, the most fruitful and successful of the Tennysonianians. His 'Epic of Hades,' which introduced him, and his 'Gwen,' a very charming poem, have won him a title to respectful mention among Victorian poets. Prominent among all such in gentle grace of idyllic work is Mr. Robert Bridges. His shorter poems seem to us far his best. In spite of the superiority of his 'Return of Ulysses' to another much-praised poem on the same subject, the verdict upon him must be that he falls back beaten from effort upon a large scale. But if anybody who does not yet know him should wish to try the flavour of his smaller fruits let him take the first taste of them in the delightful, but unnamed, poem which begins—

'There is a hill beside the silver Thames.'

We shall be surprised if he does not devour the basketful.

Lord De Tabley's half-dozen volumes are, unfortunately for the many, known only to the few. He had not those qualities which provoke general acceptance. One is tempted to associate him with Arnold, though it is not difficult to differentiate the two. De Tabley could not have written 'Thyrsis,' perhaps, nor 'Empedocles on Etna,' though neither subject would have been alien to his genius; but

Arnold, on the other hand, would have been incapable of 'Orestes,' and still more certainly so of 'Jaël,' that strangest and most original of monologues. Seldom has a sequel to a long-accepted myth been so completely justified. We feel that the lonely woman who in a momentary flush of resistless patriotism dared to slay the sleeping Sisera, whom she had for pity entertained, must have repented of her deed; and seldom has there been a nobler study of passion than De Tabley's of the remorse with which he has dowered her. His volumes are full of fine things, and we could only wish, not so much for his fame's sake, as for that of the general spread of enjoyment, that the number of those qualified to judge of them were larger than it is.

Three men have been conspicuous during the nineteenth century as writers of 'sacred' poetry—Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, and Mr. Keble. There would be an obvious risk in an attempt to judge them by what is after all bound to be a secular standard. They are all eminently sectarian. Let those who prefer either of them to George Herbert do so. For ourselves, we are content with the elder poet. Their piety is their enticement, and Herbert's has an element of universality which theirs lacks. Once we recollect catching in Mr. Keble the true lyric ring. It is in the opening stanzas of the lines written for one of the later Sundays after Trinity, and which begin—

'Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun.'

But even these are but a sweet echo, which would hardly have taken shape but for Gray's 'Elegy.'

A word or two must be said for those whose mission has been to relax the strung bow for us, who have had no lesson to teach beyond the pleasant one that life need not be all labour, and who in teaching this have laughed with us out of working hours. James and Horace Smith were poets. 'A Tale of Drury Lane,' that epic of the Fire Hose, is as much a poem outside 'Marmion' as Pope's 'Iliad' is one apart from that of Homer. Aytoun and Theodore Martin created a new Campeador in Don Fernando Gomersalez, and added a startling sequel to the deeds of St. George in the exploit of Mr. Philip Slingsby. Those who have simmered over the neatness and classic smartness of Calverley have owed a like and not inferior pleasure to Seaman, Graves, and Godley. And as we and our fathers enjoyed in company the extravaganzas of Planché, so have we sat and laughed with our sons over the libretti of Gilbert

wedded to the music of Sullivan. In this, as in other matters, we of the nineteenth century have had much to be thankful for.

Two or three stand out among the younger group of living poets whom we have deliberately forborne to estimate. Let us now name them—Mr. Watson, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Kipling. Their genius is undoubted, and each will take the rank found due to him, as time develops his powers and accumulates his productions. That we do not attempt to appraise them comes not of failure to appreciate or reluctance to acknowledge. But we think that they more properly belong to the twentieth century, and we hope and believe that when the chronicler of the new epoch makes up his treasures their names will each have an honoured place upon the roll.

And now, what is the sum of the matter? Is it not that at the dawn of the last century, after a brief period of slightness and estrangement from high purpose, Poetry did rouse herself, shake her plumes, remember her mission, and set herself anew to the serious problems of life; to this end touching the lips, and not in vain, of Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning? Have not all these great men caught fire from their epoch, illuminating it in turn with the coruscations of their own uncommunicated genius? And has there not been beside them a long and still brilliant company of lesser lights, grouped in easy gradation of achievement, from the high level of Swinburne, Arnold, and Patmore, down to that of some of those who are at work to-day? Mankind may hereafter shake their heads when they read some of the more unmeasured of contemporary eulogies, but it will always be conceded to the nineteenth century that, while it was an age in which eternal questions and issues had become more complex and more difficult than they had been or seemed to be during its predecessors, it produced poets able and zealous to attack them, and who, while they laid bare their own doubts and self-conflicts, were still fit to register every pulse and stereotype every phase of the moral, social, and intellectual movement that surged around them.

- ART. VII.—1. *Lord Grey's Letters on the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell*, 1846–52. 2 vols. Bentley. 1853.
2. *The Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald*. By JOSEPH POPE. London: Edward Arnold. 1894.
3. *The Commonwealth of Australia*. By Professor W. HARRISON MOORE. London: John Murray. 1902.
4. *Federal Government in Canada*. By Sir JOHN BOURINOT. Johns Hopkins University Series.
5. *British Rule and Jurisdiction Beyond the Seas*. By Sir HENRY JENKYNs. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1902.
6. *A Short History of British Colonial Policy*. By H. E. EGERTON. London: Methuen. 1897.
7. *Parliamentary Government in the Colonies*. By ALPHEUS TODD. Boston: Little & Brown. 1880.

THE Colonial Conference is at an end, and the premiers are returning to their own countries. The Government have decided that they will not publish a report of the discussions, and we shall, therefore, not possess any full record of debates which must have teemed with episodes to throw light on the internal relations of the British Empire. The reticence is discreet, but disappointing. For the resolutions passed by this Conference—if ever they should be published during our lives—will give us very little help in estimating the general tendencies of colonial feeling. Such resolutions express little more than pious wishes. It would be very much more interesting to know what was the attitude of the colonial premiers towards the original proposals put forward by Mr. Chamberlain. The Colonial Secretary, it is generally believed, suggested certain schemes of combined Imperial defence. He presumed, we imagine, that it would be possible to build some durable structure on the basis of the combined effort made by the Empire to close the South African war. But if so, it seems clear that his proposal met with little favour from the colonies. The modest resolution which is officially stated to have been passed in favour of increased colonial subventions to the Imperial navy carries us, indeed, little beyond the point that we have reached already. Australia, as everyone knows, already contributes 126,000*l.*, and South Africa gives an ironclad. The very slight additions to these grants, rumoured to be about 200,000*l.*, which have been sanctioned by the Conference are satisfactory, but do not open up any new policy.

They do not even keep up with the increase in our naval expenditure—amounting to about 10,000,000*l.* a year—since 1897. Australia, if rumours speak truly, has even put forward an important claim to independent naval control, which it appears that the Admiralty has refused to entertain. The one clear fact is that all the colonies shrink from further military expenditure and control. Instead of wishing to increase the control of the central power, both Canada and Australia have for long cherished the notion of absolute internal military Home Rule. Their record in the South African war has made them not less but more anxious to provide their own officers, and manage their own armies. They would certainly resent any suggestion of compulsory service, or of legal obligation to help the home country in case of need.

The results of the Conference, therefore, deliver a severe blow to the hopes of those who have been dreaming of military and naval concentration as the first effect of the Boer war. The colonial premiers have, it is clear, taken a far shrewder view of the moral of that war than have some observers at home. They see that its moral is not concentration, but elasticity—not compulsion, but free and voluntary effort. The centralised system of the British War Office failed to grapple with the situation, and it was the free and unfettered efforts of volunteers at home and in the colonies that saved the Empire. That is not a story which points convincingly to the necessity for increased control. At any rate, the colonial premiers will have none of it, and it is now clear that the tendency both in Canada and in Australia will be towards military autonomy rather than military subordination. They do not regard their two years of voluntary effort as giving the old country any larger claim on their resources, and they would be surprised if the Imperial authorities were to use a great and signal display of spontaneous patriotism as an excuse for inviting a very heavy annual contribution to the exchequer of defence. They are willing to give freely their blood and treasure in a moment of emergency. But they claim, when the time comes, the right of choice. They are young and poor; they have small populations that have to struggle with great natural difficulties; they have vast countries to civilise, and demands to meet which are unknown to an old and settled country. They shrink, therefore, from the prospect of a continuous military strain. They draw back, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has himself put it, from the ‘vortex

‘of militarism.’ They cannot face the burdens of the new and the old world at the same time. They cannot undertake to subdue at once nature in a new continent and humanity in an old.

The old country, on the other hand, also shrinks from a further sacrifice to the new. Here, again, it would be interesting to have a full account of the discussions at the Conference. For it seems certain that the colonies, on their side, put forward suggestions which made almost as great a demand on Great Britain as the British proposals made on the colonies. Each side suggested a closer arrangement on the point which affected it most. The need of the home country, threatened everywhere by the combinations of a hostile Europe, is a securer system of military and naval defence; the need of the colonies, young countries struggling against big fiscal combinations like the United States, is a larger commerce. It is plainly to the interest of the home country that the military relations of the Empire should be placed on a fixed basis. It is equally to the interest of the colonies that the commercial relations should also be defined. If we want defence, they want trade.

It is true that the demand for concessions in this matter by the colonies from Great Britain bears a somewhat startling aspect to the casual observer. A foreigner, looking simply at the facts, might imagine that the colonies already had it all their own way. For if we look at the trade relations of the British Empire, what do we see? On the one side Great Britain admitting the imports from her colonies almost entirely free from taxation; on the other, the colonies still building up high tariffs against the imports from Great Britain. One would imagine that if any proposal of reform were possible, it would be that the British colonies should imitate the home country by abolishing their tariffs. Sir Robert Giffen, indeed, has boldly put forward the suggestion that the Empire should seek unity in the direction of universal free trade. But this proposal may at once be dismissed as outside the range of practical politics. Whatever other step Canada and Australia may take towards the further unity of the Empire, they will certainly not take this step of adopting free trade.

The actual suggestion made by these two great colonies at the Conference was very far removed from this. It was, indeed, a suggestion in the direction of assimilation. But it was assimilation in a precisely opposite direction. Their

proposal was, we believe, not that they should come towards us, but that we should go towards them. They wished that the British Empire should move, not towards free trade, but towards protection. They took care, indeed, not to alarm us by any sweeping proposal. The Empire was not to be protected all at once. The dream of a Zollverein, such as prevails in the German Empire, was even discreetly denounced by Sir Edmund Barton. We were to move gradually, indeed, by way of preferential tariffs; but the suggestion was made in a tentative and persuasive manner. Canada, indeed, could justly claim that she had carried out the pledge given at the last Colonial Conference in 1897. Since that year she has extended to British imports a preference of one-third, though it has been shrewdly, if somewhat unkindly, pointed out that owing to the nature of our imports her tariff still works out more in favour of American than British goods. Still, Canada has the right to claim that she has carried out her promise. It is not Sir Wilfrid Laurier's fault if his stout refusal to demand any concession in return has now been outflanked politically by the revival of the shilling duty on corn. Sir Edmund Barton, the Premier of Australia, could not indeed plead the same sentimental claim. But for many years past Australia has been pressing the Imperial Exchequer to remit the import dues upon Australian wines, and Sir Edmund Barton came to this country with an instruction to demand a preference on this product. Lastly, it is rumoured that Mr. Seddon hovered in the background with a more shadowy and less defined proposal, mainly thrown out in the form of spasmodic interviews, for a preference on Australian mutton. But as, happily, no tax on mutton exists at the present moment, Mr. Seddon's ideas scarcely came within the sphere of practical politics.

This, then, was the situation at the opening of the Colonial Conference. Mr. Chamberlain, on behalf of the home country, suggested help in Imperial defence. The two chief premiers, who were practically the only other personages who counted in the Conference, passed over this suggestion, and sought on behalf of their colonies a commercial preference on two imports—corn and wine.

But it would appear that the Imperial Government presented as steady a resistance to this demand as the colonies on their side presented to ours. It is stated that the Conference passed a general resolution in favour of preference at some future time. But that is a poor reply to those who asked for it instantly on corn and wine. If the



home country remains empty-handed at the end, so do the colonies.

Though the dream of Imperial consolidation, either military or commercial, is thus for the moment shattered, there are smaller but not insignificant tasks which we may hope to find sensibly forwarded by the meetings of this summer—which are, it is now stated, to be repeated, as they ought to be, at regular intervals. The unification of the Empire in respect to law and custom, or in matters like telegraphs, ships, and posts, seems, perhaps, a somewhat prosaic task after the great visions on which we have fed. But it is probably here that we should find the surest and safest road. The Conference of 1897 discussed the proposal of an Imperial postage, and rejected it, but probably that discussion helped towards its adoption. The Conference of 1902 may, perhaps, fail in everything else, but it will not be wasted if it has led to a better understanding between the premiers and the home country on such minor questions as those of shipping laws and telegraphs, or a common metric system, or a common degree for solicitors and barristers throughout the Empire. Let us hope that the resolutions, when they are published, will bear out the very sanguine forecast on these points.

But perhaps the chief profit of the Conference has been, after all, to place a definite check on that hurry after Imperial concentration which has of late become so perilous a tendency. It has brought certain vague and nebulous ideas to the test of practical bargaining, and it has revealed the fact that within the large circumference of common aims and common hopes which encircles the British Empire there is still a vital sphere of differing interests and local autonomies on which we trench at our peril. There could be no more certain way of breaking up the British Empire than to carry our centralising tendency beyond the point of healthy growth. If the British colonies were to allow the Delilah of militarism to bind their limbs and shear their locks, then there would be an ebbing of strength that might portend their final downfall. If the United Kingdom, on the other hand, found itself being heavily fined for the colonies, there would be a reaction which no statesman could resist.

The Conference has brought wisdom to extremists on both sides. Colonial interests have proved strong to resist projects of centralised Imperial defence. British interests have been strong to resist any definite suggestions of fiscal preference.

If Canada is not drawn into the 'vortex of militarism,' neither is England drawn into the vortex of protection. We have recognised the difference of our interests, and in that recognition lies the best hope for our unity.

But before we put the whole matter of the Conference behind us, it might be well to form some definite opinion as to the tendency of its two chief proposals—military consolidation and preferential duties. Putting aside the question whether they are premature, are these things ultimately desirable or not? They represent some kind of movement, but is it movement forwards or backwards?

Military consolidation is the natural aim of all the military empires. It is the aim of Russia, and is the reason why that Power is at present undermining the local liberties of Finland. But hitherto the British has not been a military empire, and the tendency has been in the opposite direction. There was a time when all our great colonies were garrisoned by Imperial troops. But the gradual result of the gift of self-government was to enable the home Government to withdraw these garrisons. Australia and Canada are now entirely self-dependent in regard to military defence. South Africa was the only white colony still protected by an Imperial force at the end of the nineteenth century, and by a curious coincidence it has been the only white colony exposed to invasion and rebellion. A strong movement exists in Australia in favour of obtaining control of their navy, and it found expression, as we believe, at the Colonial Conference. The tendency is inevitable. State sovereignty is inextricably bound up with the military power. No colony can really be self-governing which has not also control of its own forces. And as the desire for self-government is the profoundest and strongest motive in colonial politics, so the dislike to any idea of military consolidation is unqualified and universal. It seemed plain to the colonies that this was a movement backwards—a movement away from the autonomous principle on which our Empire is based. That the colonies should undertake their own self-defence, and should in the end establish entire self-dependence on this matter is only right and just both to them and to ourselves. But that is a very different matter from military centralisation.

The proposal of a system of preferential tariffs sounds more specious, and has the great advantage over the first proposal of being desired by our colonies. But the British

Empire is a fine balance which can quite as easily be upset by an excessive claim on the mother country as on the colonies. Great Britain has given self-government to her colonies, but she asks in return self-government for herself. But self-government becomes the shadow of a name if our finance is to be regulated by the desires and interests of distant lands. It is not any longer contended that preferential duties on behalf of our colonies will be of any advantage to ourselves. These duties are rather defended as an Imperial act of generosity—a sort of return for services rendered. They are even represented as a new invention in Imperialism.

As a matter of fact, the proposal is a step back to the system of sixty years ago. It is a stale device which was abolished by our forefathers. Those who wish to look before they leap should read again the first letter in 'Lord Grey's Letters on the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell (1846-52)'—a volume which still embodies the ripest wisdom in the structure and government of the British Empire. Lord Grey describes in this letter the struggles against this very fallacy of preferential tariffs. It was the last survivor of the protectionist beliefs, and was so strongly held that when in 1842 Lord Grey moved a resolution against even 'new protecting duties in favour of colonial produce' he was defeated. Lord Grey thus states the proposition he put forward in that debate:—

'Duties ought not to be levied on the importation of any articles which would meet in our market articles of the same kind produced in the colonies and not subject to an equal amount of taxation.'

At the foot of the page he adds this interesting note:—

'It does not appear to me at all inconsistent with the idea of the unity of the British Empire that no attempt has been made to unite its several members, divided as they are from each other by the diameter of the globe, in one fiscal system.'

He considered that the time had come to end the system of colonial monopoly and establish fiscal freedom.

'I considered it to be no less for the real and permanent interest of the colonies themselves than for that of the mother country that industry should cease to be diverted from its natural channels and a useless burden to be imposed on the consumer by differential duties, levied for the purpose of favouring colonial produce in our markets, and our produce in the markets of the colonies.'

These are notable words, which may well be pondered at the present moment.

Those who resisted Lord Grey's motion used an argument which should give some of our Imperialists pause :—

'Not only those who still adhere to the opinion that the former policy with respect to colonial commerce was the right one, but many of the most eager advocates of the principles of free trade, concurred in arguing that, if the colonies were no longer to be regarded as valuable on account of the commercial advantages to be derived from their possession, the country had no interest in keeping these dependencies, and it would be better to abandon them, thus getting rid of the heavy charge on the country, especially in producing the requisite amount of naval and military force for their protection.'

That is to say, if the colonies are not a profit to us they may as well be dropped. It is an argument we do not often hear nowadays, but might it not be heard again if we revived the fiscal relation? Against this Lord Grey put forward a weightier and more enduring reason for the existence of the Empire :—

'I consider, then, that the British Colonial Empire ought to be maintained, principally because I do not consider that the nation would be justified in throwing off the responsibility it has incurred by the acquisition of this dominion, and because I believe that much of the power and influence of this country depends upon its having large colonial possessions in different parts of the world.'

But he laid down the rule of non-intervention which has dominated our policy ever since :—

'The country has no interest whatever in exercising any greater influence in the internal affairs of the colonies than is indispensable either for the purpose of preventing any one colony from adopting measures injurious to another or to the Empire at large; or else the promotion of the internal good government of the colonies by assisting the inhabitants to govern themselves when sufficiently civilised to do so to advantage, and by providing a just and impartial administration for those of which the population is too ignorant and unenlightened to manage its own affairs.'

Such is the law of the British Empire as laid down by its mighty founders, in regard to this question of fiscal preference.

But these proposals, whether for closer military consolidation or for fiscal preference, are but the vanguard of a larger movement. The enthusiasm which they call forth is only a fragment detached from the great ideal of Imperial federation, which has for so many years been the dream of so many English politicians and thinkers.

Nothing has been more clear than that the colonial

premiers of Canada and Australia—whose authority is necessarily supreme in this matter—have set their face against any closer linkage of the Empire as a whole. Why is this? What is the meaning of this instinctive shrinking from any closer central control? It is not want of loyalty or attachment to the home country. It is not aversion from the root idea of the British Empire as a combination of British authorities and powers. It is simply that each of our great colonial systems is already engaged in solving the problem of federation in its own continent. The federal system of Canada is not yet complete; the federation of Australia is in its first infancy; the federation of South Africa has not begun. Local federation must come before Imperial, and until local federation is complete, Imperial federation must remain a dream and a desire.

If we would realise the truth of these statements let us look round the British Empire, and try to form an idea of its present condition and stage of development.

In such a survey there is happily no need to discuss the issues of such an event as the South African war. Here we are concerned with results, and the only question we have to ask is—Has the war brought South Africa any nearer to that process of South African federation which is the necessary preliminary to Imperial federation? No candid observer can say that it has. Let us admit that the war has brought Canada and Australia nearer to us through the common sentiment that it evoked. Its effects on South Africa could not but be disintegrating. It has increased the division of races. It has reduced the number of loyal Dutch to a lower point than ever before in our history. It has alienated temporarily, but we hope not permanently, the majority in Cape Colony. It has completely upset the political equilibrium at the Cape, and it has produced a formidable movement, supported by the High Commissioner, though opposed by the Colonial Secretary, in favour of reducing the Cape to the level of a Crown colony. The debates in the Cape Assembly and the extraordinary position of the Cape Ministry—dependent for their existence on the will of their own Opposition—do not imply any certainty that our King Canute can say to the tide, 'Thus far and no further.' The Progressives—the English 'Loyalist' party—seem bent on suspension, and the only supporters of representative government are the Ministry and the Afrikaner Bond. Whatever opinion we may have on these events, it is impossible to

maintain that they have in themselves brought any nearer the day of that most desirable consummation, the voluntary federation of a group of self-governing South African colonies. Good sometimes comes out of evil. But at present there is every sign that the South African war has postponed rather than accelerated the day of South African federation—and with it the federation of the Empire.

Let us turn to Australia.

The federation of the Australian colonies was achieved on July 9, 1900, when the Australian Commonwealth Bill received the royal assent. The federal Parliament was opened by the Prince of Wales in the summer of 1901, and a federal Government, with Sir Edmund Barton as premier, has now been in power for over a year. How does Australia stand at this moment?

It is passing through all the maladies of infancy. During this year the Australian Parliament has been absorbed in a gigantic struggle over the first great task of the federal Government—the Tariff Bill. In that measure Sir Edmund Barton has simply been carrying out the first duty of a federal ministry, which might perhaps have been better performed by a federal convention—to establish the finance of the new Commonwealth on a federal basis. The Commonwealth Act abolishes all the inter-state custom dues, and establishes one common exchequer and one common customs system, though the distribution of revenue is proportioned to the State debts and the State needs.

Sir Edmund Barton's view is that the financial needs of the Commonwealth can be met only by a high customs tariff, and he has therefore raised the tariff to a high protectionist standpoint. This has developed a free trade opposition of amazing strength, which has fought the Bill with great persistence and energy, and has forced the Government to modify their proposals in several points—as for instance by abolishing the tea duty, a very embarrassing loss for the various States. The last phase of the struggle has been a conflict between the Senate and the Assembly. The Senate, which possesses far larger powers of finance than our House of Lords, suggested sweeping amendments. The Assembly rejected them, and the Senate again sent them down.

The points at issue have at last been settled by a general display of British common sense. If the deadlock had continued there would have been no other possible issue than the rejection of the Tariff Bill by the Senate and a prolonged

fight between the Houses, under the interesting provisions of the Act governing such a contest.\*

This struggle over finance illustrates not merely the close division between parties in the Australian Parliament, but the jealousies between the newborn States and the central power. The Senate is elected by the States, and its opposition is doubtless due quite as much to jealousy as to any fixed belief in the policy of free trade.

The central Government possesses authority over the States on no fewer than thirty-nine matters,† and it is likely that the same jealousy may be felt in regard to many of them.

Among these powers of the federal Government, perhaps the next in importance to the control of finance is the right to regulate the immigration or emigration of inhabitants. The cry for a white Australia has always been very powerful in the south of the continent, and it has now resulted in a federal Act virtually excluding Kanakas, Malays, and Japanese from the continent. The result is that Queensland, faced with the loss of all the labour with which she runs her great sugar and pearl industries, is seriously discontented.

It is difficult, indeed, in Melbourne and Sydney to realise the labour problem of a tropical country like Queensland. The labour party throughout Australia has always shown the spirit of continental exclusiveness—a perfectly natural feeling, but one which is likely to bring it into conflict with Imperial policy. Before the federation each colony dealt with this question in its own way and according to its own needs. In some colonies, such as Victoria and New South Wales, there was no particular damage done by the spirit of racial exclusion. They were white colonies, and could be run by white men. But Queensland lies within the tropics, where white labour is practically impossible. The Kanaka labour has given rise to grave abuses and requires strict regulation. Nobody could quarrel with any steps that the central Government might take for this purpose. But the federal Government has not been content with this; it has resolved to drive out Kanaka labour altogether. Queensland, it is true, is to receive a bonus for her sugar industry

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\* See the 57th clause. First there is a Dissolution. Then if the deadlock still continues there is a joint meeting of the Houses, and the question is decided by an absolute majority of both.

† See 51st clause.

as long as it is in the hands of white labourers. But the Kanakas are to be sent back to their own islands, and the Japanese and Malays are to be excluded from South Australia and Queensland. Lord Hopetoun, rightly or wrongly, decided to give his sanction to this measure, instead of 'reserving' it for the King's pleasure. The Alien Immigration Act has become law, and now the federal Government is wondering how it is going to carry it out.

The tropical States are not likely to give the central Government any help. South Australia, Queensland, and Western Australia do not contemplate with any equanimity the loss of their valuable pearl-fishing industries, which are mainly carried on by the fearless Japanese and Malays. The Dutch are trying their utmost to get hold of the pearl fishers for their own shores in New Guinea. But far and away the most dangerous of these questions is the threatened exclusion of the Kanakas. The Premier of Queensland has spoken with considerable vehemence, and the General Election in Queensland has backed him up. The white men in Queensland see themselves threatened with the expulsion of all their labourers in virtue of an Act passed by a remote Government lying within the temperate zone. Their finances are already in a precarious state, and no one quite knows how the Kanaka is to be deported. The Queensland Government, sooner or later, may refuse to act, and the federal Government may well hesitate to send troops to carry out its orders. The policy of the Trade Halls of Melbourne and Sydney does not seem quite suitable for the tropical colonies.

The third and last instance of friction is fortunately of a less serious kind. The 5th section of the 51st clause of the Commonwealth Act gives to the federal Parliament control of the 'postal, telegraphic, telephonic, and other 'like services.' No one can doubt the desirability of this provision. One of the practical discomforts that led up to the federation was the variety and mutual hostility of the postal services in Australia. But the new postal service has met with a very curious difficulty at its start. Early in their existence the Commonwealth authorities discovered that Hobart formed the centre of a great racing sweepstake business from which Tasmania derived considerable profit. The federal Government decided that this was immoral, and they proceeded to stop all communication between Hobart and Tattersall's. The result is that Tasmania now loses an income of about 25,000*l.* a year, and loudly complains of



illegal interference on the part of the Commonwealth. It is, of course, a somewhat open question as to whether the central Government has the right not merely to make laws in regard to postage, but to intercept the private correspondence of a State. The unfortunate thing is that there is no authority yet established to decide such points once and for all.

These larger political problems are accompanied by a number of smaller practical difficulties. The virtual dismissal of Lord Hopetoun on the ground of expense—because the State Governments refused to pay for the two State residences required by the Governor until the new capital is built—is simply one instance of the financial panic which has fallen upon the federal statesmen. That panic seems likely for the moment to dominate Australian politics, and the recent elections in Victoria show that the Ministry is simply reflecting the opinion of the people in its policy of thrift. Under this influence all talk of building the new Australian capital has ceased. The 125th clause of the Act lays down that the seat of government shall be determined by Parliament, and ‘shall be built within territory belonging to the Commonwealth within the State of New South Wales, and ‘not less than a hundred miles from Sydney.’ This clause was the result of a long strife, arising from the jealousies of Melbourne and Sydney, and formed part of the concessions by which the consent of New South Wales was finally gained. But the Parliament still sits at Melbourne, and there is no present enthusiasm for a new capital and a new set of expensive Parliament buildings. Perhaps the force of custom will prevail, and Melbourne will pass naturally into the position of the Australian Washington. It would certainly seem a pity for the Australians to turn their backs on a great city like Melbourne, and to erect a capital of shanties away from the sea, where the federal members of Parliament would find their sessional duties even more tedious and expensive than they are at present.

A far more serious hitch is the failure to create the federal Supreme Court, which forms the pivot of the whole constitution. At any moment a constitutional deadlock may occur, and there does not exist at present any means of unlocking it. The appointment of this Court is all the more necessary since the famous 74th clause has removed all inter-state constitutional questions from the purview of the Privy Council. Many such questions have arisen between the provinces of Canada or between the Dominion

Parliament and the provinces, and have been decided by the Privy Council. But Australia claimed internal independence from Privy Council control. We all remember the struggle over the 74th clause, and most of us were perhaps content that Australia should be left to settle her own constitutional problem. The federal Court, as laid down by the Act, closely resembles the High Court of the United States. It would be perfectly easy for the Australian Parliament to constitute it by creating the Court from the chief justices of the various colonies. But there seems to be a strong political prejudice against creating a Court which might have supreme powers over all political parties. The situation is a curious one, for the written constitution is simply being defied. It would now plainly have been better if the High Court had been nominated in the Commonwealth Act, and if the Commonwealth Parliament had been left no option as to its powers. But the Act leaves the Parliament a wide scope of choice as to the jurisdiction to be conferred upon the federal Court, and it does not seem at present likely that the parties will come to an agreement on the question. At present, indeed, the first step requires to be taken. The federal Court itself has not been appointed.

Perhaps this omission is only one sign of the fact that the various States of Australia have not yet entirely acquiesced in their subordinate relation to the federal Government. The position of the Australian States is difficult and peculiar, and they may be excused if they do not immediately accept the new situation. They have until recently been powerful independent colonies. Victoria and New South Wales have held their heads high. They are countries of the size of European monarchies, with no inconsiderable populations, with traditional policies, and even hereditary jealousies. They have been virtually sovereign States. They have fixed their own financial policies on different lines, and have nourished their own local patriotism. New South Wales has been a free-trade State, and now finds herself compelled to accept a strong measure of protection. She has to accept legislation from Melbourne, and to see her capital—Sydney—gradually sinking to a second place among Australian cities. These questions may seem small at this distance, but on the spot they are apt to figure more largely than problems of Imperial moment.

The situation largely resembles that which existed in

North America during the early life of the United States. There were many moments in the period subsequent to the War of Independence when it seemed as if the inter-state jealousies and traditions would break up the union of the Republic. The spirit of local independence, which afterwards culminated in the War of Secession, has always been a powerful factor both for good and for evil in the history of the United States. It is equally powerful in Australia, and let us hope that the good will be greater than the evil. The individual colonies have certainly had some very trying experiences of late. The premiers of New South Wales and Victoria have, for instance, seen themselves rewarded for their adherence to the Commonwealth by exclusion from the Colonial Conference. They have seen the Premier of New Zealand, on the other hand, invited to England as a guest of great distinction, and figuring at English public meetings as one of the chief spokesmen of Australasia. The glorification of Mr. Seddon has not, perhaps, been quite the sort of event that encourages the federal spirit. New Zealand is a vigorous and active community, and has just as much right to stand outside the federation of Australia as Newfoundland has to stand outside the federation of Canada. Nobody can blame her, too, for having attempted to obtain by a side wind special rights of subsequent admission as an original State. Nobody, on the other hand, can blame the Australian Commonwealth for her scornful rejection of such a demand. For not even Mr. Seddon can pretend that the action of New Zealand has been heroic. The other colonies have risked and sacrificed much for the federal idea; New Zealand has refused either to risk or to sacrifice anything. It has been a little galling, therefore, for the premiers of equal States in Australia to see themselves passed over in the invitations to the Colonial Conference, while the premiers of colonies like New Zealand, Natal, and Newfoundland have all been invited.

We have now mentioned sufficient instances to illustrate the difficulties of the new-born Australian Commonwealth. We do not doubt that the robust young community will strangle these snakes in its cradle. But it is as well to face the fact that the snakes are there before we hurry on to other and more complicated Imperial experiments. It would have been better, perhaps, if the new federal Parliament had taken the form of a convention to pass laws in pursuance of the Commonwealth Act. Administration has

to be carried on, but at the present moment the legal position of the central Government can be questioned at every point. The 51st clause, which gives to the central Government its power, opens with a preface that the Parliament 'shall have power to make laws,' and then details the subjects on which these laws may be made. But few of the laws are made, and yet the federal Government is proceeding to act. Take, for instance, the case of defence. No Defence Act has yet been passed. And yet State officers and troops are being moved about freely by the central Government, although they are under no law at present but that of their States, which does not permit movement in time of peace. In the absence of a federal Court, in fact, the federal Parliament does virtually what it likes. The energetic and industrious labour party, which inspires that Parliament, and forms the chief support to Sir Edmund Barton, is scarcely equal to the task of facing the problems of Australia as a whole. The immense length of the session and the smallness of the pay combine to drive away busy men, and it does not seem possible at present to increase the salaries. Even the financial powers of the central Government are by no means clear, and the States are at present inclined to kick against the assumption of the central Government to impose additional taxation.

A review of the present condition of affairs in Australia will send us back better fitted to deal with the problem of the Empire as a whole. When we consider the difficulties which Sir Edmund Barton has to face at home, we can understand more easily the position which it seems he took up at the Colonial Conference. It is only our own provincialism which makes us imagine that the federation of the Empire can be brought about in a day. Whether it comes at all may be a doubtful matter. But it is quite certain that the process will take place from below rather than from above. In medical language, it will 'granulate.' The internal federation of the various groups must be strengthened and solidified before there can be any real possibility of a larger federation between the groups.

Perhaps we shall realise this better if we reflect how the federation of the two federated groups—Canada and Australia—has been brought about.

Few people in this country, perhaps, realise how slow and laborious this process of continental federation has been.

Both with Canada and Australia, every step in the process has been the result of voluntary effort, and it is notable that on the only occasion when the Imperial authorities attempted to hurry the pace—the attempted federation of South Africa in 1877 by Lord Carnarvon—the result was an absolute failure. The only group of colonies whose federation has been actually taken in hand by the Imperial authorities is also the only group which is at present not federated at all. Sir John Macdonald once complained to Lord Knutsford \* that the union of Canada in 1866 was treated by the Duke of Buckingham, then Colonial Secretary, as a mere matter of convenience to the Colonial Office. But we have little doubt that the work was really done far more effectively because the Colonial Office left it to the Canadians themselves. Indeed, it might almost be argued that it is in such fits of absent-mindedness that the Empire has really grown best.

Both in Canada and Australia the movement towards federation came entirely from within, and in both cases it found its impulse in practical aims rather than sentimental idealism. The federation of the Canadian colonies was slow in coming, but it took place thirty-four years before that of the Australian, just because the practical need was more pressing. Those who read Sir John Macdonald's 'Memoirs' will realise the complete deadlock that had been reached in the government of the colony then called 'Canada,' which included the present provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The only mistake made by Lord Durham had been in his creation of this impossible combination of equally balanced racial forces. The increase of population in Upper Canada created a demand for further representation, which Lower Canada strenuously resisted. It became impossible to govern. Ministry after ministry fell, and at length the proud politicians of the colony of Canada were driven to turn to federation—hitherto regarded as an amiable dream—as the only possible escape from their miseries. In 1864 they sent delegates to the Conference of the Maritime Colonies, which were just on the point of making a separate combination, and virtually became supplicants for unity. The conference of Charlottetown became in the autumn the conference of Quebec, where, in 1864, the main outlines were prepared of the great Act which sealed the bond of confederation in

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\* In a letter written on July 18, 1899, published in his *Memoirs* (vol. i. p. 312).

1867. The other provinces gradually came into the union, and now Newfoundland alone stands out—one of three signal and suggestive instances within the Empire of the dividing power of the sea. But it is to be noted that no Canadian thinks that the integrity of the Empire would be promoted by driving Newfoundland into a compulsory

The confederation of Australia came far more slowly. Australia lacked the incentive of a great and possibly hostile power facing it across a land frontier of over 3,000 miles; there was no failure of government such as in central Canada; there was no great need for united effort such as the Canadian Pacific Railway demanded. The result was that fully fifty years intervened between the first public agitation for a federated continent and its final realisation. During these years the colonies seemed to be growing apart rather than coming together, and the fundamental facts of a common continent and a common race did not assert themselves until the practical discomforts and growing dangers of divided sovereignties literally drove almost every Australian statesman of foresight into the movement.

It is not necessary here to give more than a very brief account of the steps towards Australian federation between 1862, when it first became a question of practical politics, and its realisation in 1900. Up to 1862 it was little more than the dream of an Irish idealist, Charles Gavan Duffy, who had been accounted a notorious separatist in his own country—one of the most romantic figures in the history of the British Empire in the nineteenth century, and, happily,

\* Sir John Macdonald's letter to the Governor-General after the defeat of his own confederation policy at the polls in Newfoundland in 1868 forms a very interesting statement of colonial policy on this point:—'It would never do to adopt Colonel Hill's suggestion of adding Newfoundland to the Dominion by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. There can be no doubt of the power to do so, but the exercise of it would seem to me to be very unadvisable. We have had an infinity of trouble with Nova Scotia, although both the Government and the Legislature agreed to the union, because the question was not submitted to the electors. We have at a large cost settled that difficulty. The case would be much worse in Newfoundland, where there was a Dissolution and an appeal to the people for the express purpose of getting their deliberate opinion for or against the union. They have decided for the present against it, and I think we should accept their decision.'

still surviving into the twentieth. But the first attempt to confer on the matter was brought about by the severe pressure of the intercolonial tariffs. The abstract and sentimental arguments for unity were open to lively dispute, but the damage to trade resulting from numerous fiscal barriers was patent to all.

A series of Colonial Conferences between 1868 and 1885 at last bore fruit in the Federal Council Act, which conferred certain administrative powers on a Central Council. But as that body was unable to raise a revenue, it soon fell into contempt. The next stage of federation opened with the great Federal Convention of 1891 at Melbourne. This Convention laid the first foundations of the federal system, which were further elaborated at the Conference of Premiers in 1895, and finally hewn into shape and form in the second Federal Convention of 1897-8. But then occurred a hitch. The Bill was rejected by New South Wales on the referendum of 1898. A final Conference of Premiers in 1899 arranged a compromise on the disputed points, and on June 20 the second referendum pronounced in favour of federation.

It will thus be seen that the evolution of confederation in Australia was a far slower process than in Canada. The intercolonial jealousies were profound, and the rejection of the Bill by New South Wales in the referendum of 1898 was due very largely to the rivalries of Melbourne and Sydney, which are at the present moment still unsolved. We doubt, indeed, whether federation would ever have been achieved in Australia if it had not been for the losses endured through a divided customs and postal service, and perhaps also in some part to the common fear of European interference in the Pacific.

At no stage in this long process did the Imperial authorities venture to interfere. Their task was to sit still. When Lord Monck tried, during the negotiations preceding the Canadian confederation, to force the hand of Sir John Macdonald by a threat of resignation, he received a snubbing which effectually silenced him.\* But no Governor ever attempted to force the hands of the Australian statesmen. There was only one attempt made on the part of the Imperial authorities to alter their Bill—on the 74th clause, and there, as we have said, the Australians virtually got their own way. The delegates from Australia arrived at Westminster

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\* See Sir John Macdonald's *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 299-303.

with a clause virtually abolishing the Privy Council in so far as it affected Australia. Here a compromise was effected, but though the Imperial Government secured some remnant of authority for the Privy Council in the external relations of the Commonwealth, Australia secured absolute constitutional independence within her own borders.

But it is even more important to note that in the construction of their Constitution the Australians have in many respects taken the American rather than the British Constitution as a model. While in Canada the Dominion Government retains all powers which are not delegated to the provinces, in Australia the opposite principle prevails—the States retain all powers which are not conferred on the central Government. That is the governing principle of the American Constitution. Again, the Australian Senate is the American body transferred to the Pacific. The federal Court is also borrowed from the United States. When the Canadian confederation was framed the Canadians wished to call it a ‘Kingdom,’ and it was Lord Derby whose respect for American susceptibilities led him to call it ‘Dominion.’ But Australia never even suggested ‘Kingdom.’ ‘Commonwealth’ was the name she desired, and ‘Commonwealth’ it is.

In every detail, then, Australia, even more than Canada, has been allowed to develop on her own lines. She has an American constitution which only requires a President to make it a republic, and she has acquired virtual independence of any control that we can exercise except through our fleet.

And yet what has been the result?

Since the passing of the Commonwealth Act Australia has given to us the clearest possible marks of her loyalty. She has helped us ungrudgingly in a war of our own making. She has shown an almost touching confidence in our diplomacy and statesmanship. In this case, at any rate, a great colony has shown us that the more we trust her the more she will help us—the larger the freedom we give her the less she will desire separation. Could there be a greater contrast between the results of our complete abstention from interference in Australia and our perpetual intermeddling in every possible manner with the affairs of South Africa?

We have now passed in review the story of confederation as far as it has gone in the British Empire. We might add an account of various interesting attempts to federate the West Indian Islands, of which the chief result at present is



the federation of the Leeward Islands under the Act of 1861. The Windward Islands are, it is true, under one Governor, but as each island has its own council they can scarcely be regarded as federated. In the case of these colonies, however, federation is mainly a question of expense, and scarcely involves the very interesting constitutional questions which have arisen in the self-governing colonies.

The history of the process of the federation within those colonies forms a striking reply to the doctrine of force as a bond of Empire. There is no case in the history of our Empire in which force has succeeded in drawing the colonies nearer together. Those who attempted such a thing would find on their hands an impossible task. Like ourselves, our colonists will only consent to a form of government which they have chosen for themselves.

These considerations may seem trite, but they are not unnecessary at the present moment. Every wise man now hopes that it may be possible to extend the federal system to the government of South Africa. It is eminently adapted to that country. The attempt to govern two colonies like Natal and the Transvaal by means of one government would as surely end in failure as did the attempt to govern Quebec and Ontario entirely from one centre. We are gradually learning in politics that incompatibility of temper is as bad a basis for a common government as for a marriage. It is quite as impossible to suppose that Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony can unite in one government as that they could profitably remain entirely separate. In all these cases we want some solution which is neither entire separation nor complete absorption; and ever since the days of Greece that has been found in federation. Until that is achieved in South Africa there can be no final solution of its problems; and until South Africa is federated into one self-governing whole it is quite certain that we should talk in vain about the federation of the Empire. For if that is ever to come about it must be a federation of already federated groups.

But it is clear from our review of federation in the other colonies that federation in South Africa must come voluntarily and from within if it is to come at all. It must be born from the free spirit of free States. It must be the union of true souls, the marriage of true minds. As long as even the shadow of despotic government or martial law rests upon South Africa we may put aside even the dream of federation. For the history of Australia and that of Canada

alike demonstrate the fact that federation of free men must be federation by mutual consent. No South African Federal Government could work smoothly if any of the parties to it were forced into the union. Such a government could not avoid wreckage if the statesmen who had to work it could blame Downing Street for any failure or hitch in the machine. It could not even be started unless both Dutch and English were allowed an absolutely free voice in the settlement of the details. We must wait till the fruit is ripe before we can gather it.

But until South African federation is accomplished, and the Australian federation has survived the crises of infancy, it would be vain to discuss the larger question. If the Empire is ever to be federated under either a Council or a representative Parliament, that step will probably be brought about by a new 'shrinkage of the world' such as will make Australia as near to Great Britain as Europe is now.

'What was before us we know not,  
And we know not what shall succeed.'

The present linkage of so many distant colonies has been rendered possible only by that developement of railways and telegraphs which was the specific work of the nineteenth century. British Columbia could not be linked to the Maritime Provinces without the Pacific Railway. New South Wales could not throw in her lot with Queensland without steamships to link together the ports of that great continent. It is thus mechanical invention which has done the chief work in the past, and it may do it again in the future. Men like Signor Marconi may be true federators, and the politicians must wait upon their achievements. We cannot tell what further victories over time and space may await us. We have not yet even exhausted the possibilities of our present achievements. Australia has yet to fall in with the Imperial penny post. We have yet to see what changes may be produced by the new Pacific cable, or the new lines of steamships between Canada and South Africa that are at present being projected. We must let these things grow. We must allow time to draw our colonies closer together, and watch the slow workings of natural forces until they give us the proper chance for human intervention. We must be ready to take time by the forelock, but not hurry to snatch her by the back hair.

But as to our colonies, they are at present for the most part still in the age of infancy. They have not finished growing, and growth requires freedom. No wise parent will check

the free play of a child's limbs by tight or heavy clothing. No wise statesman would check the free developement of our colonies with iron laws and regulations. They need population above all things, and Europeans chiefly migrate to reach a freer air. They go to escape the bondage of ancient traditions, the grip of the dead hand, or the rod of the military martinet. The emigrants of Europe are for the most part tired of aristocracies and monarchies, and they go forth to escape from them. If Canada and Australia adopt these things, and cramp their young limbs in all the cast-off clothing of the Old World, they may become mimics of ourselves, very flattering to our vanity, but they will never have a life of their own. The United States have grown because they have kept free of Europe, and it is a significant fact that even the average British emigrant still prefers the States to our own colonies as a settling ground. Man does not live by constitutions, but by freedom.

The last word, then, is, Give the Empire air. Let it grow. Interfere with it as little as possible, and then, if its component States ever come into a closer union, they will come as proud equals, grown in wisdom and stature, and not as subordinates hoping for some profit from the union.

Our first task is to put aside the two vices of Empire—the pride of power and the desire for profit. It was these vices that lost us our first Empire, and will, if they grow, surely imperil our second. It was only when Lord Grey and his fellows deliberately set aside the idea that our colonies should be used as a source of profit, that the modern spirit of free and mutual loyalty between ourselves and our colonies arose. Let us not go back to the old days of greedy haggling, when 'colonies' meant 'estates,' and were only valued as sources of trade revenue. There is a fatal risk in relying on the maxim 'Trade follows the flag.' For what if we discover that it does not? Are we to turn our back on the flag? It is too dangerous a throw of the dice. The great moral discovery of the nineteenth century within the British Colonial Empire was that the tie of sentiment grew as the tie of law weakened. That is as much a fixed point now in the field of politics as the power of electricity in the field of applied mechanics. It is part of our capital. We go back on it at our peril. Our best courage lies in trusting to it absolutely and without any shadow on our confidence. For thus only shall we become, like the comrades of Ulysses—

'One equal temper of heroic hearts  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

ART. VIII.—*The English Novel: Being a Short Sketch of its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of 'Waverley.'* By WALTER RALEIGH. Fifth impression. London: Murray, 1901.

IT is tolerably certain that criticism will find in prose fiction, if not the greatest, at least the most characteristic achievement of European literature during the nineteenth century. We should be the last to underrate those great outbursts of poetry which attended, and were in part inspired by, the first and second French Revolutions; and doubtless in England Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron are names fully the peers of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Miss Austen, and Miss Brontë. But there have been other poetic periods not less notable than the age of Wordsworth in England, of Hugo in France. There has never before been a period in which the imagination of mankind gave itself over so completely to shaping imaginative thought in prose as that which began with the publication of 'Waverley.' For although the title of this paper refers to the nineteenth century, we are really concerned with that literary development to the opening of which Mr. Raleigh brings readers in his brilliant little monograph; wisely stopping short where the subject grew beyond the compass of any reasonable volume. After the appearance of 'Waverley,' for a few years yet the constellation of poetic genius shone with growing lustre; but soon three of its great lamps—Keats, Shelley, and Byron—plunged suddenly into darkness. Wordsworth began to pale an ineffectual fire, Coleridge to gutter out; while Scott, with a genius that had at last found full scope, went on from strength to strength, uniting in masterpiece after masterpiece the two elements that had hitherto been kept apart in work of the prose imagination—the element of comedy, satiric or good-humoured, and the element of romance.

It may, perhaps, help readers to realise the extraordinary change in estate which the novel has undergone since the early days of last century, if we revive some specimens of the critical opinions expressed in this Review. No one will wish to assert that the 'Edinburgh Review' has been consistently inspired in its judgements; but probably no one will care to deny that it has represented more than adequately the normal standard of well-informed criticism. In the first twelve years of its existence, or in the first

forty-eight numbers, the editor only devoted ten reviews in all to novels; and of these, five were concerned with stories by Miss Edgeworth, an authoress 'whose design of affording 'instruction' entitled her novels, in the editorial eyes, 'to 'more consideration' than is usually bestowed on works of 'this description.' Yet, let it be remembered, almost every issue of the Review devoted one article at least to some work in verse, even though the poets to be reviewed were of no greater merit than Mrs. Opie or Joanna Baillie, and often, indeed, were writers whose share has been a still more perfect oblivion. There were, no doubt, novelists doing work not inferior in merit to Mrs. Opie's poems; but the plain fact is that the novel was excluded from the Review's survey because the novel had fallen into the deepest disrepute. Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Sterne had each been followed by a crop of imitators, but had never established a school. The one writer of the eighteenth century who had succeeded in setting a fruitful example was Miss Burney, among whose disciples we may reckon Miss Edgeworth and another lady who was far greater than Miss Edgeworth, but of whose productions the Review, it must be admitted, took no contemporary cognisance. Miss Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility' appeared in 1811, and her five other books within the next decade; but it was not till long after that a first mention of them was made in these pages. Yet among a wide circle of readers the vogue of the novel was, relatively speaking, as great as at present.

'From the Minerva Press in Leadenhall Street,' says Mr. Raleigh (and the 'Edinburgh Review,' noticing 'Delphine,' bears him out by a contemptuous reference to this same institution), 'romances poured forth in shoals during the years before the appearance of "Waverley." Of this vast body of worthless literature the single characteristic is imitation—shameless and unintelligent—of the most popular English and French authors. Mrs. Radcliffe, Godwin, and "Monk" Lewis, Rousseau, Madame de Stael, and the Baronne de Montolieu (whose best-known novel, "Caroline de Lichtfield," had been early translated by Thomas Holcroft) furnished the stuff for innumerable silly composites of sentiment and horror. . . . It is worth noting that the largest and readiest sale was found by writers since forgotten.'

Mr. Raleigh adds statistics. Two thousand copies of 'Vicissitudes Abroad; or, the Ghost of my Father'—a work in six volumes by Mrs. A. M. Bennett—were disposed of at thirty-six shillings on the day of publication. Two thousand copies at thirty-six shillings may be counted equivalent to twelve thousand at the modern price, and in those days the

Review computed that 'there are in this kingdom at least eighty thousand readers.' The staple reading of these eighty thousand was afforded admittedly by these 'works of fiction,' which, said the Review, in its notice of 'Tales of my Landlord,' 'are generally regarded as among the lower productions of our literature.'

But, as the reviewer then admitted, this summary classification had been upset by the apparition of 'Waverley'—a work of genius which was promptly hailed by Jeffrey with its true title. Yet it is not a little curious to note how gradually, and, as it were, grudgingly, the long-standing prejudice was relaxed. The reviewer of 'Tales of my Landlord' was at some pains to explain that prose fictions might very conceivably prove preferable to epic poetry. 'The great objection to them, indeed,' he wrote, 'is that they are too entertaining . . . and are so pleasant in the reading as to be apt to produce a disrelish for other kinds of reading which may be more necessary. Neither science nor authentic history, nor political nor professional instruction, can be conveyed in a popular tale.' To this opinion (expressed in 1817) the Review adhered for a period, though noting in 1826 the continuously increasing application of talent to this branch of literature. 'For every one good novel thirty or forty years back there are now a dozen.' But still the view was held that 'the novel is only meant to please; it must do that or do nothing.' When Mrs. Gore, in her 'Women as They Are,' showed signs of writing something that should not be 'a mere novel,' but should convey information, the reviewer disparaged the attempt, maintaining that nothing should be in a novel which would appear tedious or displaced in a play. But in 1830 an article (dealing with various novels of military or naval life, by Marryat and other officers) opened with a full recantation of this heresy:—

'This is truly a novel-writing age! . . . Persons of all ranks and professions, who feel that they can wield a pen successfully, now strive to embody the fruits of their observations in a work of fiction. One man makes a novel the vehicle for philosophical and political discussion; another smuggles in under similar disguise a book of travels, or, as in the case of two recent travellers in Turkey, first sends forth the record of his tour and then a novel by way of corollary.'

The case of the officer, the critic goes on to show, is analogous; soldiers and sailors can now without breach of discipline give the world an insight into the very heart of military life. In short,

'it has been discovered that the novel is a very flexible and comprehensive form of composition, applicable to many purposes, and capable of combining much instruction with amusement. There is scarcely any subject not either repulsive or of a very abstruse nature which must be of necessity excluded from it.'

Plainly, then, the status of the novel had been established as 'a more creditable exercise of ability than it was previously considered'; and this change, as the Review said with great justice in the article from which we quote these last words, was due to Scott. We have insisted at some length upon this citation of contemporary opinion to emphasise what is imperfectly realised to-day—the importance of Scott's example, and the depth of the slough from which he dragged this admirable vehicle for thought. It is true that, before 'Waverley' was written, Miss Austen had done, in silence and almost without recognition, five-sixths of her whole wonderful work. But Miss Austen, impeccable though she was, lacked what the greatest possess—that personal magnetism which kindles. Realising, perhaps more fully than any other, that the novel must rest on observation and experience, she confined herself to effects perfectly within a scope so limited that nothing but sheer greatness could draw matter from it. She had no wide first-hand knowledge of life, no treasury of reading to draw upon such as Scott had; had she possessed the latter, she would scarce have utilised it, for fear of those artificialities and imperfections which Scott himself did not avoid. With Scott's resources, she would only have been a kind of glorified Galt; her mission was to intensify, not to extend, the range of observation. She might quicken the sense of comedy, and that human sympathy which lies so near it; she could not enlarge and nourish the imagination. It was for Scott to show outlying tracts of the world, and backward ranges of time, peopled with living creatures, who were not mere human abstractions, like the personages of French tragedy; to carry abroad and into the past something of that noticing eye which makes the present living and significant, and to blend, as Shakespeare did, romance and comedy, high life and low life, into one many-coloured pattern. And, dealing as he did from the first with Celtic peoples, where the point of honour is in no way confined to a caste and gentility is claimed by the bare-legged follower as well as by the chief, he went far to make an end of the conventional distinctions in art between the motives and the sentiments of gentle and simple, rich and poor. In a sense, Scott, the clansman,

paved the way for Dickens, the Cockney, and for the romance of familiar life.

It must be freely allowed that Scott had probably no intention of doing any such thing. No great man of letters, with the possible exception of Shakespeare, ever attached so light a value to his own productions as did the author of 'Marmion' and 'Waverley.' He rehabilitated the novel, perhaps, less in his own eyes than in those of the world; and certainly his last wish would have been to establish a democratic form of literature. Nevertheless, such was the result—a result achieved, as it were, accidentally and by reaction. Scott himself at first accepted bodily the convention of a superior intrigue for the gentlefolk, and a secondary plot for the servants. But his principals, heroes, and heroines were gentlemen and ladies, so impeccable as to be devoid of vitality, while his Cuddie Headriggs, Andrew Fairservices, and the rest were affluent in life, stamped with the individuality of all real creatures. Beyond the interest of the plot was the interest of the secondary characters, who were, indeed, the living forces that actuated and guided those accurate pieces of machinery, the high-spirited young man and the ringletted young lady. And it was not long before even the primary convention disappeared in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' when he produced a heroine of humble birth, without beauty, without romantic affection for any lover—a creature of mere prose, and yet indisputably heroic. Jeanie Deans was, perhaps, the first heroine in prose literature sketched consistently with the eye of a humourist, and her strong existence put to shame the phantasmal Lucys and Julias. Scott's failures were only less instructive than his successes. He showed the compatibility of romance with the most solid stuff of realism, and though from first to last it was seldom that he permitted himself to treat his leading lady or gentleman as he treated Jeanie Deans, yet he made it sufficiently plain how even heroines ought to be treated. And it was only the dashing young man and the pretty young woman of his own class who paralysed his faculty: kings were handled in his pages with the same free imagination as beggars, and James I. of England or Louis XI. of France is drawn in not less boldly, not less unsparingly, than Edie Ochiltree or Davie Deans. Fundamentally, Scott was a realist; the romancer had his feet planted on the solid ground of fact; only at certain points did his method fail him, or, rather, did he fall short of his method's requirements. He had no desire to



write stories altogether of ordinary or uneventful life in the shop or the cottage; in so far as he had theories, this procedure was against them. But, owing to the mere fact that the restraint of certain conventions, from which he never shook himself free, rendered low life in his books far more interesting than high life, both novelists and novel-readers were made ready to look for stories of romantic or tragic cast from which the traditionally picturesque and decorative elements, the obviously romantic, should be entirely excluded.

It must be allowed that this was by no means an immediate result. The first things to be imitated in Scott were not his essential excellences, but his accidental attractions. The Review, in summing up his work, attributed his success to the fact that he 'made a discovery in literature,' which showed how history might be made available for the purposes of fiction by 'attention to localities, to manners, 'and costume.' Scott, said Jeffrey, had 'taught the importance of truth to nature.' That was a sound observation, but the truth which made Scott great was the truth which he shared with Shakespeare, and not the historic accuracy or verisimilitude in accidentals. Yet what struck the mind of his contemporaries was just this affluence of 'local colour,' to use a phrase greatly in vogue from 1830 onwards. The result is evident in various ways. A crop of writers—Harrison Ainsworth foremost among them—followed Scott's lead in the historical novel, finding their account in a vast deal of that jargon which Stevenson wittily called 'tushery,' and in all the Wardour Street accessories for which Scott had an antiquary's passion. They caught the trick, but they missed the magic. All the difference between talent and genius is shown by the contrast between Ainsworth's lay figures in armour and those surprising personages of 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Talisman,' and the rest—the Brian de Bois Guilberts and the others, who at one time are mere stuffed creatures of pasteboard and at another come suddenly to life and breathe the very breath of battle. Moreover, as Scott knew and said himself, the other men studied up as a matter of business all the antiquarian lore which had always been his preoccupation, till at the last he was really impregnated with the spirit of medievalism. Nevertheless, on this side Scott was most imitable, and he has made the fortune of a host of imitators from that day to this.

On another side his achievement had better results.

With his customary generosity, he avowed himself in debt to Miss Edgeworth for the demonstration that local peculiarities of character, circumstances, and dialect might be emphasised with effect in fiction. Needless to say, he bettered the instruction, and his success paved the way for other writers of genuine talent. Galt, who had been told in 1811 that a novel purely Scottish in subject could never take, found by 1820 a fair field open for his works, whose merit has perhaps hardly been adequately recognised. He at least relied solely upon truth to nature—the minute delineation of small and parochial affairs. Without talent for construction, without any brilliancy of style or of wit, he achieved a success which but for Scott would never have come his way. And his method, employed afresh on a kindred subject by Mr. J. M. Barrie, has given us some of the finest work done by any writer now living—work almost as superior to Galt's as was 'Waverley' to 'Castle Rackrent.' Another contemporary owed, like Galt, little to Scott's example, but much to the taste which he had created. Miss Ferrier's broadly humorous studies of Scotch character are still excellent reading—much better reading than Miss Burney's stories, whose disciple, nevertheless, Miss Ferrier may be said to be. Yet neither 'Marriage' nor 'The Inheritance' would have been likely to find a publisher or a public but for the interest which Scott had generated in local peculiarities of life, thought, and speech. Nor was the influence confined to Scotland. From Miss Edgeworth's country Lady Morgan sent her 'Wild Irish Girl,' who had a vogue that is now surprising. Work of far higher quality than hers was done by the Banims and by Carleton, peasants of genius, who failed of greatness only by the lack of adequate literary equipment and of a literary tradition behind them. Yet they too scored a certain success by the picturesque presentment of unfamiliar conditions of existence. So in a different way did Hope, who won a great reputation by his study of a Levantine adventurer in 'Anastasius'—so great a reputation that the Review ranked him next to Scott—*longo sed proximus intervallo*.

Outside Great Britain Scott's example was not less fruitful. Byron alone of his contemporaries exerted an influence abroad comparable with his, and he exercised that influence, as did Byron, chiefly through Paris, the intellectual clearing-house of Europe. Scott's influence in France was not so direct as that of Byron, but it was not less important: significantly enough, he was the forerunner of Shakespeare.

Men went on from the great master of prose romance to the greater master of romantic drama. Not only in Hugo's writings and those of Dumas can we trace the leaven at work: Mérimée's prefaces comment with their quiet irony on the craze for local colour—which, if it produced a crop of absurdities, produced also such tales as 'Colomba' and 'Carmen,' tales unlike enough to anything that ever came from the pen that wrote 'Waverley,' yet worthy of it, and beyond a doubt traceable to its inspiration.

Scarcely more resemblance unites Scott to his only rival, the great Dumas: there is between the two writers all the gulf that divides Dalgetty from D'Artagnan. But Scott's was the parent inspiration: without Scott we had never known the immortal 'Musketeers.' Few things in criticism are more curious than the divergence between the estimate of Dumas *père* which obtains in his own country and that which has been given by such judges as Stevenson and Mr. Lang. French opinion rates Dumas much as we rate Marryat or Lever; and there is, perhaps, something in the contention, put forward the other day by Mr. Gosse, that to set an extravagant value even on the 'Musketeers' series is a kind of puerility. In the art of holding attention by brilliant improvisation, whether of incident or dialogue, Dumas outdoes his master; but even his best figures, with the single exception of D'Artagnan—even Athos, Aramis, Porthos himself—are at best splendid creatures of the stage. But Cuddie Headrigg and his mother, Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Evan Dhu, Dandie Dinmont and Meg Merrilies, Claverhouse and Burley, old Elspeth in the 'Antiquary,' Jeanie Deans and her sister—all these creations are simply part of life; you cannot match them in Dumas—it is hard to say where you can match them.

Nevertheless, though Scott more than any other man established the novel as the characteristic expression of an age in literature, it was not 'Waverley'—and still less 'Ivanhoe'—that furnished the type of novel destined to dominate. True, 'Waverley' has had, and always will have, successors, and among the progeny of Scott must be reckoned Stevenson, one of the two or three outstanding names of recent years. And in at least one European literature—that of Poland—the historical novel appears to have been the tool most natural to the hand of a man of genius. It is difficult to judge work in a translation, yet, perhaps, Sienkiewicz's epic story, 'With Fire and Sword,' may be allowed to offset the great novels of Russia. But the type

of novel which has dominated exclusively in Russia—the serious detailed study of contemporary life—is that which has predominated in European literature since the novel settled down into enjoyment of the ascendancy to which Scott was the first to lift it. Dickens and Thackeray, Balzac and Flaubert, Tourgeneff and Tolstoy, have all found their subjects in the life of their own generation, or, more often still, of the generation immediately preceding their own. Exceptions have to be made, and if anyone cared to argue that ‘Esmond’ was the best English novel, we should listen to him with respect. But essentially the novel has been what Balzac desired to make it—a transcript, made sometimes from immediate inspection, sometimes through the softening haze of memory; but made always by a contemporary from the record of the *comédie humaine*.

The novel in Scott’s hand was a variant of the lay. It was a tale of the life of people remote in time, appealing to curiosity, to the primitive desire for instruction. With Miss Austen it had been an instrument of pure comedy, full of delicate ironies, never coming to close grips with life. Mr. Raleigh, indeed, would have us believe that the world of pathos and passion is present in her work by implication; but we are not so sure of that. At all events, the novel which was to dominate was the novel which would draw, as Miss Austen drew, on contemporary life and current knowledge of the world, but which would treat this material without the limitations imposed, whether by reticence or temperament, on Miss Austen’s work. Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Trollope, Kingsley, all the names that stand out in the list, down to the greater of our contemporaries, such as Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy—have been not merely realists but actualists. They have all of them tried, in their different ways, to extract all the drama that lay in the life about them. And, as is almost inevitable, at least for English-speaking folk, they have dealt with life more or less deliberately as preachers. Great artists in other countries, Tourgeneff and Maupassant, for illustrious examples, have been content simply to let narrative be narrative for its own sake, and for the sake of the skill in doing it. But Dickens, Thackeray, and the rest preached explicitly and implicitly; theirs was a serious art, and an art standing in a relation to life which is not that of the pure poetic imagination. That is probably why many people, who have a real love for literature, yet have no love for Scott; he is a novelist who does not concern himself

with the problems of existence. His place is with the minstrels; and though, for our own part, we should have more faith in him as a moral influence than in most—for the atmosphere of his books is upland air—he has no conscious purpose of influencing either conduct or opinion.

That purpose never leaves Dickens for long, even in 'Pickwick.' Scarcely a page in Thackeray but has the moralist revealed, with his 'take warning.' George Eliot is everywhere the disputant; Miss Brontë is a passionate advocate, claiming a wider scope for stunted lives, asserting a somewhat indefinable freedom, preaching a fierce courage of the soul. We are not speaking now of the particular objects which various of these writers had at various times in their minds, as Dickens had when he assailed the Court of Chancery, or Charles Reade when he ran amuck at private asylums. Our point is, that each and all of the men and women who attained eminence in this branch of literature since the day of Dickens have sought to impose upon the reader their own view of life—a thing which neither Scott nor Miss Austen did. It is true that two of the greatest novelists still living—Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy—have scarcely conformed to this rule: each has been ambiguous rather than reticent in comment upon life. And, probably for this very reason, neither of them has ever been wholly popular.

Just this double function has given to the novel its peculiar preponderance; it has at once satisfied the imagination and come home to men's business and bosoms. And therefore, so far as England is concerned, other and more ancient forms of literature have been engulfed in it. It has swallowed up the essay bodily: what has the century to show in that kind since the days of Hazlitt and Lamb, except the parerga or by-products of novelists like Thackeray and Stevenson, and the purely critical studies of a writer like Sir Leslie Stephen? It has superseded the drama with a cheaper and more acceptable form of entertainment. It has relegated poetry to a secondary place. Reviews seldom concern themselves now with books of verse; and the reason, if the case be fairly considered, is not that the poetry of to-day is worse than that of any other period, but simply that the great mass of the reading public has ceased to interest itself in poetry. The taste for work of literary invention has concentrated itself upon the literature which pleases the imagination with a plot and with the presentment of character, but which makes extremely little demand

upon the reader's own imagination. The reader of poetry must meet his author half-way; must throw himself into the attitude of mind required by the convention of the art. But prose fiction does not require a listener to leave the plane of common life. The novelist may be jester, satirist, lecturer, missionary, what he will, so long as he conveys his meaning through the medium of a story, told in the dialect of ordinary life. And since the form has no limitations either of length or diction, almost any amount of elucidation can be brought conveniently into the narrative. Nothing is more untrue than to assert that the average reader abhors instruction. He—or she—revels in it; witness the vogue of Mrs. Humphry Ward. For some reason in the nature of man, the human eye and mind will travel complacently over long passages of prose conversation which would be intolerable on the stage, and over long stretches of narrative which could only be made tolerable by genius in verse. The art of prose fiction is unpretending, and has its appropriate reward. Mediocrity, forbidden to the poet, is freely permitted to the novelist.

Apparently it has been so always, for nothing could be duller than long stretches of the Icelandic prose sagas, as nothing could be finer than certain short episodes set in among these wastes. But the wastes were not barren to those who found in them a parallel to the incidents and experiences of their daily life. And there is at least this to be said for the novel, that it has not only given an appropriate and full scope to men like Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, who would undoubtedly have been distinguished in literature had the novel never been invented, but also has given to other writers their one and only chance of doing good work. It is impossible to conceive of Trollope as attaining success in any other branch of literature, since the sole but sufficient qualification which Trollope possessed was an impassioned zest and appetite for the business of everyday life. And yet the world would be the poorer without Trollope's work. When Mrs. Proudie received an obituary notice in the 'Times,' the compliment to her creator was as well deserved as it was rare.

Like all other lax and unexact art forms—for instance, English blank verse—the novel lends itself specially to the generation of ephemerids. Any fool can write a novel, and most fools do. But essentially there is nothing less ephemeral than a good novel, for the most interesting thing in the world is biography, and the novel

is a biography, only fictitious in part. Its essential—the hypothesis that such a life might have been lived at such a time in such a place—is truth: the fact that such a life was not lived is mere accident. Take the productions of English prose literature, and it will appear that those which have best stood the test of time are novels. Fielding is less demoded than Johnson; Goldsmith is not demoded at all. Addison's sketches of Sir Roger, which, as Mr. Raleigh well points out, are merely the *disjecta membra* of an admirable novel, keep a freshness that shows no sign of fading. And 'Robinson Crusoe' is immortal.

Here another question is raised, affecting the definition of terms. 'Robinson Crusoe' is in popular acceptance not a novel at all. The one convention by which the novelist has remained fettered is that his plot shall hinge upon a love-story. Why precisely this is so, it would be hard to say. The true concern of the novel, from Scott onward, has again and again lain anywhere but with the question whether Mr. A. shall achieve his final felicity with Miss B. Yet the earlier generation of writers contrived at least to maintain a decent show of interest in the matter, and never showed any inclination to kick against the necessity of this central preoccupation with the romance of sex attraction. In Scott, indeed, though a woman, like Helen, is always the cause and the goal of strife, she plays not much a greater part than Helen's in the narrative. Love passages there are no doubt, but they seem always little better than obligatory. In Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, love in some shape or form is really the driving wheel. We may not be greatly excited over Amelia Sedley's second marriage, but throughout 'Vanity Fair' men and women are shown as actuated chiefly by the desire for one another. And so in all Thackeray's novels it is the power of sex that predominates. Not less true is this of the lesser men—Reade, Trollope, Collins, Kingsley, Blackmore. Consciously or unconsciously, the novelist groups his action and his characters around the factor of sex; and yet of one novelist only—Mr. George Meredith—can it be said that the height of his achievement is found in actual love passages. To think of Thackeray is to recall Becky Sharp or Major Pendennis; of Colonel Newcome answering his last roll call, or Esmond and his young kinsman face to face with the Pretender at Castlewood. To think of Dickens is to picture a strange gallery—Mr. Pickwick in Court, Mrs. Gamp at her gruesome office, Smike under the hand of Squeers

—an endless list, but with no place in it for David Copperfield making love to his Doady. And so on. George Eliot may bring to mind Casaubon, may call up Mrs. Poyser, or Adam in his workshop; Trollope stands for Barchester with its clergy; Reade for violent scenes in a prison, or, better still, for the adventures of Denys and his comrade. Only when Mr. Meredith is named does the reader's mind leap instinctively to a love scene; to the idyll, dewy or tragic, of Richard and Lucy Feverel's love-making.

This is not to say that there are no good love scenes but Mr. Meredith's; only that in other novelists the essential romance lies in some side issue springing out of the pursuit of love—the surmounting of some obstacle, the pursuit of some enterprise, which is in many cases the true end of the plot, only that the novelist has conformed to the convention which demands every such enterprise to be related to the winning of a woman. One remembers vividly enough Charles Reade's account of gold-mining ventures in Australia, with a perfect forgetfulness of the woman in whose cause they were undertaken. It has been seen that able men have chafed under the necessity of introducing the petticoat motive, no matter how slight. Stevenson's is a notable instance, and he achieved fame by three books, in none of which does a woman figure, except incidentally. 'Treasure Island,' 'Kidnapped,' the 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' are all romances without the sex interest; and in the 'Ebbtide,' the 'Vagabonds,' and the 'Beach of Falesá,' women play a small part. The reasons for this departure from precedent are interesting to consider. Partly, no doubt, Stevenson was drawn by inclination to scenes in which women could not be present—outlandish scenes of violent action; and he resented the necessity of relating these scenes to a love-story. Adventure appeared to him as a mistress to be courted for her own *beaux yeux*—'the bright eyes of danger,' as he wrote in a fine ballad; and, moreover, realist that he was, he saw most adventures undertaken for the sake of gain, for ambition, for any of a dozen motives, each at least as interesting as that of sex attraction. He saw this in life, and he set down his record accordingly. Probably all of this applies with equal force to Mr. Joseph Conrad, a writer whose fame has been hitherto wholly unequal to his merit; but fame cannot be wholly severed from popularity, and in his best book, 'Lord Jim,' the whole concern of the story is with men and their life in strange places among strange people. Like Stevenson, he



has disregarded the convention, and, unlike Stevenson, he has been mulcted for disregarding it. Possibly Mr. Conrad may also be affected by another consideration which weighed with Stevenson. Stevenson felt uncertainty as to his power to draw female character; but it is evident enough, not only from his letters but from parts of his work, from such a story as the 'Pavilion on the Links,' from 'Prince 'Otto,' and most of all, of course, from his unfinished masterpiece 'Weir of Hermiston,' that the romance of sex appealed to him even more strongly than to most writers. He would willingly, that is, have written of love; but, as he says in one of his letters, he was realist to the backbone, and if he treated of love he desired to handle it as he did David Balfour's experiences when he and Alan Breck fled from dragoons in the heather. And in this track difficulties bristled. The considerations as to what is moral, what immoral, what is decent, what indecent, were such as struck terror to his heart.

Before Stevenson died, he was sure of his ground, and enough exists of 'Weir' to show something of what he would have done in this matter. It is possible that many of his admirers were spared a shock. And yet, in plain truth, the emancipation of the novelist is complete enough nowadays. Mr. Meredith showed, now forty years ago, how a novelist may render the strange and beautiful iridescence of sex instinct as it arises between two clean and perfect creatures, with its frank unison of material and spiritual; and no one has outdone in boldness certain passages of 'Richard Feverel'—nay, the whole scheme of the book, which nevertheless only the most indecent prudery could censure. But, as also Stevenson said in a letter, Mr. Meredith has done this, and no one else can do it. The question remains for the ordinary novelist, even of talent, whether the sex motive is to be discarded altogether, as Stevenson and Mr. Conrad have very largely done, or whether it is to be handled with gloves on. In this matter, English literature of the nineteenth century stands apart from all others. We have thanked God profusely, and perhaps with some reason, that we were not as our neighbours. In France, the exclusive preoccupation of novelists with breaches of the Seventh Commandment has generated a convention not less wearisome than our own. With them all action has to be related to illicit love-making, as the English writer must find the mainspring of his plot in someone's desire to marry some other person. Of the two traditions the British is doubtless preferable. Yet when

one considers how much of the best talent has gone into producing this form of literature for the last seventy or eighty years, and how increasingly the novel has become the medium for conveying such ideas as used formerly to be conveyed through poetry, through drama, through the essay, and through satire, it is not so clear that we were the gainers by a tradition which demanded that the novelist should always write with his eye on the young lady reader. Thackeray cried out long ago for leave to paint a man as Fielding had painted him; but Thackeray was careful to observe the convention. Dickens, to whom insincerity came easy, rioted in mawkish sentiment. The women had more courage, and Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot were accused of gross indecency for books which to-day would not shock a schoolgirl. Mr. Meredith went entirely his own way—his Mrs. Berry is frank as the nurse in ‘Romeo and Juliet’—but as no one read him, it did not matter. Little by little the convention was beaten down by successive small encroachments, and at present there is all the freedom that can fairly be desired. One may reasonably argue that men and women have at last come to recognise that the novel is the dominant literary form, that the novelist may quite conceivably have his message (in the cant phrase) to deliver, and that he must therefore not be hampered by restrictions which were justifiable only so long as he was classed among the providers of popular amusement. The fact must be faced that Count Tolstoy, to whom few would deny a high place among the great moral influences now at work in Europe, has found in the novel the most effective vehicle for his teaching, and in his use of it has not shrunk from a realism that shirks no detail necessary to the effect to be conveyed. Tolstoy’s ‘Resurrection’ is a book scarcely fitter for the young reader than M. Zola’s ‘Nana’ or ‘La Terre,’ but it is questionable whether we do well to pride ourselves on the fact that Tolstoy’s book could hardly have been written in English.

However, the problem here raised—what should be permitted to a novelist?—cannot be here discussed; our business is merely to note the fact that the novelist has now a great deal more liberty than was permitted to him in the days of Scott. He indeed accepted the convention as he found it, when the novel was in deserved disrepute—a kind of safety-valve for human silliness. It was, as we have said, no part of his purpose to be a disputant, and, moreover, his nature did not incline him to any analysis of what is perhaps the leading human passion, and certainly in novels

is always assumed to be so. Other men coming after him were always exposed to the taunt that Sir Walter got on very well without bringing a blush to any cheek. But in proportion as the novelist shifted his attitude to life, as he grew more and more the serious student of human problems—a title which no one would refuse, for instance, to George Eliot—the restriction became impossible. If men and women were to give an earnest picture of life, so large and so significant a part in its workings as the sex impulse could not be left out from scrutiny in all its bearings. And in the work of Mr. Hardy, the most representative figure among modern novelists—for Mr. Meredith is, *sui generis*, unclassified—the factor of sex bulks big and ugly. Take Mr. Hardy's most characteristic book, 'Jude the Obscure'; it is touched with romance, but the romance of Jude's life is the pursuit of learning, the effort to rise out of ignorance to intellectual heights. Sex is a stumbling-block, and the part it plays in Jude's early career is aptly symbolised by the manner of his first meeting with the woman who trapped him into marriage. Yet though the world was mightily shocked—and no wonder—by this outrageously Aristophanic piece of symbolic episode, Mr. Hardy's position is unaffected.

Nevertheless, though the English novelist has now a perfectly free field for his ability within any sort of reasonable limits, as was proved by the great popularity of 'Sir Richard Calmady,' there are signs that literary activity is seeking new directions. With the exception of Lucas Malet, it would be hard to name any contemporary writer of the first class whose best work has been done in the orthodox and accepted type of the novel. There are, of course, plenty of talented novelists—Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Seton Merriman to mention a couple—and Mr. Marion Crawford, who, in one little masterpiece, 'A Cigarette-maker's Romance,' rises out of this class. Rather above these should be ranked three or four very clever ladies—Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Cholmondeley, and perhaps Mrs. Margaret Woods; but it can scarcely be said that these writers rank with Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy may for the moment be put out of sight, since Mr. Meredith began publishing before George Eliot, and Mr. Hardy belongs almost to Trollope's generation. Of the younger men it is notable that few owe their fame to a novel which conforms to the predominant type—that is, to a love intrigue concerned with modern life. Mr. Conrad's 'Lord

'Jim,' as we have said already, occupies itself solely with the study of masculine character apart almost altogether from the influence of women; his '*Heart of Darkness*' is simply a wonderful impression of a strange and strangely peopled land, thrown into the mould of fiction. Mr. Hewlett has indeed attempted a well recognised form, the historic romance, but in our judgement with scant success; his best work has been done in depicting scenes as far removed from the actual life of any age as those of Maeterlinck. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling are both actualists with a vengeance, but they are masters of the short story, rather than of the novel. One may rate '*Sentimental Tommy*' or '*Tommy and Grizel*' high, and yet refuse to place either book on a level with '*A Window in Thrums*.' No one supposes '*The Light that Failed*' to show Mr. Kipling at his best, and though his last book, '*Kim*,' with some of his best work in it, is a long narrative, the love interest is wholly excluded. It might be plausibly argued that the vogue of the short story, which dates from Stevenson's day, may be derived from the desire which he shared with many writers to escape from the obsession of petticoats in a tale. Mr. Kipling, like Stevenson, wanted to write about men principally in their relations to men; and though Mr. Barrie was as keen a reader of the female heart as ever lived, many things interested him besides the love story. He was glad, no doubt, of a literary form which allowed him to study the maternal instinct without subordinating it to the other motive; to tell the story of Jess and the glove without bringing the glove's owner upon the scene.

It is notable, too, that the best writers of prose fiction are now turning aside to try their hand at other forms. Mr. Hardy's sombre genius is finding a new expression in verse, possibly because he thinks the other vehicle outworn or discredited. But especially novelists nowadays are being drawn to the drama. Hardly one of any note but has attempted it—Mr. Hardy himself experimentally, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Anthony Hope with huge success. More than one has shown a higher talent in this kind than in the other—Mrs. Clifford, for instance, and, though he probably does not think so, Sir A. Conan Doyle, whose little '*Straggler of Waterloo*,' is, in our opinion, worth all his novels. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Hewlett are both known to be writing plays; the same tale is told of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Woods has produced a remarkable blank-verse tragedy, though probably with little hope of stage presentment. All

this is significant, and the more significant because, as Mr. Raleigh points out, the novel and the drama have never flourished together. The age of Elizabeth, the age of Charles II., were ages in which prose invention took a different bent. And no one can be blind to the fact that the drama is in England undergoing some such rehabilitation as the novel underwent in Scott's day. Not only the best among the novelists, but Mr. Phillips and Mr. Yeats, leaders among the younger poets, are writing plays with a definite view to stage production. To write plays is, in short, becoming, as Jeffrey said of the novel, 'a more creditable exercise of ability than it had previously been accounted.' And, indeed, nothing could better show the advance which the novel has made in status than the fact that a novelist now needs, or at least needed a while ago, to apologise slightly for descending to work for the footlights.

Another ominous symptom of decadence may be observed in this branch of literature. Once the theory of any art-form comes to be discussed or formulated it is safe to predict that the life of that form is dwindling. We have seen in our day much wrangling over the true method of the novelist—a subject that was not discussed when Thackeray and Dickens divided the country's homage. Stevenson, a born theorist, advocated the importance of plot and surprising incident, and laid down pretty clearly the principle—which, like all art-principles, had been instinctively observed long before anyone thought to formulate it—of gradating emotional intensity to a climax, of inventing a chain of situations, closely bound up together, yet each rising above its predecessors. Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells, on the other hand, emphasised the importance of the other strand which goes to make up the fabric of the novel; dwelt upon the dissection of motives, the minute analysis of actions seemingly insignificant. They dispensed almost entirely with what Stevenson essentially delighted in—the presence of danger, the blow threatened or struck, the discharge of physical energy. One can see how, in course of time, the novelist, as it were, specialised in one of these two directions. Scott, Stevenson's master, had less of the stress of emotion in his work, was well content to linger by the way, and did not so confine himself to the unfolding of a violent and exciting tale. To him the plot was not so entirely the heart of the matter as it became in the hands of the younger writer, who constructed a theory which, perhaps, assumed too completely that a man can only attend to one thing

at a time. The redundancies, even the blemishes, which Stevenson pared off from Scott's structure, were really the signs of a fully nourished vitality. On the other hand, the novelists of whom Mr. Howells and Mr. James are the best representatives derive principally from Thackeray, and they, on their part, pushed to the extreme Thackeray's principle of finding his matter in the commonplace concerns of daily life treated in a method that dispensed even with caricature. As Stevenson said, 'Vanity Fair' would not be what it is were it not for Rawdon Crawley's blow in the face of Lord Steyn. Human nature cries out for some such quickening of the blood; and Mr. Howells will only tell us about the patterns which a young lady at the crisis of her fate described in the sand with the point of her parasol. In the very best of his books a degree of most unusual intensity is reached when Silas Lapham awakes to the consciousness that he has taken one night a glass too many of champagne. And yet either theory is sound in the main—Stevenson's, that a novelist should have a story to tell worth telling, and should discard rigidly whatever is not essential to the story; and Mr. Howells's, that the novel must rest on experience and be tried by experience, and that the most interesting thing in life is some modification of the commonplace. But the artist who begins to work on a theory is almost invariably born in an unlucky hour, past the golden age and the glorious rule of thumb.

Briefly, then, it seems to us that the best days of the novel, as we have understood the novel, are over. Prose fiction may throw itself with equal success into some other mould, though probably not till a period has gone by. The novel of the twentieth century will hardly rival the novel of the nineteenth, though it is devoutly to be hoped that the drama may make amends. The more one considers contemporary work the more unapproachable seems the large creative faculty of the great three—Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; nor do the ladies of to-day come much nearer to the impeccable art of Miss Austen, the wider range of George Eliot, or the fierce power of Charlotte Brontë. The work of our contemporaries is more strained, more self-conscious, less leisurely, than was that of the other novelists who still survive, and Mrs. Gaskell will probably outlast almost all who are writing to-day. It is difficult to conceive a generation which should be indifferent to the mellow charm, the rich rustic poetry, of Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone'; and Charles Reade's romance 'The Cloister and the Hearth' will

hold readers while men care for the sustained fire of invention. These books belong to the old order, and so do Kingsley's, intensely modern as they seemed in their day. What survives in Kingsley's work is the personality of the author, potent in its appeal to youth, strong in its limitations, its passionate narrowness. The new order begins with Mr. Meredith, and secured its ascendancy through Stevenson, Mr. Meredith's ardent disciple. How its works will last remains to be seen; but one may say with conviction that an age which neglects them will miss a mine of pleasure and enlightenment. The most casual survey of what has been done in the last fifty years will reveal the application of a surprising deal of talent, not only in the work of constant writers, but in the novels written either by the men of one book—such as 'John Inglesant' (for no other publication by its author showed that concentration of a lifetime)—or by men whose true work lay elsewhere, yet who embodied in this form the results of their experience and knowledge, and of whom Lord Beaconsfield in his later books is the capital example.

- ART. IX.—1. *Seizième Siècle : Études Littéraires.* Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
2. *Dix-septième Siècle : Études Littéraires.* Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
3. *Dix-huitième Siècle : Études Littéraires.* Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
4. *Dix-neuvième Siècle : Études Littéraires.* Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
5. *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle.* 1<sup>re</sup> Série. Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
6. *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle.* 2<sup>me</sup> Série. Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
7. *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle.* 3<sup>me</sup> Série. Paris : Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.
8. *Questions Politiques.* Paris : Librairie Armand Colin. 1902.

THE somewhat cynical saying of Ecclesiastes that there is no new thing under the sun appears, according to the point of view from which it is regarded, either a truism or an untruth : the former, if we take it to mean that there is no such thing as an absolutely new departure in experience ; the latter, if it be construed into a denial of the fact that experience is for ever presenting itself to us under new forms. Taken, however, in an intermediate sense, it contains a truth : the ideas which form the content of consciousness, though capable of entering into endless combinations, are limited in number. As from the few notes of the musical scale the composer builds up the complex harmony of the fugue or the symphony, so out of a few elementary perceptions and feelings the statesman, the poet, the philosopher construct their masterpieces each in his respective kingdom of fact, fancy, and thought. It is not easy to resolve these, in the completed forms in which they come before us, into their elements : the original matter is disguised or transformed in the using—the brick faced with marble, the gases cooled into consistency, the separate fused into the whole. And this difficulty is greater or less according to the complexity of the structure : it is easier, for instance, to analyse American institutions than European ; the centuries of growth which lie behind the latter have left their history entangled and their origins obscure. In the case of our own country our national character aggravates



the task. Judgement rather than intelligence is the note of the English mind. We distrust ideas as such; they must come to us in the garb of custom, or even of prejudice: it is the reason latent in unreason that commends itself to us; precedent rather than logic is our guide. The Latin races are differently constituted: ideas possess them; the fallacy of logic, than which no fallacy is greater or more mischievous, besets their way. For this very reason, however, it is easier to trace the developement of thought among them than among ourselves: it moves unchecked from premiss to inference and from syllogism to syllogism, ignoring the difference between pure and applied science, careless of the gulf that separates formula from fact. No English writers are so consequent, in the literal sense of the word, as Rousseau, as De Maistre, as Comte. Happily for England, we may believe; for, from the practical point of view, our illogicalness has been our salvation: the more rigorously men reason from necessarily imperfect premisses the wider of the truth are the conclusions at which they arrive. But the logic of French thought, fallacious in itself, facilitates the enquiries of the historian of ideas: nowhere do these command such an assent, gain such a following, or stand out in such strong relief. The German mind is more profound, the English sounder, but in intelligence pure and simple the French is superior to either. It is the soil of all others in which ideas flourish. If we would watch their growth, follow their developement, and inspect their content, we shall do so to the best advantage here.

Nor would it be easy to find a more competent guide than M. Faguet: he is recommended by his qualities, and not disqualified by their accompanying defects. It might, perhaps, be maintained without paradox that these constitute an additional recommendation. There are two M. Faguets indeed, an impersonal and a personal, an exponent and a controversialist: but in both the temperament which has been described as French is dominant, both are possessed by rather than possess ideas. Of both the criticism of M. Pellissier, '*trop cérébral pour être artiste*,'\* holds good: M. Faguet has more intelligence than sensibility; neither humour, nor sympathy, nor lightness of touch is his. His thinking is as nearly as possible pure brain-work; his one aim is to render the idea to the life. Hence a

certain indifference to completeness and consistency, because these qualities, as he conceives them, are incompatible with perfect accuracy of description. System—‘une idée chez ceux qui ne sont pas très capables d’en avoir plusieurs, ou une passion chez ceux qui sont incapables de penser autre chose que ce qu’ils sentent’ is too limited and too individual for his austere objective temper. A great writer, he holds—and perhaps he is himself an example of it—is not one man but many men. No one formula expresses him; each has various formulas, one modifying the other, and in its turn modified by the rest: consistency is too dearly bought at the expense of truth. His treatment of Bossuet and Fénelon respectively is an example of this: the former had in him more of the thinker, the latter of the churchman, than we are apt to suppose; and M. Faguet describes without attempting to reconcile or co-ordinate the characteristics of each.\* There is a fine detachment in this absence of preconception, this aloofness. Except in the prefaces attached to the several volumes of his works—prefaces which, at once concise and suggestive, call for and will repay scrupulously careful reading—his personal views and sympathies seldom reveal themselves, and when they appear to do so it is rather as pointing out what others have overlooked than as pressing the note of private judgement. M. Faguet is the most impersonal as he is the most intelligent of critics, reproducing rather than depicting, eliciting rather than reading in. If criticism be, as he describes it, ‘un don de vivre d’une infinité de vies étrangères, avec cette clarté de conscience que ne peut avoir que celui qui est assez fort pour se détacher et s’abstraire et regarder en étranger sa propre âme,’ he may be assigned high rank as a critic; few have mastered the difficult art of putting themselves in the place of others so well as he. So far is this self-effacement carried that a criticism of his works resolves itself in great measure into a criticism of the writers and periods passed under review by him; he is, as nearly as it is possible to be, a reflecting medium—a mirror of ideas. The question that occurs is, What has he seen? And the answer is that little has escaped him: he has seen almost, if not quite, all that there is to see. So much for the impersonal M. Faguet. But, as has been said, there is a personal, contrasting with the other as Mr. Jekyll to Dr. Hyde. Possessed, as before, by an idea, but here by a per-

verted and preconceived idea, he lays stress on the differential in such a manner and to such an extent as to lose sight of the more vital generic content of his conceptions; he is biassed, a special pleader, an out-and-out partisan. It is especially in his treatment of the eighteenth century that he comes before us in this light. Not, it must be admitted, in dealing with its leading men: his summing up of Voltaire, perhaps its most representative figure, though unfriendly, is not, taken as a whole, unjust. But his antipathy to the temper and tendencies of the period is so strong that, while too veracious to tamper with his facts, to produce or omit them arbitrarily, he exaggerates its defects and minimises its excellencies till the result is a caricature rather than a portrait. He has asserted nothing that is contrary to fact, he has left out nothing that is essential; but the whole is seen out of focus, the impression left on the reader is one-sided and untrue to life. One error in an account invalidates the whole calculation: his misconception of the age of the Encyclopædists and the Revolution results in a tendency to misconceive later problems, from which, though he struggles against it with greater success than might have been anticipated, he never wholly frees himself. 'I am not going to lay hands on my father Parmenides' is sense as well as piety; what the Eleatic teaching was to Socrates and his disciples the solvents of the Illumination are to the thinkers of our own time. Vainly would we forget the pit out of which we were taken. 'Honour thy father and thy mother' is a condition of valid thinking as well as of length of days.

We stand in an exceptionally favourable position for a review of this chapter of our spiritual history. The conventional divisions of time seldom correspond exactly with its real measurement: centuries overlap one another, because the forces that are at work in them are immaterial and escape our categories. But, allowance being made for the want of perspective inseparable from a contemporary standpoint, it is difficult not to believe that the new century coincides roughly with a new age. Partly from religious and political enthusiasm, partly from necessity, the nineteenth century addressed itself to the work of reconstruction: the preceding century had destroyed the fabric of society; the walls of Jerusalem must be rebuilt. The attempt was unsuccessful; in some cases the reconstruction was premature, in others artificial, in all inadequate, because stereotyped. Salvation was to be found in a dogma—monarchy, the

republic, the papacy—or in a system—the philosophy of Hegel, or Comte, or Aquinas. That a given number of such solutions should have been advanced would not in itself indicate a new age, for the questions which they profess to solve remain open, and further solutions similar to those already attempted might be proposed indefinitely. But we should be dull indeed had we not learned by experience that ready-made solutions of this kind are worthless, that no one formula is large enough to embrace the infinite complexity of things. Dogma, be its content what it may, is provisional and relative: it is like the stream whose waters, though flowing between the same banks, are for ever changing; nay, the permanency of whose banks is apparent only, since these too, worn by the current and acted upon by the forces of sun, rain, and frost, change. The value of systems is historical:—

‘ Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be.’

Scholasticism, for example, is a moment in the history of thought, vitally connected with its previous and subsequent movements; but to identify it with thought in itself is to lose sight of its real significance, and misconceive the whole problem of philosophy. It is a pseudo-science which puts forward pretensions of this kind; the veil of the temple is not so easily lifted. Things are not simple; their explanations, therefore, cannot be simple. ‘Teach thy tongue to say, “I do not know,”’ said the wisest of the Rabbis: we must wait.

Our stock of ideas, it has been said, is limited. Is Virtue one? Is Virtue knowledge? What is the definition of Justice? Such questions as these, familiar to Plato and the Sophists, are discussed under a slightly altered phraseology to-day. Of these questions that of the relation of the One to the Many is perhaps the deepest and the most far-reaching: a commonplace of Greek philosophy, a theme for the rhetoric of the orator and the declamation of the school-boy, it underlies every political revolution, every social and economical development, every religious reform.

‘ The One remains, the Many change and pass.’

As soon as men began to reflect, the contrast between the two forced itself upon them; as they emphasised one or other they leaned to this or that philosophical school. A Parmenides, contemplating the unity and permanence of the universe, overlooked the endless process of life into which thought resolves

it—as one who, lost in wonder at the first view of the infinite expanse of ocean, should conceive it, as did the Seer of the ‘Apocalypse,’ ‘a sea of glass, like unto crystal,’ forgetting the many waters of which it is composed: a Democritus or a Leucippus, fascinated by the endless play of the atoms out of which the world, as we know it, is constructed, forgets that these have meaning and value only inasmuch as they serve and constitute an order outside and beyond themselves. How many antitheses does this original divergence of view cover!—law and liberty, the static and the dynamic element in society, socialism and individualism, orthodoxy and free thought. In the first stages of society the community is paramount; it is more important that men should act according to law than that they should act freely or even rationally. There is a certain reason implicit in law; and in early days the advantage to be gained by improving on this is more than counterbalanced by the discipline of submission, the subjection of the ungoverned passions of semi-civilised man to control. But as time goes on a certain amount of self-restraint becomes habit, and so second nature; and the welfare of society demands not only the maintenance of the social tie, but, to a greater or less extent, the emancipation of the individual, self-realisation on his part over against as well as in the community, freedom to initiate, to think, and act on his own responsibility. Neither factor, the pressure of the One or the action of the Many, can be left out of account with impunity; but, according to circumstances, this or that is the more prominent of the two.

Mankind does not progress in a straight line, but, like a ship, tacking. On the whole, and taking a wide field of observation, there is advance; but at a particular time or place there may be retrogression, real or apparent: ‘observation with extensive view’ is necessary to determine the drift of tendency and purpose in human affairs. The Middle Ages are often misjudged for want of this extended vision; it is easy to see in them nothing but violence and darkness, the abuses of feudalism, the tyranny of the secular and the crushing weight of the spiritual arm. That crimes of violence were rife, that pestilence and famine were more frequent, that less value was attached to human life as such than now, is true. But no picture is all shadow; and, in particular, to regard the period as one of intellectual stagnation is a vulgar error. Scholasticism, which we are apt to identify with the systematised orthodoxy of St. Thomas,

produced mystics like Erigena and critics like Ockham; there were thinkers at Paris and Oxford as hardy and as unfettered by tradition as at Berlin and Tübingen to-day. The sense of confinement that characterised the age as a whole was due to the material limitations under which it suffered. Ideas appealed to a larger public than had been the case in the slave States of antiquity, where a high culture limited to the governing class contrasted sharply with the degradation of the proletariat, on which this rested. But a vehicle was wanting; the mechanical means of the diffusion of knowledge fell short of the growing desire to know. The invention of printing marked the end of the old and the opening of the new era. The Sorbonne, in calling for its abolition, and coupling the demand with another for the suppression of heresy, showed a true appreciation of cause and effect. The mediæval idea was outgrown: it survived only by reason of the material conditions in which mediæval society found itself; when these disappeared it fell to dust, like a mummy taken from a vault into the open air. The printing press was a circulating medium of intellectual commerce; knowledge became current; everywhere there was a ferment and a stir. The coincidence of this invention with the discovery and diffusion of classical manuscripts was opportune; had it been discovered earlier or later its results on civilisation would have been other than they were.

‘Dès lors un départ très net s’établit : d’une part le livre critique et le livre du *xvi<sup>e</sup>* siècle, ceux-ci imprimés, portatifs, facilement lisibles, incroyablement multipliés, d’autre part le livre du moyen âge, manuscrit, peu maniable, susceptible, peu lisible, et introuvable.’ (Seizième Siècle, p. x.)

It came at the psychological moment when the literature of Greece and Rome, over and above its intrinsic worth, had the charm of novelty, and so imposed itself to the exclusion of all other :—

‘L’imprimerie a à peu près supprimé le moyen âge. . . . De là pour un temps qui a été long, qui à certains égards dure encore, cette idée assez répandue que le moyen âge n’existe pas, qu’il est comme un grand vide dans l’histoire de la pensée humaine. De là ce mot si étrange et si significatif de Renaissance, désignant l’esprit antique comme esprit de vie, le seizième siècle comme résurrection, le moyen âge comme mort, mis au sépulcre et long anéantissement de la pensée humaine. Jamais peut-être, et non pas même aux commencements du christianisme, et non pas même, en France, à la fin du *xviii<sup>e</sup>* siècle, l’orgueil humain ayant pour forme la réaction contre le passé et le mépris de la tradition, quitte à remplacer celle qu’on laisse par une

autre, ne s'est déclaré avec une telle force et un pareil enivrement.' (Seizième Siècle, p. x.)

Hence an immense sense of liberation; it was as if the prison doors had been opened and the captive set free. M. Faguet remarks justly that the Renaissance, like humanism and the Reformation, was a return to the past; but it was to a past which was conceived as the golden age of humanity: men had lived in a cloister since it had been left behind them; now they came out into the light and air and picked up the thread of life where it had been dropped. The *joie de vivre* pervaded existence; the sun rose again over the horizon, the lurid mists with the shapes of darkness that peopled them fled before the advancing day. The imitation of ancient models, which subsequently became a conventionalism, was at first a spontaneous reaction against the archaic stiffness and constraint of mediæval standards. The 'Voti Solutio' of Joachim du Bellay has all the freshness and charm of Catullus—

'Jam mihi mea reddita est Columba;  
Vos tristes elegi, valete longum:  
At vos molliculi venite versus,  
Dum cano reditum meæ Columbæ.  
Quam plus oculis meis amabam,  
Cujus basia blandulumque murmur,  
Lusus, nequitie proterviores,  
Et morsus poterant micante rostro,  
Ipsum vincere passerem Catulli.  
Nam mellita fuit, venusta, bella,  
Pulchra, candidula, atque delicata  
Nil mage ut queat esse delicatum  
Mellitum magis aut magis venustum.  
At vos hendecasyllabi frequentes,  
Versus molliculi venustulique,  
Adeste huc precor, et quot estis omnes  
Formosæ Veneri bonisque divis  
Votum solvite pro meâ Columbâ'—

while Marot developed the capacity of the vernacular as the vehicle of a subtler sentiment than that of antiquity:—

'Puisque de vous je n'ai autre visage,  
Je m'en vais rendre hermite en un désert,  
Pour prier Dieu, si un autre vous sert,  
Qu'autant que moi en votre honneur soit sage.  
  
'Adieu amours, adieu gentil corsage,  
Adieu ce teint, adieu ces friands yeux!  
Je n'ai pas eu de vous grand avantage;  
Un moins amant aura peut-être mieux.'

The philosophy of the movement is seen at its best in Montaigne. Inquisitive rather than enthusiastic, averse from dogmatism, orthodox or otherwise, penetrated by the sense of relativity, without illusions, something of a fatalist, the strong common sense which, while deficient, it may seem to a foreigner, in the French as a nation, is, curiously enough, characteristic of individual Frenchmen, runs through him; his element is the mean. The temper of the Renaissance, indeed, was in no sense revolutionary. It emancipated the individual from the iron pressure of his environment, but neither in the Church nor in the commonwealth did it lean to extreme courses. In the latter, indeed, its tendency was to strengthen central at the expense of local authority; one ruler, it was thought, was more likely to be amenable to reason than many, and unity of government was a source of strength to the State. Nor in religion was there any wish to break away from the established order; bowing in the house of Rimmon was tolerated perhaps to excess. The attitude of such men as Erasmus or Montaigne to the Church differed little from that of the more moderate school of Catholics to-day. Stress was laid rather on the rational than on the miraculous in religion; there was a desire to reform abuses, to return to evangelical standards, to fall back from historical Christianity on the teaching and Person of Christ. But all this was within the limits of Catholicism: strange as it may appear, the antagonism between the Renaissance and the Reformation was marked. For Protestantism did not spring panoplied into existence, as did Athene from the head of Zeus: \* it was as dogmatic in its original form as Catholicism, and its doctrines were narrower; as tyrannical, and its tyranny, being new, threatened to be more oppressive than the old. The aim of Calvin was to establish a theocracy of which the preachers were to be the governing body; had it been successful, the little finger of King Stork at Geneva would have been thicker than the loins of King Log at Rome. Individualism in religion—witness the Anabaptists in Germany and the harmless Quakers in England and America—was repressed as ruthlessly by Protestant as by Papist; to tolerate error, it was believed, was to betray truth. That the Reformation bore religious liberty in its womb is true; but it had not strength to bring forth its offspring: it developed its fundamental ideas—and their

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\* Cf. Ritschl, 'Geschichte des Pietismus,' pp. ii. 88.



importance cannot be over-estimated—within the limits of the text of Scripture interpreted by the necessarily inadequate exegesis of the time. Hence, as its name implies, the movement aimed rather at the correction of abuses than at an enlargement of the spiritual horizon. Of Calvin M. Faguet says with truth, ‘il a l’esprit théologique et un cœur qui n’a pas le goût du divin;’\* the orthodoxy of Wittenberg became in the second generation as lifeless as that of Trent. For the time being liberty and learning suffered; a controverted text of St. Paul, misunderstood by both disputants, was of more account than a dialogue of Plato; petty questions of Church organisation outweighed the larger and more lasting interests of mind. Nor was this loss to intelligence compensated by gain to religion, which does not flourish most when most in evidence: piety is a tender plant, and loves the shade. It is probable that those are most truly religious who are so unconsciously: introspection, material or spiritual, is a morbid symptom; it is unhealthy to be for ever thinking about one’s health. The treachery and bloodshed which characterise the religious conflicts of the sixteenth century are doubtful proofs of religion; it is possible to make the Gospel of less account than party—to be a sectary, Protestant or Catholic, without being a follower of Christ. What is vital in religion is that which good men hold in common, not that which separates them from one another; to lay stress on the latter is to take husks for corn.

The temper of the seventeenth century differed from that of the sixteenth. Weary of the theological labyrinth in which they had lost themselves, men turned from religious controversy to the more useful task of self-improvement, and set to work to make the best of the elements of well-being which they found to hand. Nor were these inconsiderable: learning, taste, and refinement flourished; in Corneille, Racine, and Molière the drama reached its climax; in Descartes modern philosophy began. With lower aims, the success of the age was greater; if it did not reform the Church or solve the riddles of the world, at least it did not deafen the one with discordant clamour or deluge the other with blood. With the notable exception of Pascal, which admits of a pathological explanation, the representative men of the time were not greatly troubled about their souls. Of the two great prelates of the age Bossuet was a churchman

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\* *Seizième Siècle*, p. 195.

rather than a religionist—‘un conseiller d’Etat,’ Rémusat describes him; ‘homme de gouvernement de la tête aux ‘pieds.’ Fénelon, indeed, with all his reputed gentleness, was as intolerant of independent thinking in religion as his great rival; he was the scourge of the Jansenists, and when engaged in the ‘conversion’ of Protestants in Aunis and Saintonge did not scruple to call in a regiment of dragoons to co-operate in the pious work. But the orthodoxy which it was sought to enforce by these rough methods was political rather than religious; the mind of the age was set on other than religious things. It was the Augustan period—courtly, dignified, classical in the sense in which classicism is native to French literature: movements, Parnassian, naturalist, symbolic, and the rest, come and go; this remains.

‘Les Français sont très sensibles à cet ascendant. . . . Ce culte fait partie de notre patrimoine classique. Il est parmi nos *sacra*. Notre xvi<sup>e</sup> siècle l’a mis en honneur, notre xvii<sup>e</sup> siècle l’a soutenu. Au commencement du xviii<sup>e</sup> on en perdait le sens; mais vers la fin il revivait avec une force singulière, avait son contrecoup, et ridicule, et terrible aussi, sur les mœurs et sur l’histoire.’ (Dix-huitième Siècle, p. 147.)

The One, to go back to our formula, was more prominent in it than the Many. Bossuet deliberately renounced excellence in other departments in the higher interests, as he believed them, of unity. ‘Aisément il eût pu être un ‘Pascal, un La Rochefoucauld, un Leibnitz, un Montesquieu. ‘Une préuve, c’est qu’il a été tour à tour l’un ou l’autre, ‘chemin faisant, et sans vouloir s’y tenir.’\* Some allowance must be made for national sentiment; it is difficult for a Frenchman to look at the Eagle of Meaux quite dispassionately; but the criticism is substantially just. If Bossuet distrusted ideas in others—in Richard Simon, for instance—his distrust was based not on the hatred that dull men bear to intelligence, but on considerations of public policy: if he kept the understanding of others in subjection, at least he dealt the same measure to his own. Burning questions, however, are not extinguished by being shelved; the problems of the preceding age had fallen into the background mainly because at the time they concerned a class rather than the community as a whole. Under changed circumstances and in another setting they were bound to recur. These circumstances and this setting were provided by the eighteenth century; the century which produced Voltaire and Rousseau, and ended in the explosion of ’93.

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\* Dix-septième Siècle, p. 287.

M. Faguet is no admirer of the eighteenth century. 'Ni chrétien ni français' is his judgement on it: it saw the extinction of the religious and the weakening of the patriotic idea. That of the former he assigns mainly to the growth of the scientific spirit, that of the latter to the cessation of anything like political life in France. Each of these causes, no doubt, acted in the direction indicated. The progress of physical science tended to direct attention to facts rather than theories, and to subordinate the supposed interests of the other world to the more tangible concerns of this; it developed the sense of evidence, and indisposed men to take assertion for proof. The highly centralised government of Louis XIV., concentrating as it did the power of the State in the hands of the Crown, and excluding the citizens as such from the conduct of affairs, was fatal to anything like public spirit; men's energies were diverted into other channels and directed to other ends. But a larger view may be taken. It is possible to question the value both of the religion and the patriotism to which the eighteenth century was fatal: to believe that the removal of the outworn husk was in each case the condition of the liberation of the genuine content of the notion; that it was imperative that the love of God and country should appear under new forms. Patriotism—and the same holds good of the loftiest human passions—is an ideal sentiment, founded on a material basis, the good of the commonwealth; when this is cut away it falls for want of support. And the absolutism of the time had lost sight of the good of the commonwealth. Dynastic had taken the place of national considerations: wars were undertaken for no public advantage, but to gratify the ambition of a sovereign; battles were fought that a king's mistress might witness a combat, cities sacked to silence the complaints of soldiers clamouring for their pay. All this was foreign to the best traditions of the past. The French monarchy, though absolute, was not, till the reign of Louis XIV., despotic: there was a fixed, though unwritten, constitution; there were local representative bodies—*Conseils Généraux* and *Régionaux*—charged with administrative and executive functions, and possessing powers of taxation; there were independent municipalities, tribunals, parliaments, and, last of all, the States-General, representing the nation as a whole. These institutions had practically disappeared, not by process of law, but by desuetude. Far-sighted men like Fénelon urged their revival, as a means of infusing new blood into the body politic; Montesquieu, in a striking

passage, pointed out the unintelligence inseparable from despotic government: 'l'extrême obéissance suppose de l'ignorance dans celui qui obéit; elle en suppose même chez celui qui commande. Il n'a point à raisonner; il n'a que vouloir.' But thinkers were few; the influence of the court and the indifference of the natural leaders of the people were too strong for them: their words fell on deaf ears. It was not so much that the eighteenth century destroyed patriotism, as M. Faguet would have it, as that patriotism had ceased to be a virtue. The implicit sentiment of the Middle Ages was no longer possible: it had to pass over into the explicit and conscious stage as a condition of survival; and this was impossible under existing circumstances. The world had come to years of discretion—not suddenly, indeed; the process had been long and slow; but, as is usual in such cases, its recognition of its maturity was, or seemed, sudden. The question *Why?* had to be faced at every turn; where it could not be answered, or was answered unsatisfactorily, assent and obedience were withheld. It was not till the armies of the Directory drove back the tide of invasion from French soil, and, flushed with enthusiasm and success, overran Europe, rousing the nations to fight not for throne and altar only, but for the very existence of the national idea, that the *Why?* of patriotism was answered, and patriotism in the modern sense of the word born. So with religion: it had ceased to be religious; its sufficient reason was gone. An eminent Catholic writer has attempted to account for the Reformation by the Church's virtues: men were weary of her beneficence, her prayer, her sacraments, her hands lifted to bless. This is rhetoric, not history. A religion perishes not of its virtues, but of its vices: had Catholicism been such as and no more than its apologists describe it, Europe would have been Catholic to-day. And what is true of the sixteenth century is true also of the eighteenth. It was the misfortune of the Church that, owing to perhaps inevitable circumstances—the survival of the medieval union between Church and State, the conservatism of human nature (especially ecclesiastical human nature), and those personal and class interests from whose bias even clergymen are not exempt—she was associated, not to say identified, with the worst and most oppressive features of the old *régime*. The often-quoted '*Écrasez l'infâme*' was a cry of hatred, not of Christianity as such, still less of its Founder, but of the burden of spiritual and material terrorism, which lay on men like an incubus, crush-

ing out freedom and life. Orthodoxy had become a matter of police regulation, unintelligently framed and brutally administered: the Calas case—which cannot be too often retold, for the history has repeated itself *mutatis mutandis* in our own time—accounts for and justifies the light in which it was regarded by right-minded men. It would have been desirable, no doubt—greatly desirable—that this state of things should have been reformed from within. But if there is one thing which history can be relied on to show it is this: that no sincere reformation of religion or of religious societies can be looked for from within. Partial reforms have been, and may again be, attempted; the secular clergy has endeavoured to reform the religious, and the religious the secular, the Pope the bishops, a Council the Pope. But the indifferent success of these attempts has furnished a plausible excuse for their discontinuance: the sufficient reason of Ultramontanism is the proof afforded by the Councils of Basle and Constance that the rule of many is more intolerable than the rule of one. The permanent dictatorship of Rome was accepted by the Church as the lesser of two evils; but it brought with it, as a consequence, the petrification of religion, the overweighting of the kernel by the shell. The Catholic reaction which followed the Reformation accentuated those tendencies: the Papacy became the tool of that Spanish-Austrian absolutism, which has been a curse wherever its blighting shadow has fallen.\* Where would Europe have stood to-day, what would have been the fate of learning, of liberty, of religion even, had the Inquisition and the Index had their way unchecked? The increase of intellectual and spiritual freedom which the various Churches enjoy has been purchased for them by heretics: Luther has deserved better of Catholicism than Philip II. or Alva, Voltaire than De Maistre or Veuillot. The negative movement of the eighteenth century, irreligious itself, worked for religion: it let in light and air, it drove out those who bought and sold in the sanctuary, it cleansed the shrine.

It is with greater justice that the reproach of inconsideration is brought against the period:—

‘Il était tout neuf, tout primitif et comme tout brut. La tradition est l’expérience d’un peuple; il manquait de tradition, et n’en voulait point. Aussi, et c’est en cela qu’il est d’un si grand intérêt, c’est un siècle enfant, ou, si l’on veut, adolescent. Il a de cet âge la fougue,

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\* Cf. Cavour, voir F. X. Kraus, c. 1.

l'ardeur indiscrete, la curiosité, la malice, l'intempérance, le verbiage, la présomption, l'étourderie, le manque de gravité et de tenue, les polissonneries, et aussi une certaine générosité, bonté de cœur, facilité aux larmes, besoin de s'attendrir, et enfin cet optimisme instinctif qui sent toujours le bonheur tout proche, se croit toujours tout près de le saisir, et en a perpétuellement le besoin, la certitude et l'impatience.' (Dix-huitième Siècle, p. xii.)

The criticism amounts to this: that in its generous ardour for reform it attempted the impossible—a break with the past, and a new departure independent of it; hence Taine's criticism that the Revolution neither destroyed nor created despotism, but gave it a new form. Sincerely and enthusiastically philanthropic, it underrated the complexity of social problems and of economic facts. A twofold source of error was opened in consequence: forgetting that with all its faults the *ancien régime* was the historical form which the national life had taken, the reformers discarded not only its abuses but the elements of permanent value which it contained; forgetting that ideas can only be applied to concrete facts when allowance has been made for the difference between the actual and the abstract, they relied on *a priori* reasonings, overlooking the realities with which they had to deal. Such errors revenge themselves. But it may be questioned whether it is possible to avoid them except at the price of stagnation, whether they are not the condition under which progress is brought about. The inertia of men in general is such that they are not moved without a disproportionate expenditure of force; for a generation to free itself from the burden of ages dead and gone a certain self-complacency and limitation of view, together with an incapacity to understand the past and its own dependence on it, are required.\* Our no doubt superior wisdom has been dearly—some may think too dearly—bought. We live in an age of half-beliefs and half-scepticisms; we see so many reasons for and against each alternative that we cannot decide for either, but oscillate between the two. To say 'I do not know' is one thing; to acquiesce in ignorance where vital interests of the individual or the community are at stake is quite another. This state of mind is inconsistent not only with action—and one part is to act—but with intellectual sincerity. Knowledge, if speculative and no more, is a doubtful good; it is only as leading to truth and directing conduct that it has significance and worth. If

\* Cf. Harnack, *Dogmengeschichte*, i. 29.

the malady of thought has chilled the blood in our veins, if a nerveless agnosticism has emptied philosophy of its content and paralysed energy and will, we may look back with regret to the robust thinkers of the Illumination with their strong sense, their hopefulness, their vitality, their vigorous affirmations and denials. Their yes was yes, and their no no. They denounced a lie as a lie; we satisfy ourselves with the jesting 'What is truth?' of Pilate: they were confident that there was no evil without a remedy; we half suspect that there is no remedy for any evil: they disbelieved, or thought they disbelieved, in God, but believed in goodness; we disbelieve in goodness but believe, or think we believe, in God. 'Pecca fortiter,' said a theologian; their vices and their virtues were those of men.

'Le xviii<sup>e</sup> siècle; au regard de la stérilité, s'obscurcira, s'offusquera, et semblera peu à peu s'amincir entre les deux grands siècles dont il est précédé et suivi.' From the literary standpoint this is so. It was neither profound nor creative; it lived on the surface of things, and was satisfied to reproduce. The shepherdesses of Watteau are representative:—

'Il fut franchement traditionnel. . . . Mais c'était la tradition prise par son petit côté. Pour être dans la grande tradition et dans le vrai classique il ne s'agissait pas de les imiter, il s'agissait de faire comme eux; il s'agissait de comprendre l'antique et s'en inspirer librement; et au lieu de remonter à la première source, imiter ceux qui déjà empruntent, c'est risquer de faire des imitations d'imitations. . . . Le grand art du xviii<sup>e</sup> siècle est une manière de mandarinat très lettré, très circonspect, très digne et très impuissant.' (Dix-huitième Siècle, p. xxiii.)

The fact was that there was a great deal to be done on the surface of things; the age was too busy for reflexion or artistic effort. It was practical, perhaps rather Philistine, and had little eye for effects of light and shade.

M. Faguet is on more questionable ground when he tells us that its conquests have been turned against it, that the sciences which it called into being have been fatal to the ideas by which it laid store. That the ideas of the eighteenth century have been revised is true. Politics are no longer regarded as an abstract science, but as a science of observation and experience; history has exhibited the unity of national, biology and its kindred sciences that of individual life. We no longer reason from the social contract; we have ceased to accept the figment of equality; the doctrine of heredity and natural selection have rehabilitated what had been too indiscriminately set down as the prejudices of

aristocracy and race. In pressing this M. Faguet makes the same point that is made by a Catholic controversialist who exhibits the divergence between the opinions of the Reformers and those of modern Protestants. Literally accurate, the criticism is in fact sophistical. The ideas of the eighteenth century have not been modified in the direction of tradition; the most that their modification justifies us in asserting is that, like those of the Reformation, they were not born full-grown. Had they been so they would have been short-lived; to live is to change. A new idea is often for the time being an *idée fixe*, and its propaganda a religion falling little short of the older one in fanaticism and onesidedness. It was so with Evolution — was so with the Hegelian philosophy. Neither of them fulfilled the expectations of the first generation of disciples; there is a residuum of the universe which escapes the meshes of the most skilfully framed formula, but each raised the fabric of knowledge higher, and contributed a layer on which later comers build. So with the ideas of the eighteenth century. Their content is to be distinguished from their form; this was of the time and passed with it, but the substance is lasting and remains. The achievement of the eighteenth century is the assertion of the individual against the community, the State, defeating its own end, crushed him; over against the sovereign he became a freeman, over against the State a citizen, over against the Church a Christian. And this ground, once gained, was gained for good and all. Later thinkers have shown that the community is as necessary to the individual as the individual to the community, that the citizen realises himself only in relation to the State, the Christian to the Church. But other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid; the Christian religion is not more surely built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets than modern society, developes itself as it may in future, on the Rights of Man. This is matter of fact, not of opinion: De Maistre knew as clearly as Napoleon that France could not be governed after the Revolution as she was before. Discussing with the future Louis XVIII. the terms of a proposed manifesto to the nation, 'If we forget that we are living in '1804,' he said, 'the thing will be a failure; the almanack 'is the most useful book to refer to before we begin.' 'On dirait un libéral,' is M. Faguet's pertinent comment, 'c'est simplement un homme qui sait ce que c'est un gouvernement.'\*

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\* *Politiques et Moralistes*, i. 4.



'The immediate work of the nineteenth century was one of reconstruction; the new wine had burst the old bottles.

'En effet, ce qui a disparu au xviii<sup>e</sup> siècle dans l'ordre moral, ce sont deux sentiments, le sens du surnaturel et le sens de la tradition; et par suite un grand fait: la religion chrétienne, même réduite par le protestantisme à une sorte de minimum.' (*Politiques et Moralistes*, vii.)

It would be truer to say that what had disappeared was the dominion of custom, the taking beliefs and institutions for granted and on authority. The human mind had made an immense stride in the direction of self-consciousness; it not only lived, but knew that it lived. The temporary displacement of ideas inseparable from a sudden enlargement of the horizon is not to be confounded with the permanent loss of their content. No element of worth in the past was lost, but the past as a whole was re-stated; what was valuable in it was preserved in new combinations and under new forms. It was inevitable that the first criticism of this advance movement should be hostile, but from this criticism it had everything to gain. It is no advantage to ideas to remain unsifted, the dross encumbering the pure metal, the tares bound in the same bundle with the corn. The atmosphere in which they flourish best is one of criticism: it discriminates, separates content from form, and facilitates development; the most mischievous form of infidelity is the disbelief in the power of truth to hold its own. Of those hostile critics its ablest and the most uncompromising was De Maistre. It was easy for him to expose the fallacies which underlay not a few of the positions of his opponents—representative government, the law of majorities, equality. Such things are like the dry bones in the valley of vision: it is only when the breath of life has come into them that they possess moral worth. As machinery they are as dead as all machinery in itself must be: the soul of a people is not in them. He did not see that his criticism applied to the machinery on which he insisted—monarchy, aristocracy, the Papacy—no less than to that which he denounced. As machinery each is lifeless; either, if informed by spiritual life, may be effective. The question is, Which, under given circumstances, is the most suitable vehicle of this life? De Maistre's sense of duty was lofty. If he insisted on the rights of kings and nobles, he insisted even more on their duties; if he would have nothing done by, he would have everything done for the people. An intelligent despotism was his ideal form of government. Unfortunately for his theory history shows

us no example of this. An intelligent despot is possible—a Frederick the Great or a Joseph II.: Europe produces one once, perhaps, in a term of centuries. But an intelligent despotism is a contradiction; the conditions that make for despotism are inconsistent in the long run with intelligence either in the ruler or the ruled. So with religion. ‘Quand on lit de Maistre on a toujours l’idée d’un catholique qui n’est pas chrétien.’\* The paradox strikes M. Faguet, as it struck Scherer and Sainte-Beuve.

‘Figurez-vous un patricien romain du v<sup>e</sup> siècle qui n’a rien compris à Jésus, mais que les circonstances ont fait chrétien, sans changer le fond de sa nature ni le tour de ses idées—qui apprend que l’empire est détruit, qu’il n’y a plus dans le monde que des souverainetés partielles et locales, qui dans le trouble où le jette un tel désordre s’écrie: “Il reste l’évêque de Rome pour représenter et pour refaire l’unité du monde!” et aux yeux de qui le christianisme n’est pas autre chose; vous ne serez pas très éloigné d’avoir une idée assez nette de la pensée de Joseph de Maistre; et c’est son originalité infiniment curieuse d’avoir l’esprit ainsi fait au commencement du xix<sup>e</sup> siècle. Il est quelque chose comme un prétorien du Vatican.’ (Politiques et Moralistes, i. 61.)

He touches only the outside, the element in religion which is not religious. It is not surprising that he should have been rated so high by Comte. Both were political philosophers; both emphasised organisation, the latter borrowing that of Catholicism for his Religion of Humanity; both in their zeal for society overlooked the ends for which society exists. The kingdom of God is within you: the words rise up in judgement against a merely external conception either of Church or State. The outward exists for the sake of the inward, matter for spirit, the society for the man. To reverse this order is the besetting sin of strong governments. That De Maistre is the founder of modern Ultramontanism is not unconnected with the fact that Ultramontanism has become rather a political than a religious party, sectarian in its temper and secular in its aims.

The stream of individualism let loose by the breaking down of the barriers that had hitherto restrained it parted into two divergent currents—that of liberty and that of democracy. Liberty gives free play to each man’s powers, and so gives rise to superiority and privilege: the strong become stronger and the rich richer; the inequalities which had been so galling are restored. And this in an aggravated form. The impersonal capitalist is a harder master

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\* Politiques et Moralistes, i. 249.

than the territorial landlord or small employer of labour. A joint-stock company has neither heart nor conscience; the system works mechanically, crushing whatever stands in its way. The gigantic Trusts are an example of this. Mr. Norris, in the 'Octopus,' has shown them to us in operation. In the remarkable study 'Que sera le 'XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle?' M. Faguet discusses the tendencies of modern industrialism which they represent. Free competition was a reform, and here are the results of the reform: 'Il est étonnant—non, ce n'est pas étonnant—il est remarquable à quel point les plus belles réformes de l'humanité aboutissent à mettre une injustice à la place d'une autre.'\* Democracy, on the other hand, is above all things jealous of privilege. One man is as good as another. It levels, or tends to level, capacities, efforts, results. And, as liberty unchecked is fatal to democracy, so democracy unchecked is fatal to liberty: 'à l'aboutissement de leur marche et à leur excès, l'un briserait l'État, l'autre établirait le pur despotisme.'\* The Liberals of the first half of the century—men of the type of Royer-Collard and Guizot—made use of liberty as a weapon against democracy, the danger of which was fresh in the memory of their generation. The so-called Manchester school in this country worked, unconsciously, on the same lines. Production meant more to it than producers, markets than men. A fair field and no favour was the formula with which it thought to solve social and economic problems—an inadequate formula, because, men being unequal, the field is never fair. Except in England the success of this Liberalism was small. Liberty, in the sense in which it conceived liberty, appealed to few; only the strong could use it. Equality and the sense of political power appealed to many: the current of democracy gained on that of liberalism and bid fair to absorb it. There was something, indeed, at once hard and narrow in the gospel of competition: when an open market was put forward as an ideal, men felt that they had asked for bread and been given a stone. Hence the more or less fantastic schemes for calling a new spiritual power into existence associated with the names of Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Comte. The conception of a manufactured spiritual power is self-contradictory: religions are not made, they grow. The modern religious founder is met by the same difficulty which stands in the

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\* Questions Politiques, p. 322.

way of the American millionaire who desires to reproduce an Oxford lawn in the grounds of his Chicago palace: both have overlooked a vital factor—time. Positivism as a philosophy is significant; Positivism as a religion ranks with Spiritualism or Christian Science—a folly for which life is at once too serious and too short. One institution was left standing from the ruin of the old world which had before now proved a source of new moral life and energy—the Roman Church; and to her the eyes of many turned. Of the distinguished men who looked for help in this direction Lamennais was the most eminent, nor does his subsequent change of standpoint detract from his significance. The provincialism of the Gallican Church of the Restoration repelled him: he looked beyond the Alps and saw, or thought he saw, a larger theology, a more ambitious policy, a stronger life. When he came to closer quarters with the Curia he was disillusioned. ‘It is these unfortunate politics that are everywhere destroying religion,’ he wrote from Rome. ‘Imagine to yourselves an aged Pope . . . surrounded by men to whom religion is as indifferent as it is to the Cabinets of Europe—avaricious, blind, and infatuated as the eunuchs of the Lower Empire: such are the men who have everything in their hands.’ This was, perhaps, a rhetorical way of expressing the fact that the standpoint of these dignitaries was not his. He was a genius, they were officials; he anticipated the facts of to-morrow, they had not yet woken to those of to-day.

‘Avec une clairvoyance assez remarquable il avait très bien vu ce que beaucoup ne voyaient point, à savoir que les catholiques en France devenaient une minorité. . . . Quand on devient minorité on a besoin de la liberté. Cela est si instinctif que toutes les oppositions sont libérales, et toutes les majorités autoritaires. Les catholiques seront forcés de se réclamer de la liberté, seront forcés d’être libéraux dans dix ans. Qu’ils le soient—et c’est ici le trait de génie de Lamennais—qu’ils le soient tout de suite, alors qu’ils ont encore l’air d’être la majorité, alors que leur libéralisme aura un caractère de dignité, de noblesse et de générosité, et ne paraîtra pas être un expédient de la défaite.’ (*Politiques et Moralistes*, ii. 110.)

The idea of liberty is not only Christian but distinctive of Christianity. The religions of the ancient world were political and local; the common element in them, on which philosophy attempted to build a working system of belief and conduct, appealed only to philosophers: Christianity first dealt with men as individuals, with individual relations, rights, and responsibilities, to be asserted against all comers

and at all costs. M. Faguet restricts this liberty to the Christian, as a member of the Christian community.\* This is to begin Church history in the third century, instead of the first. The Christian community of the first days was not a Church but a brotherhood, loosely organised, undogmatic, governed not by fixed laws but by the Spirit speaking through spiritual men. A hierarchy, an elaborate ritual, fixed creeds, and in general all that falls under the head of ecclesiasticism, mark a comparatively late stage of its development: 'freedom from symbols and articles is abstractedly the highest stage of Christian communion and the peculiar privilege of the primitive Church. . . . Technicality and formalism are, in their degree, inevitable results of public confessions of faith.'† This state of things, however, lay sixteen centuries back: Catholicism had become stereotyped; the policy of Lamennais was diametrically opposed not indeed to any dogma, but—what was, perhaps, even more important—to the spirit of the Church. The long possession of material power, the practical necessities of government, the consciousness of forming part of the established order of things had reduced the Christian idea, originally fluid and in solution, to a state of solidity: its freedom and elasticity were gone. Authoritative herself, the Church had acquired the habit of identifying herself with authority; she had become a centre to which authoritative temperaments rallied, a starting-point from which they worked. This is as true to-day as it was in 1830; the significance of the recent movement towards Catholicism on the part of not a few eminent French writers lies in the fact that it seems to have been brought about by neither religious nor moral motives, but by fear of certain disintegrating social forces. It rests not on love, but on hatred; and its fruits are not those of the Spirit: it appeals to and elicits the worst side of human nature. The Liberal Catholicism of Lamennais was not strong enough to make head against this stream of tendency: it was shattered against the *Mirari vos* of Gregory XVI., as the historical school of Dollinger was shattered against the Vatican Definition of 1870. But ideas remain, though their representatives disappear.

'With the proclamation of the dogma of infallibility,' says a Protestant historian, 'Catholicism reached the highest point of its development. The principle of authority can go no further. Once this

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\* *Politiques et Moralistes*, ii. 97.

† J. H. Newman, 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' p. 36.

extreme height has been attained a reaction must necessarily follow ; and the force which will bring about this movement is just this undue extension of the principle of authority. We have seen the waters of Ultramontanism rise in the course of this century. They have not been from all eternity ; they are but of yesterday. In the fifties they first grew greater and greater. As they came so will they go. (Sohm, 'Kirchengeschichte im Grundriss,' p. 239.)

The thinkers of the last half of the nineteenth century aimed lower than their predecessors : their outlook over the future was more confused, their self-confidence smaller, their sense of limitation greater. The temper of this Journal, for example, in its early days was the reverse of Laodicean ; its trumpet gave no uncertain sound. There were definite reforms to be carried out, and definite grievances to be remedied : the Whigs of 1802 knew what they wanted, and fought with entire conviction for their ends. Step by step they were attained, but the causes of discontent were moved rather than uprooted ; the old problem of the One as opposed to the Many, and the Many as opposed to the One, was with us still. The Middle Liberalism, therefore, was less sure of itself than the Early : as the vastness of the field of knowledge became apparent, specialising was seen to be a necessity ; the age of systems, of bird's-eye views of the universe, had been left behind. A disposition to distrust abstract thought showed itself : the temper of the time was critical rather than creative, historical rather than metaphysical ; it accumulated materials for reconstruction rather than reconstructed ; hence a seeming ineffectualness, an absence of positive results. The effect was, perhaps, a certain remoteness from actual life. A wide field of vision is good, and this involves haze on the horizon. But life is not all horizon : the foreground, the stage on which the action of the piece takes place, must be clear. The temper of the new century is at once more definite and more bent on action ; and in these tendencies, perhaps, lies its danger. It is well to be definite if you know, but mischievous if you do not know : certainty is better than suspense of judgement, but only provided that sufficient motives for certainty are at hand. 'Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim : ' every generation reacts against the preceding, and this reaction is apt to go too far. There is among us a certain impatience of doubt, a disposition to rush to conclusions, to try experiments in difficult and delicate subject-matter, to act for the sake of acting rather than of acting prudently and well. But

if criticism without construction means anarchy, construction without criticism means building on sand. The Imperial idea, for example, which has come—and rightly—to mean so much to us, needs pruning, if very ugly parasites are not to attach themselves to it: the need of religion, however urgent, must not throw us back into mediæval superstition, or, what is perhaps a greater danger, a spiritualism in which the clear outlines of truth and falsehood are blurred in a metaphysical mist. ‘A most crude recrudescence of neopantheism has grown up in the last ten years in a manner singularly inconsistent with the bright and clear teaching of realities, and faith in realities, with which the century commenced,’ a distinguished scientist warns us: \* nor is M. Faguet without fear of the possible consequences of a religious, or at least an ecclesiastical, revival.

‘Je ne serais pas étonné du tout qu’il y eût au xx<sup>e</sup> siècle une France catholique très vigoureuse; et que Dieu nous en préserve, car elle ne serait pas tendre pour la minorité protestante et libre-penseuse. Et je ne serais pas étonné—car ce n’est pas toujours la majorité numérique qui gouverne—qu’il y eût au xx<sup>e</sup> siècle une France protestante très énergique; et que Dieu nous en garde pour la même raison que tout à l’heure en sens inverse.’ (*Politiques et Moralistes*, iii. xv.)

Here as throughout the *One and the Many* is the formula: law and liberty, the individual and the community, the whole and the parts—neither can be left out of account, or merged in the other; for the interests of both are, in the last resort, the same.

If knowledge is not itself foreknowledge, it is a step towards it; to know the past and the present is to know the future as an effect in its cause. In ‘*Que sera le XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle?*’ M. Faguet, remembering the limitations to which the prophet is subject, and the part played by the unexpected in human affairs, considers coming events in so far as they can be discerned in the shadows they cast before them. Starting from three great facts of the present—democracy, the tendency to the formation of large States, and plutocracy—he deduces the probable characteristics of the future: from the first its conservatism, its pacific temper, its jealousy of anything like superiority or excellence; from the second the decline of patriotism or national sentiment; from the third the vast and increasing power of the financier:—

‘Le roi du marché universel, et, à très peu près, le roi du monde

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\* Lord Kelvin, British Association, 1901.

moderne.' 'Il n'est pas vrai encore, il le sera demain, que, sous tous les gouvernements officiels de la planète, il y a des gouvernements occultes qui dirigent tout sans paraître et qui élaborent la vie politique sans qu'il semble qu'ils s'y mêlent. Il ne sera pas vrai demain, mais il le sera après-demain peut-être, que sous tous les gouvernements officiels de la planète il y a *un seul gouvernement* qui mène le monde et qui tient, sans montrer ses doigts, tous les rouages, tous les leviers d'aiguilleur, tous les fils et toutes les ficelles.' (Questions Politiques, p. 261.)

It is against this government, impersonal, mechanical, unhuman, that socialism is a revolt; a revolt destined to failure, because the force against it protests so passionately, so blindly, is in the nature of things. The economic causes which have brought about our industrial civilisation are inevitable; they partake of that necessity against which even the gods fight in vain. Overgrown democratic States with a tendency to pass over into military depotisms; the disappearance of small nationalities; a plutocracy fiercely but fruitlessly attacked from time to time by the proletariat; governments with socialist leanings restrained by the pressure of the anti-socialistic mass of the electorate; the all but complete disappearance of the old aristocracies, of religion, of morality even in so far as this is based on religion—marriage, the family, the subordination of women; the dying out of the higher forms of literature and art; an immense growth and popularisation of science—these, more or less, are the outlines which the coming age will fill in. The picture is not very attractive; but if it fails to meet our anticipations is it not possible that these have been exaggerated, and that we must resign ourselves to their non-fulfilment?

'On voudrait toujours que ce qu'a eu de bon l'humanité fût acquis et se conservât, en même temps qu'elle fait de nouvelles conquêtes. Il est probable que c'est impossible. Il est probable que ce que gagne l'humanité est compensé par ce qu'elle perd et que, depuis très longtemps, le vrai progrès n'existe plus. Il est probable que l'immense progrès matériel réalisé depuis cent cinquante ans est la rançon d'une décadence religieuse, morale et artistique qui me paraît indéniable, et qu'on ne peut nier que parce qu'elle n'est pas encore accomplie, mais qui est en train de s'accomplir et qui sera éclatante demain.' (Questions Politiques, p. 316.)

The pessimism of this outlook is, we believe, unwarranted. It might be controverted piece by piece. The progress of democracy, for example, has not, so far, been hostile to higher education; such opposition as this has met with has come from



other quarters : nor does patriotism show signs of diminution under popular government ; the government of this country is probably the most popular in Europe, but our national sentiment is indisputable : ‘ les Anglais, comme de nature, ‘ sont, non point par crises, mais d’une façon égale, le ‘ peuple le plus patriote de l’Univers.’\* But a larger issue may be taken. The belief in progress came in, M. Faguet tells us, in recent times, and is not to be taken for granted. Why should mankind progress ? he asks in effect ; and, indeed, it is not easy to answer the question. Why should the sun rise to-morrow ? We do not know ; nor can we be certain, in one sense of the word, that it will do so. But, as the memory of man supplies no instance to the contrary, we are justified in supposing that it will, and in making our plans for to-morrow and a series of to-morrows accordingly. The case of progress is similar. The history of mankind has been one of progress—slow, painful, interrupted here and there, it is true, but still progress. Nor is it the fact that this progress has been limited to science, that morality and religion have declined, are declining, and are likely to decline. Were this so, a gloomier forecast than M. Faguet’s would be justified ; but the reverse is, in fact, the case. That both have developed to such an extent that the old forms have become inadequate at certain points to the new content, and that this disproportion causes confusion for the time being, such confusion as the smoke and heat of a battle may occasion to the combatants, is true. But these results and the causes to which they are due are temporary ; to doubt this is to misread the present and forget the past. The science of morals is, *qua* science, progressive ; social morality, as yet in its infancy, is, it is scarcely too much to say, the creation of our own time. In a sense this may seem a return upon the past ; for early morality was social, and attached to groups—the family, the clan—rather than to individuals. But it is a return with a fuller consciousness of itself and a larger content : ethical notions have been transformed and purified, as is the Rhône in the Lake of Geneva, by passing through the individual and interior stage. The duties of class to class, and of the individual not only to the class to which he belongs, but to the various social groups which make up the community, are recognised : if, to take M. Faguet’s example, morality in the restricted sense of the term is less definite than it was, the uncertainty

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\* Questions Politiques, p. 270.

is due not to a less but to a greater sense of moral obligation and of the foundation on which this rests. So with religion. Increasing knowledge has made certain religious conceptions no longer tenable: the moral content of theology means more to us than the metaphysical; we distinguish the idea, which is eternal, from the clothing in which it comes to us, which changes as years change. Not a little of the historical basis on which Christianity was believed to rest has been discredited; and, though we need not take the actual analysis as final, there is an increasing unwillingness to regard religion as standing or falling with any alleged fact or event, however well authenticated this may seem to us; a disposition to fall back upon spiritual experience as the criterion of spiritual truth. But to suppose that this change of standpoint on our part is destructive of religion is to confuse its form with its substance: the landscape is not lost but extended as the traveller mounts the hill.

‘Les religions, comme les philosophies, sont toutes vaines; mais la religion, pas plus que la philosophie, n’est vaine. Sans l’espoir d’aucune récompense l’homme se dévoue pour son devoir jusqu’à la mort. Victime de l’injustice de ses semblables, il lève les yeux au ciel. Une cause généreuse, où il n’a nul intérêt, fait souvent battre son cœur. Les *Elohim* ne logent pas dans les neiges éternelles; on ne les rencontre pas, comme du temps de Moïse, dans les défilés des montagnes; ils habitent dans le cœur de l’homme. Vous ne les chasserez jamais de là. La justice, le vrai, le bien sont voulus par une force supérieure. Le progrès de la raison n’a été funeste qu’aux faux dieux. Le vrai Dieu de l’univers, le Dieu unique, celui qu’on adore en faisant une bonne action, ou en cherchant une vérité, ou en conseillant bien les hommes, est établi pour l’éternité.’ (Renan, ‘Histoire du Peuple d’Israël,’ i. 15.)

M. Faguet’s forecast errs by regarding the present only. If this stood alone, did we see only the actual condition of mankind—the sufferings of the poor, the evil passions of the bad, the vices and frailties of average humanity—we might despair. But these things are not new in history: in spite of, perhaps even through, them we have advanced from small beginnings to great achievements, to a higher level, into a purer air. And, if the present is the material out of which the future is made, the past gives the key to its making: mankind is not going back but forward, and what has been shall be. For—

‘Not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, look, the land is bright!’

ART. X.—*Recueil des Traités et Conventions conclus par la Russie avec les Puissances Etrangères.* Tomes XI. XII.: *Traités avec l'Angleterre.* Publié par ordre du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. St. Petersburg: 1895-98.

IN a Journal that has for a hundred years taken a prominent part in the discussion of national events and transactions, we may properly look to find a valuable record of the course and changes of public opinion. To foreign affairs we have always given special attention; but a retrospective survey of so wide and varied a field, if it were extended over the whole century, would be manifestly beyond the scope of a single article. Our present purpose, therefore, is to take up the relations of Great Britain with one great European state, and to endeavour, by references to some of the leading discussions, in the Journal, of this subject, to illustrate the general principles that have been advocated, and the lines of action that have been followed, at successive periods, in this very important branch of our external politics. It will be seen that frequent allusion is made, for information and guidance, to an official publication of the Russian Foreign Office cited at the head of this article, which is not only a Collection of the treaties and conventions between France and England, but also contains many curious and little-known particulars extracted from the unofficial correspondence between the Russian ambassadors in England and their Government.

The first thought that may occur to our readers will probably be that to go back a hundred years in our political annals is to revive questions that are practically obsolete, that such matters belong to the domain of history, and have no other present interest. We believe it to be possible, on the contrary, to show that the essential features of the situation have undergone little material change, that the immense territorial expansion of the British and Russian empires during that period has mainly served to accentuate apprehensions, and to confirm anticipations, that had already at the beginning of the century arisen between the two countries, and that through all the vicissitudes of European politics the same or similar considerations and circumstances, whether making for or against a good understanding between the two Governments, have influenced their reciprocal diplomacy.

The year 1802, when the first number of this Journal

issued, is memorable for the short gap in twenty years of otherwise unbroken war that followed the signature of a treaty between England and France at Amiens. That the peace thereby proclaimed would be no more than a brief and precarious suspension of arms, was the prediction of almost all European soldiers and statesmen, to whom it was clear that Bonaparte, at the head of the armies of revolutionary France, could not and would not stop short in the beginning of his ambitious career. Neither of the two signatory parties believed that the truce would last; and, indeed, the convention had scarcely been ratified before both of them began to quarrel over its execution. Such a prospect naturally drew together Russia and England in their common distrust of France, particularly because Bonaparte was more than suspected of entertaining designs, which intimately concerned both governments, upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. In 1791 the seizure by Russia of Ocsakow had nearly produced a rupture with England; but the French Revolution brought the two Powers again into alliance; and thenceforward the Eastern Question may be regarded as a touchstone of the political interests that have alternately attracted or separated them.

The first article of the Journal upon this subject appeared in 1804, under the heading 'Sketches of the Resources, Influence, and Progress of France and Russia.' It is a criticism of an anonymous work with that title, published in 1803, at the portentous moment when the rupture of the Amiens treaty had rekindled a war that was to last, with one interval, for twelve years; and the writer's aim is to demonstrate the peril to which England would be exposed by an alliance between France and Russia. He lays stress on the inaccessibility, to a naval Power, of the Russian frontiers, on the internal resources of her vast possessions, and on her ample means of annoying us both in Europe and Asia without exposing herself to any decisive blow in return. He alludes to the possibility of a combination between the fleets of France and Russia to drive us out of the Mediterranean; and, lastly, he warns us against Russian attempts to disturb or undermine the British dominion in India. To counteract such attempts, he says: 'We must entirely conquer the native princes of the Peninsula, and after consolidating the Indian empire by force we must secure its future growth by reforming the internal administration, destroying all the settlements of foreign nations, and abolishing the monopoly' (of the East India Company).

Except in regard to the foreign settlements, this advice has been exactly followed; and of the other points to which he draws attention it may be observed that at the present day they have lost little or nothing of their actuality; while another remark of the writer, that the Eastern question is one upon which Russia and France are most likely to disagree permanently, has been on the whole justified by the subsequent course of events, and is still applicable to the present state of affairs. From 1801, however, when Alexander I. succeeded Paul in Russia, the drift of his policy had been towards friendship with England and estrangement from France. The summary of correspondence, in the collection, between the Russian embassy in London and the Czar or his Ministers at St. Petersburg, gives some characteristic personal details. We can readily understand why the ambassador, Count Woronzow, was regarded in Russia as an Anglomaniac, when we find him violently reproving his immediate superior at headquarters, Count Panini, for having opened English despatches that had been rather imprudently confided by our Foreign Office to a Russian courier for delivery to Lord St. Helens at St. Petersburg. Count Panini, to whom such delicacy appeared most unreasonable, replied that the 'perlustration' of foreign correspondence in the post-office was an ordinary expedient in all countries; and he asked where lay the moral difference between this and the practice of bribing clerks for secret information, which had probably been one of Count Woronzow's duties in London. But Woronzow rendered more important service to England by strenuously advising the Ministry of 1803 not to evacuate Malta, on the ground of its inestimable value as an obstacle to the manifest designs of Bonaparte upon Egypt and the Levant. And it was largely a conviction of the identity of their interests in regard to the preservation of the Ottoman Empire from French influence or encroachments, that contributed towards bringing England and Russia into their coalition against Bonaparte; though even at this time we hear of the Russian agents complaining that the English backed up the Sultan's barbarous administration, and of the English agents in Turkey retorting that Russia supported the Christian subjects to an extent that seriously weakened the Ottoman Government. It is, indeed, this distinction of attitude and points of view that has throughout lain at the base of all the political controversies, out of which grave complications,

and one great war, between Russia and other European Powers over Turkish affairs have arisen in the course of the nineteenth century.

The third coalition of the European Powers against Napoleon was shattered by his victories at Austerlitz and Jena. In 1806 he had disabled Austria, had crushed Prussia, and was throwing his whole force upon Russia, the only member of the original alliance that still held out against him on the Continent. Into the vortex of this furious strife the Eastern Question was inevitably drawn. Napoleon had sent an embassy to secure the ascendancy of French influence in Persia; and he created a serious diversion of the Russian forces by persuading the Ottoman Sultan to declare war against the Czar and to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia. The manœuvre succeeded admirably, for a Russian force was at once detached to drive the Turks back across the Danube, whereby Austria, for whom Russia would be a much more dangerous neighbour in that region than the Turks, was estranged by jealousy and alarm; and the English made a futile effort, by sending Sir Thomas Duckworth with a squadron to the Bosphorus, to overawe the Sultan and enforce the withdrawal of his troops. In 1806 the Emperor Alexander had propounded to the English Cabinet his view that since the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire seemed inevitable, the time had come for uniting the Slavonic races of the Balkan peninsula into a kingdom under Russian protection. To this overture Charles Fox made no distinct reply, though he told the Czar's envoy that if Turkey went to pieces, the English would take Crete and Alexandria. In an article of the *Journal* for February 1813, on the 'Foreign Policy of England in 1806-7,' the difficulties of our position at that moment are clearly explained. With French influence supreme at Constantinople, and a Russian army in occupation of Moldavia—which the Czar was by no means desirous to relinquish, being indeed inclined to make peace with Napoleon on terms that would allow him to keep it—with Austria protesting but powerless, Prussia for the time annihilated, and the Berlin decrees blocking out English trade from the Continent—our nation might have been excused for some despondency. And the articles published about this time in the *Journal* are directed towards laying stress on our discouraging prospects at this stage of an exhausting war, and towards proving the impracticability of maintaining the contest against Napoleon on the land. These

gloomy anticipations seemed to be confirmed by the victory of the French at Friedland in 1807, and by the treaty of Tilsit; when Russia made peace with France and broke off all her relations with England, ostensibly provoked by Canning's bold and resolute seizure, upon secret information, of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Yet it is clear that the Emperor Alexander neither trusted Napoleon very far, nor was disposed to quarrel seriously with England. Before the Russian ambassador quitted London he had a confidential interview with Canning, who assured him that a friendly understanding with Russia had always been a fundamental object of the English political system, warned him that the alliance with France would prove unstable and short-lived, and told him that if Russia persisted in it the English would be obliged to make peace with France, leaving Napoleon to do his pleasure on the Continent. In fact, although a state of war between Russia and England existed nominally from 1808 to 1812, not a shot was ever exchanged between them; and the Russian squadron, which surrendered at Lisbon to our fleet, was kept in honourable custody at one of our ports, upon the amicable understanding that the ships would be restored in good order whenever peace might ensue.

England was now entirely isolated, without a single ally on the mainland of Europe. 'France,' says a writer in the *Journal* for July, 1809, 'has conquered Europe, that is the 'melancholy truth.' Our first attempt to help the Spaniards in their insurrection against Napoleon had failed; and the general belief was that by encouraging their resistance we should only cause useless bloodshed. And the article goes on to prophesy that the Russo-French alliance would continue until Russia should have satiated herself with the spoils of Turkey, where the war was still going on. But it soon became manifest that the views of France and Russia on the Eastern Question were by no means identical; for when Napoleon proposed to Alexander a joint expedition across Asia against the British in India, it was intimated to him that the first step ought to be the occupation, as a base of operations, of the Turkish provinces, and possibly of Constantinople. No plan of marching across Asia to India could succeed unless both Constantinople and Tehran were either in the possession or under the control of the combined armies, for the purpose of collecting supplies and securing communications. But while Napoleon did not care to let loose Russia upon Turkey, the Russians were equally in-

disposed to see the French in Persia, where the Shah had welcomed a French embassy for the sole reason that it promised him protection against the Russians. To lend a hand in the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, with the risk of planting Russia on the Bosphorus, did not at all suit the policy of Napoleon, who foresaw some difficulty in securing his own share of the plunder, and objected that England would certainly take Egypt. With this latter contingency the Russians were probably as little concerned in 1809 as when in 1853 the Emperor Nicholas offered Egypt to the English; but the point has been always one upon which the French have been very susceptible; and the Eastern Question was undoubtedly among the elements of dissension between the two emperors that led up to the open breach in 1812, and to the reconciliation of England with Russia.

When, in that year, Napoleon marched upon Moscow, Russia lost no time in making peace with England and Turkey; and the furious warfare began that ended finally at Waterloo. So long as it lasted, the attention of Europe had been entirely diverted from Asiatic affairs; but when general peace had been restored in Europe the Eastern Question reappeared. In 1817 we find the Russian Government expressing much dissatisfaction at the constant attempts of the English Government to intervene in the dealings of Russia with Turkey and Persia, and categorically denying our right to do so. Count Nesselrode declared formally that the relations of Russia with the states, and peoples of Asia on her frontier were matters lying altogether outside the principles regulating international procedure in Europe, and must be classed as domestic affairs in which the mediation of foreign Governments was inadmissible. Although the English Cabinet did not openly join issue upon this declaration, being at the time on a friendly footing with the Czar, yet when, a few years later, Russia interposed actively in aid of the Greek insurgents against the Sultan, the inveterate divergence of policy and interests that has ever since thrown Russia and England into opposition upon Turkish questions became manifest. Russia stood forward as the champion of an oppressed Christian people, and England as the upholder, at all hazards, of the independence, if not of the integrity, of the Ottoman Empire. It was impossible to persuade the English nation that the designs of Russia were simply humane and disinterested; while the Russians, not entirely without reason, reproached



England with systematically propping up, from selfish motives, an effete, barbarous, and rotten despotism over a Christian people who were fighting gallantly for freedom Prince Lieven declared to Lord Londonderry that the Emperor would not stand aside coldly to witness the massacre of his co-religionists. 'What, then, is to be the remedy?' said the British Minister; and his apprehensions were by no means quieted by the reply that it might be necessary to occupy some provinces of Turkey. The English Government were willing to concert measures for the liberation of Greece, but to enforcing it by a war that might break up the Sultan's empire they objected persistently; while, on the other hand, Nesselrode argued that until the Turks felt us to be in earnest they would make no concessions at all. The experience of all negotiation with Asiatics bears out what he wrote on this occasion to the Russian envoy in London:—

'Il est une vérité incontestable, que l'habitude de négocier avec la Porte nous a révélée, c'est que les gouvernements orientaux sont doués d'un sentiment extraordinaire pour distinguer les simples démonstrations, quelque caractère qu'on leur imprime, des résolutions sérieuses dont l'accomplissement ne manque pas de suivre l'annonce. C'est par suite d'un principe politique et religieux que les orientaux ne transigent qu'avec une nécessité absolue.'

We must admit that the Tory Government of England clung to outworn traditions, and showed a nervous hesitation to act resolutely that accelerated the crisis they were endeavouring to avoid. The French proposed a joint guarantee of the Ottoman Empire's integrity, but Russia flatly refused to agree; and when Canning pressed upon Prince Lieven an offer to mediate between Persia and Russia, he answered that Persian affairs were the exclusive concern of Russia. Canning's death in August, 1827, removed the only Minister whose energy and popularity might have enabled him to control the situation, and the flood-gates were violently thrown open. Two months afterwards, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by Admiral Codrington at Navarino, our Cabinet acquiesced reluctantly in hostilities that had been contrary to their wishes or intentions. Early in 1828 the young and ambitious Emperor Nicholas, disregarding English remonstrances, declared war against Turkey; the Continental Powers approved or held aloof; and Great Britain was left to ineffectual protests and expostulations.

'Unquestionably,' we wrote many years later, 'the weakest and most perilous moment in the whole history of Turkey was in 1828,

when Russia chose to attack her. The Porte had been engaged for six years in a sanguinary struggle to put down the Greek insurrection, which she was too weak to do. In 1826 Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon the dissolution and destruction of the janissaries—amounting to at least 40,000 men—the flower of the old Turkish army. The number of men who had received a military training under the new system did not exceed 80,000; and these, backed by about 100,000 horsemen, constituted the whole Turkish force. . . . At Constantinople itself such was the dread of a military insurrection against the Divan that 30,000 of the best troops were kept in the capital to preserve order, so that only 25,000 men could be spared for the fortresses on the Danube, and 30,000 to operate in the field. The state of the fleet was even worse, for it had been destroyed at Navarino, and the Russians were absolute masters of both seas and of the mouths of the Danube.'

The Russians were so sure of success that they proclaimed their conditions of peace almost simultaneously with their declaration of war; and their army confidently anticipated no more than a 'promenade militaire.' Nevertheless, the stubborn resistance of the Turks so changed the aspect of affairs that, to use the words of Count Moltke, who was on the scene, the exertions of two campaigns, an expenditure of one hundred millions of roubles, and the sacrifice of considerably more than 50,000 men, 'had brought, in 1829, '20,000 Russians to the gates of Adrianople'; and the conclusion of peace liberated General Diebitsch from a most dangerous position. The real condition of the Russian army was not, however, known at the time, for the Duke of Wellington wrote in 1829 to Lord Aberdeen: 'It would be 'absurd to think of bolstering up the Turkish power in 'Europe. It is gone, in fact, and the tranquillity of the 'world, or, what is the same thing, the confidence of the 'world in the permanence of tranquillity, along with it. I 'am not quite certain that what will exist will not be worse 'than the immediate annihilation of the Turkish power.' Yet the Ottoman Empire was still, as we now know, very far from its end; for the policy of Russia has never been to destroy it for the benefit of others, or to co-operate in the establishment of independent Christian states on the line of her advance towards Constantinople and the sea. Count Nesselrode emphatically declared in a despatch of 1830 that it was entirely 'contrary to the views of Russia to substitute for the Ottoman Empire states that would ere long 'become rivals of her own power, civilisation, industry, and 'wealth'; so that the deadlock between antagonistic policies was in no way loosened, and the sick man was kept alive

because it was impossible to settle the disposition of his property.

This perpetual dilemma reappeared at the next acute crisis of the Eastern question, when Russia assumed the novel part of Turkey's protector. Mehemet Ali, the founder of modern Egypt, raised the standard of revolt against the Sultan, defeated his armies, and would have marched upon his capital but for the interposition of the European Powers. It was no more to the mind of the Russian statesmen that the Empire should be overturned by a rebellious viceroy than that its European provinces should become Christian states; and the Emperor Nicholas openly affirmed that a disorderly and decrepit rulership on the Sea of Marmora was much more to his interest than a fresh and vigorous dynasty. The two Powers whom the question has usually separated were on this occasion in agreement. 'When 'Russia and England,' said Lord Palmerston, 'come to an understanding, the peace of Asia is assured'; and the treaties of 1840-41 did produce a quiet interval; while from the profound resentment of France at her exclusion in 1840 from the European concert we may date, as the Russian ambassador complacently observed at the time, a rekindling of the jealousy and irritation against England which has ever since made Egypt a bone of contention and wrangling between the two nations. The next twelve years brought little change in the relations between Russia and England, although the developement of Russia's advance in Central Asia began to alarm the English Ministry. Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office in 1851 was indeed welcomed by all the Continental embassies in London, whom his bold and restless spirit kept in continual perturbation; and it is amusing to read, in the Collection of Treaties, the *résumé* of his life and character written for the Russian Government by Baron Brunnow; a *nécrologie détaillée* upon the man whose career was assumed to be 'finished.'

What altered the whole European situation and made a serious displacement of the pieces on the chessboard, was the restoration of a Napoleonic empire in France. The aged Duke of Wellington, whose conversation with Brunnow (May, 1852) is quoted in the Russian Collection, predicted that Louis Napoleon would speedily ruin himself, for he could neither lead armies, being no soldier, nor maintain them upon pillage, as his uncle did, nor trust them to another general who might become his rival; nor could he rule despotically a country that had been accustomed to

constitutional government. In short, the Duke said, an empire without a real emperor cannot last, but in the meantime Europe must again unite in the ancient alliance against France. Although the Second Empire did last much longer than Wellington expected, we may admit that the end justified his anticipations; but the turn of events went entirely contrary to his proposed combination. The Emperor Nicholas, while he did not object to recognise the French Empire, persisted in ignoring the title of Napoleon III., and he took umbrage at the refusal of the English Government to follow him in making this somewhat frivolous distinction.\* Sir Hamilton Seymour in vain told him that the English people would never risk war over a title; and Lord Malmesbury assured Baron Brunnow in London that the figure III. was a simple arithmetical figure without dynastic signification; whereupon Nicholas noted on the margin of his ambassador's despatch, 'C'est 'misérable, quoique prévu.' In the war that broke out two years later France and England were arrayed against Russia, and once again the Eastern question, which Baron Brunnow compared to chronic gout, produced a formidable disorder in the body politic of Europe.

The views and conclusions of the Russian Foreign Office on the state and prospect of affairs in 1853 are recorded in the Collection with some interesting particulars. In England Peel and Wellington, the Conservative leaders, were dead; and under Lord Aberdeen a fusion of Whigs and Peelites had coalesced into a ministry which included almost all the distinguished politicians of the period. 'Such a group of remarkable men,' Nesselrode wrote to Brunnow, 'alarms me; for I have observed that since Pitt's day England has always been better governed by mediocrities, like Liverpool and Castlereagh, than by men of genius like Canning and Peel, who only damaged the position of their administration.' It is quite possible that too much energetic talent at the head of our affairs did not always suit Russian diplomacy; and we find that notwithstanding these misgivings in regard to the plethoric intellectual constitution of the English Cabinet, the two

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\* 'L'Empereur Nicolas fit sur le rapport de son ministre à Londres l'annotation suivante: "C'est fort bien; mon avis serait de ne l'appeler que Louis Napoléon-Empereur des Français. S'il s'en fâche, tant pis pour lui, et s'il devient grossier, Kisselew quittera Paris." (Recueil des Traités.)

Russian statesmen congratulated each other on the premiership of Lord Aberdeen. Count Nesselrode was the more anxious that the 'secular friendship' between his country and England should continue, because it seemed to him impossible for Louis Napoleon to keep his throne without a war; and he predicted with much shrewdness that to invent one the French Emperor would stir up strife between Russia and Turkey. Louis Napoleon, writes the Russian Chancellor, will say to himself:—

'To set up again the empire for the empire, without extending its limits, would be no better than a ridiculous parody. I ought to do more than the elder Bourbons, who took Algeria, or than Louis Philippe, who broke up the Netherlands kingdom; in any case, I cannot do less. If I try for more territory in Europe, the result will be a coalition against France; so I must look eastward. I must encourage Turkey to provoke and defy Russia, and when war ensues the coalition will be against her, not against me; since Prussia will be null and indifferent; Austria, if she is not neutral, will favour the Porte; the fighting will be at a long distance from French frontiers; and the navies of England and France will make short work of Russia's maritime forces. Supposing, finally, that Russia overthrows the Turkish empire and seizes the principalities—she cannot take everything, and so the partition will begin.'

This imaginary soliloquy does credit to Nesselrode's penetration and foresight; but surely the moral that he himself should have drawn from it was to avoid quarrelling with Louis Napoleon about a trifle, particularly since he saw clearly, and said, that no Power except England could or would restrain the French Emperor from breaking the peace of Europe. But Baron Brunnow reported from London that the English no longer believed the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, in its integrity, to be practicable or desirable; also that Lord Aberdeen had said to him emphatically, 'I hate the Turks,' adding that nothing in the course of his political life had been so painful as the obligation to support them. 'We are approaching,' the Baron wrote, 'an epoch when England will acquiesce in the conclusion that this empire has run its course, and when nothing will remain but to consider what is to be done upon its dissolution.' Yet he admitted the existence in this country of a secret fear of Russia as the enemy of liberal progress; and Lord Aberdeen's attitude was so uncertain and wavering that Brunnow began, as he said, to despair of bringing such a weathercock as '*ce pauvre ministre*' to point steadily in one direction.

'When we take all these things into account,' observes the editor of the Russian Collection, 'it is easy to understand the fatal issues of the diplomatic "pourparlers" between England and Russia on the Eastern Question.' Beyond doubt, he affirms, the Emperor Nicholas sincerely wished peace to be kept, yet he acted in a manner to excite all those fears and susceptibilities that it was of vital importance to soothe. He made an enemy of Louis Napoleon by giving him offence on a point touching his personal dignity. He completely misapprehended the real state of public opinion in England, though in this matter his ambassador was chiefly to blame; and last, not least, by the excessive candour of his discourses with Sir Hamilton Seymour upon the imminent fall of the Ottoman Empire and the political reconstruction that must follow, he entirely forfeited the confidence of the English ministry, and raised to the pitch of consternation their dread of his ambitious designs. The Emperor relied, moreover, so thoroughly upon the support of Austria—because in 1849 he had saved the Hapsburg dynasty from the Hungarians—that he actually assured Sir H. Seymour that he could speak for Austria as for himself. In short, he had altogether misjudged the situation, and disregarded the advice of old and wily counsellors like Prince Paskievitch, who warned him not to attack Turkey in Europe, and said that the right course was to push forward gradually in Asia Minor, but that, if war in Europe became inevitable, the first step must be to defeat or disable Austria.

Such are the observations, in summary, of a writer in the Russian Foreign Office upon the predisposing causes that brought about the Crimean war, and they tend to corroborate the opinion that we are inclined to adopt. That this war was a blunder on the part of England has now become a popular commonplace, at any rate among those who form their judgements at secondhand, although it has never been accepted in this Journal. We may admit the possibility that resolute plain-speaking to the Emperor Nicholas, when he first made his confidential overtures to our ambassador, might have deterred the Czar from attacking Turkey, and that more skilful diplomacy at a later stage might have prevented the catastrophe at Sinope. It may also be maintained, though the doctrine is very disputable, that the conservation of the Ottoman Empire was not worth the blood and money expended for its protection. Nevertheless, when we look back attentively to the circumstances of the

time—to the temper of the Russian emperor and to the policy of Louis Napoleon, to the irritation of the English people at the invasion of the Danubian provinces, and above all to the indignation aroused, rightly or wrongly, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope—we may find cause for doubting seriously whether it would not have been impossible for our Government to arrest the course of hostilities or to mediate peace with honour. There is truth in the saying that the understanding of history is spoilt by our knowledge of the events; for the real historical question is not whether what was done has turned out ill, but whether they who did it could have acted otherwise at the time. One thing is certain—that the war effectually crippled for twenty years the resources of Russia for vigorous aggression in Europe and Asia. But against this must be set the disadvantage that the alliance between England and Russia, or at least the tradition of common interests, which began with the coalitions against the first French empire and was mutually recognised as a policy for fifty years, was broken down in 1854, and has never since been cordially revived. From this war may be dated, we believe, the feeling of distrust, the propensity to condemn offhand and indiscriminately the motives and movements of Russia, that have more than once disturbed the calm judgement of the English nation at times when the fair and dispassionate consideration of a dispute on both sides of it might have adjusted some acrimonious controversy.

The principal object of the Crimean war was to put an end to the arbitrary intervention of Russia in the affairs of Turkey, on the understanding that the Sultan pledged himself to treat his Christian subjects fairly and justly. But it was morally certain, and might have been foreseen, that the Sultan would not, probably could not, fulfil this condition; and it might have been as surely predicted that the powerful impulses and interests which have always brought Russia into collision with Turkey, would set her forward again so soon as she should have recovered strength. Sympathies of race and religion combined with political expediency, almost necessity, to intensify the irresistible attraction; for just as expansion beyond sea became an essential condition of England's natural growth, compelling her to build up a great navy, and to seize points of vantage on all the coasts of the world, so the enlargement of her dominion on the land, with access to the seaports, is of vital importance to Russia, and a great army is the essential instrument of her

military policy. Interposed between this vast warlike empire and the open waterways of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, lay, and still lies, the only European country in which Islam and Christianity are still at internecine strife, convulsed by religious and racial antipathies, where the Christian population is still demanding relief from tyrannous oppression, and the Oriental fierceness of its Mahomedan rulers is heated by perpetual dread of revolt. To the Osmanli Sultan reform spells ruin; nor has the faith of Mahomet ever been reconcilable with western civilisation. In such a situation it was futile to expect that the treaty of Paris, in 1856, would do more than bring Russia to a temporary halt, and give the antagonists breathing-time. Four years later, in 1860, Prince Gortschakoff invited the attention of all the Great Powers to the 'painful and precarious' condition of the Christians in the Balkan peninsula; and the general trend of affairs in Europe soon played into the hands of Russia.

The alliance of the Western Powers, which had dictated the treaty of Paris in 1856, was paralysed by the fall of the French Empire in 1870; and by her peremptory repudiation of the clause relating to the Black Sea Russia recovered the position from which it had been the main object of that treaty to debar her. The international guarantees of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire had lost their sanction. In 1875 Prince Bismarck distinctly avowed that if Russia were preparing to execute her plans in Eastern Europe, Germany would do nothing to oppose her; and in 1876, when Serbia and Bulgaria were in a fermentation of revolt and ferocious massacres on both sides, it was plain that Russia was preparing to strike in. The state and prospect of affairs were then, as our Journal observed at the time, very similar to the position in 1828. As the earlier crisis was produced by the Greek insurrection, which gave Russia her pretext and opportunity, so the rising in the Balkan peninsula again brought Russian armies to the Danube; and in both cases diplomacy failed to prevent war. As public opinion in Europe had favoured the insurgent Greeks fifty years before, so in 1876 there was a strong manifestation of sympathy among the Western nations for the Servians and Bulgarians. Against this high tide of popular sentiment it was vain to oppose such warnings as those given in our Journal for 1876—that the triumph of Russia would lead to a great and disproportionate increase of her power, would lay Turkey prostrate, and would nevertheless frustrate the best hopes of



the Christian races for political independence, by reducing them to be vassals under Russia. In an article of July, 1877, we said :—

‘The only result of these Eastern wars and revolutions that we should hail with true satisfaction would be the rise and establishment of an independent Christian Power . . . but that is precisely the consummation to which Russia will never assent. She had far rather see Constantinople in the hands of a feeble Turkish government than allow it to be the centre of a free Christian State . . . and the point of difference between ourselves and the Russian statesmen is in reality not so much what is to be done with the Turks as what is to be done with the Christians.’

It is just this difference, indeed, that has retained us in the inevitable dilemma that has always confronted the Western nations in their dealings with the question ; for we can find no way of turning out the Turks without letting in the Russians ; and it is solely because no issue has hitherto been discovered from this dilemma that the existence of the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been indefinitely prolonged.

When, in April, 1877, the Russian army crossed the Pruth, the expectation of a ‘military promenade’ was as confidently proclaimed by the experts in war and strategy as it had been in 1828. In six weeks after the passing of the Danube its advanced guard was to be in Constantinople, and General Loris Melikoff was to ‘walk over the Turks in ‘Asia.’ On the other hand, an article in our volume for 1877 pointed out that Turkey had then, what she had not in 1828, a powerful navy, and was mistress of the Black Sea—‘the direct result of the destruction of the Russian ‘fleet and the great arsenal at Sebastopol twenty years ‘ago’—and that this command of the inland waters enabled the Turks to ship effective reinforcements to Asia Minor—where the Russians underwent a serious repulse on the Armenian border—and latterly to transport 20,000 troops from Albania round Greece to the Dardanelles. The Turk, who was to be driven ‘bag and baggage’ out of Europe, fought all the better because he carried little or none of such things ; and after a desperate and protracted struggle the Russian army found itself before Constantinople in a not much better condition for further operations than when Diebitsch reached Adrianople in 1829. In that year the Duke of Wellington had ordered the British fleet to be in readiness to enter the Dardanelles. In 1878 the fleet did proceed to Gallipoli ; and the treaty of San Stefano was soon afterwards modified by the treaty of Berlin, which sub-

stantially diminished the territory of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, while it strengthened considerably the commanding position of Russia upon the Asiatic frontier of Turkey.

'Much has been said for the last hundred years of the integrity and the independence of the Ottoman Empire. The words have been inserted in twenty treaties, and have survived their original meaning. The loss of the integrity of its dominions is not fatal to any Power. . . . But it is otherwise with the loss of independence. A State may be reduced in territory, and survive it; but a State which ceases to be mistress of its own actions and sovereign in its own dominions ceases to be a State at all. Her policy is absorbed in that of a dominant Power. Her very armies and fleets may be used by that Power against the nations and interests to which that State, when independent, was most closely allied. Under such a treaty of subjection the Ottoman Empire might be reduced to a condition analogous to that of the Moghul Empire and its dependencies under the British rule in India, and the native armies would be converted into forces to be wielded at will by the paramount Power. The remote situation of Hindustan deprives that country of all political influence over the relations of foreign States; and the possession of that empire by England does not threaten the security of any other nation. But that would not be the case with the dominions of Turkey. Her capital is a seat of empire, commanding two seas, and her provinces in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt must always be of the most vital importance to the military, naval, and commercial interests of all civilised nations. The maintenance of an independent and non-aggressive Power in those countries is of the utmost importance to the world.'

Thus wrote the 'Edinburgh Review' in April, 1878; and although a Russian journal might now rejoin that England has nevertheless since occupied Egypt, and that her possession of India has in fact greatly increased her political influence among the nations of Europe—not to mention Asia—yet this extract goes straight and vigorously to the root of the Eastern question. We may add that not only have guarantees of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire been frequently proposed, in the vain hope of ending the strife over it, but the Empire's dismemberment and partition have been from time to time suggested with the same benevolent intention. So long ago as in 1807 the Prussian Government intimated to Napoleon that '*le partage de la Turquie Européenne serait le moyen d'accommoder toutes les parties intéressées,*' and Egypt was allotted to England as falling naturally to her share. The fact that neither of these two remedies, nor indeed any other, has ever been found practicable, goes to prove how deep-seated is the disease that has been produced in the general European

system by an alien element that can neither be assimilated nor expelled. All the wars and treaties of the nineteenth century have left the problem, in its essence, unchanged. The first cause of all these difficulties may be traced back historically to the fall of the Greek Empire on the Bosphorus, and to the indelible animosities of race and creed that have been generated by the consolidation of a despotic Oriental rulership in the lands of Christian Europe. No greater misfortune has ever befallen the European Continent than the occupation by Mahomedans of Constantinople, one of the finest positions in the world, commanding the best lines of communication between Europe and Asia—a position admirably adapted to be the centre, as it was for nearly a thousand years, of civilisation and commerce, and which has instead become a fortress of barbarism, an extinguisher of light and national life, the focus of unending discord, persecutions, and ferocious internal struggles of a kind that has long since disappeared elsewhere in the West. It is a grave and melancholy reflection that commercial rivalries, religious jealousies, and political dissensions in Europe should at first have betrayed or broken down the defence of such a position against the Asiatic invader, should afterwards have aided and abetted him in extending his conquests, and latterly should have defeated all attempts to be rid of him. When the Venetians, for the purpose of monopolising the Asiatic trade, then the richest in the world, diverted the Latin crusaders against the Byzantine Empire they dealt a heavy blow to the bulwark of Christianity on the frontiers of Islam. In the sixteenth century the French king, Francis, was in open alliance with the Sultan in the war against the Emperor, Charles V. And towards the end of the seventeenth century the wasting inroads of the Turkish armies up to the walls of Vienna were instigated by Louis XIV. with the object of weakening Austria. The irresistible expansion of Russia south-eastwards towards the Black Sea and the Danube, after the partition of Poland, greatly increased the necessity of preserving a balance among the European Powers. Out of all these causes and consequences has arisen within the last hundred years the existing situation, in which the most enlightened European nations have become the unwilling protectors of ignorant misrule, and a Government that is far behind the rest of Europe in everything except military power, stands forward as the champion of Christianity and the liberator of oppressed European populations.

Nor are we much nearer to any radical cure of this

Asiatic plague than at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The outer provinces of the Ottoman Empire in Europe have been stripped off like the leaves of an artichoke; but the core still remains; and the prize is as valuable as ever—to Russia more valuable than ever, because she has been gradually drawing nearer, and would be better able to hold it, than heretofore. Firmly planted on the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, with the adjoining territory on both sides well in hand, Russia could lock up the Black Sea, could bar the Danube mouths, could threaten the whole Levantine seaboard, and could issue forth at will into the Mediterranean through a securely fortified outlet; she could defy all the naval strength of Europe to molest her coasts, for, except perhaps on the North Pacific coast, her frontiers would be unassailable by sea. And it must be remembered that the loss of all their European territory, including their capital, would not merely relegate the Turks to Asia and leave the Sultan his rulership over Asiatics; it would utterly ruin the Ottoman dominion, not only by the collapse of its revenues and financial credit, but because the Russians would, indeed must, seize all the northern shore of the Black Sea and the provinces that lie adjacent to Constantinople across the straits, so that at least the whole northern region of Asia Minor would rapidly fall under their sovereignty. The Turks would be driven back into the interior, losing all command of the sea; the princes and tribes who detest the Osmanli yoke, would no longer be a part of their Asiatic provinces would probably be the first to revolt. The maritime Powers of Europe after some pretty quarrelling over the division of the spoils. When we consider that some turn of Fortune's political wheel, such as another great war in western or central Europe, might bring such events within the range of possibility, and crown them with the surprise upon which Russia has been engaged since the days of Peter the Great, we need not wonder that her policy should still be to thwart and disconcert the only settlement that would accord with the interests of the rest of Europe. We have now recapitulated, in general terms, the views and conclusions upon the Turkish problem that have throughout been represented to the English public in this Journal; and though we do not claim for them the merit of any peculiar insight or foresight, we may at least credit ourselves with consistency and earnestness in drawing attention, at each succeeding phase of the Eastern question, to the important considerations that are bound up with it.

We have reserved for separate discussion the relations between England and Russia in Central Asia, although they have always had a direct bearing, which has gradually increased in weight, upon the general policy of both governments in the East. But whereas the condition of the Ottoman Empire must necessarily affect the interests and exercise the diplomacy of at least four out of the six great European Powers, the affairs of Central Asia may be said to concern Russia and England exclusively, which is a considerable simplification of a problem that is in its main complications similar. We have the same phenomena of the contact between powerfully organised modern states and backward unstable kingdoms which can neither be mended nor ended, the same jealousy of rival European governments closely watching each other's movements and thwarting one another's policy. Yet the material difference is that the case with which we are now dealing is one not of the intrusion of an Asiatic rulership and race into the European family, but of the encroachment of European dominion upon Asia. Down to the end of the seventeenth century the long contest for the borderlands of the two continents, which may be dated in modern history from the Crusades, had been turning in favour of the Asiatics; for, except in Spain, Christianity had never recovered any part of the lands that had been overrun by the irruption of Islam into Asia Minor and Southern Europe. In the first half of the eighteenth century, however, England, through her command of the sea, had planted herself firmly in India, and had thereby acquired a position that took Western Asia, so to speak, in reverse; while at the end of that century Russia was pushing onwards from the north-west as England had been advancing from the south-east. The long wars in Europe for the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century absorbed the attention and resources of Russia; and until Napoleon had been overthrown the chief solicitude of our Government, in England and India, was to counteract the intrigues, at the Persian capital, of France. The idea of the vulnerability of England in Asia seems to have first taken actual shape in the mind of Napoleon; it is the natural consequence of the acquisition by an island Power of a valuable dominion that is accessible to an enemy by the mainland. Yet, when we look back upon the distance and difficulties that separated the Russian and English frontiers in the year 1815, it is certainly remarkable to find in an article of our Journal for that year the following

passage. The writer is complaining that Russia conceals her geographical knowledge of Central Asia, and he goes on to say :—

‘They have told us little, though they must know much. It is not quite improbable that they may have restrained their liberality and love of publicity from a determination to make the threat, if not the accomplishment, of an invasion of India a part of every future quarrel with Great Britain. That such a determination has become an established maxim of policy at St. Petersburg is very little dissembled at that capital, even during the paroxysm of friendship under which kings and emperors at present labour.’

The paroxysm has long ceased, but the policy survives, and must have been considerably encouraged by the rapid approximation of the two frontiers, so distant some eighty years ago. It has since been once or twice distinctly affirmed; and it has certainly influenced, for the last forty years, the whole external relations of our Indian Government with the adjacent states in Central Asia.

In those early days Russia’s assertion of her entire irresponsibility to Europe for her doings in Asia may have not been unreasonable; but it was never allowed by England. In 1816 the British Government offered to mediate between Russia and Persia with regard to the execution of the treaty of Gulistan, when the Russian Minister, in refusing the offer, declared that all such interference was inadmissible. But it was impossible for us to recognise this exclusive principle, for we had already treaties with Persia; and our anxiety grew in proportion to the increase of Russia’s preponderance at Tehran, which soon became, and is at this moment, the central point and battle-ground where the two rival diplomacies meet and contend in Asia. Then, in 1838, the English accused Count Simonitch, the Russian envoy at the Persian capital, of having instigated the Shah in his attempt to seize Herat, a frontier fortress of Afghanistan, with the sinister purpose of making it a stepping-stone in the surreptitious advance of Russia towards India. ‘This ‘notion,’ Pozzo di Borgo wrote from London to St. Petersburg, ‘is disquieting almost every one here, notwithstanding its ‘improbability and absurdity’; and he seems to have reproached Palmerston with having spread it merely out of his habit of systematically stirring up agitation against Russia. The Emperor Nicholas, in reply, formally repudiated any design of disturbing our security in India, though he had nevertheless sent a political agent to Kabul; and the correspondence fell into the usual tone of recriminations

exchanged between the two Governments, each of them professing the most blameless intentions while intimating that the other's actions were indefensible. The only point upon which they agreed cordially was that the independence of the Asiatic states lying between their two spheres of occupation or influence must be strictly respected. The restless malignity of Palmerston, we are told, embittered these deplorable misunderstandings; he kept Pozzo di Borgo waiting two hours in the antechamber of the Foreign Office; he occupied Karak Island on the Persian coast and refused to retire; he persisted in sending an English army from India to Kandahar and Kabul; he contaminated public opinion, the ambassador writes, by publishing slanderous reports of Russian intrigue; and Pozzo di Borgo concluded that nothing remained but to select beforehand the points in Central Asia at which Russia could best do battle against England.

To the Emperor Nicholas it appeared that his ambassador was taking Palmerston and the English public too seriously; and these sombre anticipations of an inevitable collision he did not share. His aim and desire at that time was to secure an effective alliance with Great Britain. Nesselrode declared that the supposed antagonism between Russia and England was purely imaginary, that their real interests would never clash, and that 'in the vast spaces of Central Asia' there would be ample room for the commercial enterprise of both countries. Nevertheless their mutual suspicions and misunderstandings were revived by the expedition of General Peroffsky against Khiva in 1840. As the English were at that moment in occupation of Kabul, it is not difficult to comprehend why they were startled by the news that Russia was taking a long stride towards the frontier of Afghanistan, where their position was of itself sufficiently insecure. On the other hand, it was not easy to convince Russia that when we had made a considerable advance from the south-east she had no right to make a corresponding movement from the north. Lord Palmerston was energetic, as usual, in his protests; but the Duke of Wellington took the contrary view: he declared that the expedition was quite justifiable, and, what was more, that the predominance of Russian influence in Central Asia was a fact which it was useless to deny or dispute. But in admitting this to Baron Brunnow, who was now the Russian ambassador in London, he added a warning that for military adventures in Asia success is often no less embarrassing than a reverse,

since if you fail you are seriously entangled, and if you succeed it becomes almost impossible to draw the line where you can stop. The whole history of the expansion of the two great European dominions in Asia is summed up and explained in these words, which were speedily corroborated by events, for Peroffsky's army perished in the Khivan desert, and an entire division of British troops was annihilated in the passes between Kabul and Jelalabad. On both sides the advance had been premature. Khiva was left untouched for thirty years, and nearly forty years passed before an English regiment again crossed the frontier of Afghanistan. Military and political complications of great importance recalled the attention of both Russia and England to European affairs; nor were the movements in Central Asia resumed until other and nearer differences had been settled, for an interval, by the Crimean war.

Yet it must have been obvious that this suspension of activity meant only that each party was strengthening the base of its operations and reconnoitring more cautiously the intervening ground. The annexation, in 1849, of the Punjab to British India carried the British frontier up to the foot of the Afghan hills, and secured our command of the passes leading up to Kabul, as the conquest of Sindh four years earlier had thrown open the route to Kandahar. With the Afghan Amir, however, we had concluded a friendly treaty, and when in 1856 the Persian king again attacked, and this time captured, Herat, we made war upon him until he evacuated the place. A few years later Russia's movement began again with the expedition, in 1864, against the chiefship of Kokand, and the occupation of part of its territory, when Prince Gortschakoff took the opportunity of explaining by a diplomatic circular despatch the policy of Russia in Central Asia, from which the subjoined extract may be quoted:—

'The position of Russia in Central Asia is that of all civilised States which are brought into contact with half-savage nomad populations, possessing no fixed social organisation. In such cases it always happens that the civilised State is forced, for the security of its frontier and its commerce, to exercise a certain ascendancy over its most undesirable neighbours. To put down raids and plundering, the frontier tribes have to be more or less reduced to submission; but when these tribes have taken to peaceful habits, they are in their turn attacked by the more distant tribes, and the State is bound to defend them and to punish their assailants. Hence the necessity of distant, costly, and periodically recurring expeditions; for if the expedition withdraws after punishing the robbers, its retirement is ascribed to weakness.'



This part of the Russian despatch might have been written, word for word, by Lord Lawrence from Simla, so exactly does it describe the British position in front of the tribal country on the north-west frontier of India; and the English Government might have safely drawn their conclusions as to the future in Central Asia from their own Indian experience of an identical situation. But Prince Gortschakoff proceeded to assure all foreign governments whom it might concern that in Kokand he had found, instead of nomad tribes, a more solid, compact, and better organised state, 'fixing for 'us with geographical precision the limit up to which we 'are bound to advance, and at which we must halt,' because, on the one hand, to upset Kokand 'would draw us on from 'annexation to annexation'; while, on the other hand, there was fair hope of arranging friendly relations with it. The shortsightedness of this latter anticipation almost casts a doubt on its sincerity; yet it appears to have been honestly meant, and one must conclude that Central Asian politics were not yet clearly understood at St. Petersburg. It proved but too true that, as Prince Gortschakoff recorded in his despatch, 'the moral force of reason and of the interests of 'civilisation had as yet no hold upon Asiatics.' For the making of treaties with the Khans of Turkestan was like weaving ropes out of their desert sands; nor was it possible to retain amicable relations with a set of reckless brigands and man-hunters. The occupation of Kokand brought the Russians into speedy collision on their new frontier with fresh enemies; the whole state was soon annexed to protect it from the Amir of Bokhara, with whom war broke out in a year; and in 1868 Samarkhand was taken. The diplomatic correspondence that passed at that period between the Russian and English Cabinets seems futile enough when we look back on it. The English ministry inquired anxiously when and where the Czar intended to stop, and hinted that his assurances were less satisfactory than his acts; while Prince Gortschakoff replied with declarations, probably genuine, of his reluctance to advance, but would make no formal engagement to stand still. Meanwhile Bokhara had fallen under complete subjection to Russia; and each step necessitated another, until in 1873 the last of the minor independent chiefships was extinguished by the capture of Khiva, which established Russia on the Lower Oxus, and brought her within measurable distance of the Afghan frontier. The whole history of these consecutive events and transactions was related and commented upon in a volume

published by the late Sir Henry Rawlinson in 1875, 'England and Russia in the East,' and in a series of articles (afterwards published separately) by the late Mr. John Wyllie, an Indian civilian of great promise who died early. Their views and proposals differed; for Rawlinson, a soldier before he became a diplomatist, advocated what has ever since been labelled as the Forward Policy, the system of meeting and forestalling the advance of Russia towards India; while the programme of masterly inactivity, of strengthening ourselves within our Indian frontiers, avoiding obligations and adventures beyond it, was supported by Wyllie. He was moreover disposed to regard with equanimity the substitution of Russian rule for the 'barbarous Islamism' of the Central Asian khanates; whereupon Rawlinson observed, in a preface to his second edition, 'that the school of politicians represented by the Edinburgh Reviewer constituted the most dangerous enemies that are to be found to the peace and security of India.' To give quotations from these writings would now be superfluous, since the rapid accomplishment of predicted facts has now carried us beyond the ground over which the debate was then ranging; but the time for settling a definite policy had then obviously come.

The vast interior spaces, outside the two spheres of Russian and English dominion or influence, had now been materially diminished; the whole region north of Persia, from the Caspian to the Oxus, was under the military administration of a Russian governor-general; and the unexplored mountains beyond, up to the borders of China and Afghanistan, were open and unoccupied. The general situation had now taken shape and outline; the Eastern question was enlarging itself into the problem of Central Asia, conditioned by different circumstances, yet fraught with similar apprehensions and inevitable consequences; for the long and inconclusive discussions between England and Russia became concentrated, then and thenceforward, upon Persia and Afghanistan. It had been agreed on both sides that the integrity and independence of Persia should be preserved. But while in Europe the neutralisation of a state by compact among powerful neighbours answers very well, in Asia the system has certain incurable disadvantages. The constitution of Asiatic kingdoms is founded entirely upon military strength; they subsist upon a state of intermittent war; their dynasties are maintained by the force and personal capacity that the ruler can exercise in governing large

groups of subjects who are united and divided by distinctions of race and religion; their peoples have not acquired the coherence of a nationality. These states make no treaties; they fix no boundaries; the very titles of their rulers have no territorial or national significance; their properties have no acknowledged landmarks; they take when they have the power and keep what they can; the provinces with their populations are transferred easily from one master to another; it is a condition of society that perpetuates instability and leaves open the field to restless ambition. Now, the intrusion into such an arena of governments belonging to a much more organised type paralyses the vitality of the indigenous states. If they are petty chiefships, subsisting by pillage, they provoke destruction; if they are large loosely constructed kingdoms, they are confined within regular frontiers; the free play of expansion or contraction is stopped, and immobility produces internal decay. Not only must they henceforward live peaceably with their neighbours abroad; they are also required to keep order at home, and if they cannot put down revolts or civil wars the European government next door will insist on helping them to do so. The result is that the native prince rules not by his own vigour or popularity, but by the support and sufferance of a foreign protector; and his administration sinks from bad to worse. For in Asia an effete dynasty or an incapable king is speedily supplanted by foreign invasion or domestic rebellion; and when this natural method of reform is interdicted a kind of political dry-rot sets in to sap the state's whole constitution by degrees. One reason why the Osmanli Sultans have so long held out on the Bosphorus is that the European Powers have never yet interfered with the violent changes that unseat weak or unlucky sultans and viziers, by conspiracy, assassination, or intrigue; they have never attempted to set up a puppet, like Tewfik Pasha in Egypt, where it soon collapsed into the arms of its exhibitors. And the strength and splendour of the Moghul empire during four long reigns may be ascribed to the historical fact that each successive emperor fought his way to the throne. In the words of one of those daring men who put an end to the Emperor Paul of Russia, this is the 'grand remède Asiatique' which is employed to save an Oriental despotism when the disease of misrule becomes intolerable; but it is rightly shocking to the ideas of civilised polity, and it involves a risk of dangerous commotions that cannot be allowed.

Such is the full operation of a European protectorate in

Asia, and although the ancient Persian monarchy has not yet fallen completely under this *régime*, it is lapsing into a state of tutelage between Russia and England. After two or three ineffectual attempts, by his predecessors, to resist the arms or influence of either Power, the Persian king has subsided into immobility within the frontiers that have been marked out for him by the solicitude of his two guardians. His condition is better than the Sultan's in this one respect—that he has no Christian subjects whose appeals against his authority might furnish a pretext for interference with his domestic affairs; and his old-fashioned armaments can be treated with unconcern. All his western frontier marches with Turkey, from whom he has nothing to fear, since any quarrel will at once bring down European intervention; while on his eastern frontier with Afghanistan any dispute must be referred, under treaty, to England for arbitration before other measures can be adopted; his southern seaboard is vigilantly watched by British warships, while the Russians take charge of his northern frontier. The peaceful succession of the legitimate heir to the Persian throne is provided for by an understanding between the two European Powers in their common interest to prevent intrigues or insurrections, and his foreign relations are virtually under their management. All that he can do in the way of asserting his independence is to foment jealousy between his formidable neighbours by negotiating a foreign loan, or by favouring some project of a railway, or by revising his tariff on foreign trade, when the English and Russian embassies are at once drawn into controversy over the detection of each other's sinister aims at commercial or political ascendancy. The result of placing Persia under this kind of guardianship has been to preserve her territorial integrity in a condition of stagnation and decay. The ruler cannot govern well, and is not permitted to misgovern scandalously; he is under much closer control than in Turkey. Such an outrage on common humanity as the recent massacres of Armenians in Asia Minor could not have been perpetrated within the Shah's territory without speedy ruin to his independence; and the Porte can deal with foreign financiers at its good pleasure.

Yet the situation of these two States has this essential similarity—that they are both maintained as weights in the balance of European Powers, as barriers against the predominance in Western Asia of any single Power, which might command the main channels of communication, by

sea or land, between the two continents. One consequence has been that the overland railways across Asia have never yet been made at all, for the Russian line through Siberia is a military work of no interest to the outer world. So the Persian kingdom subsists as a great inanimate block or buffer that serves to keep the Russian and English possessions apart in South Asia, and to fend off the advance of Russia towards the Persian Gulf, where the English navy has for more than a century established an indisputable maritime supremacy. But the Russian line of penetration into Central Asia during the last forty years has avoided Persia, and has run eastward along its northern border towards Afghanistan, making a sweep round its upper provinces along the Oxus. It has not been the policy of this Journal to accentuate the notes of alarm that were so vehemently sounded in other quarters over these movements. When we look back over the discussions of the time, and over the official negotiations about England's proposal that Russia should agree formally to place a bar across her own path by establishing a broad neutral zone, of country mainly desert or occupied by nomad tribes, between the respective spheres of influence claimed by the two empires, it must be admitted that they were little more than futile attempts to stave off a foregone conclusion. Neither in physics nor in politics is the theory of a vacuum admissible, and all the vacant spaces on the world's map are being rapidly filled up. It was vain and even unreasonable to suppose that diplomatic protests would retard the subjugation by Russia of the wild Turcomans, or prevent the occupation of Merv; while by encouraging the tribes to resist we were merely expediting their destruction. It was undoubtedly desirable that Russia should be restrained from acquiring a position close to the Afghan frontier that enabled her at will to disquiet England by threatening a state under our protection; but our reasons for opposing such a move on the strategical chessboard were precisely those which induced Russia to make it. The Czar's minister said plainly that neither the Russian nor the English frontier in Asia was likely to stand still, and he even hinted that no permanency could be expected until they should have met. As this was just the eventuality which the English statesmen were strenuously determined to ward off, their whole policy was thenceforward directed upon securing the independence and integrity of Afghanistan.

The ruffled current of events was now fast running into

troubled waters. Russia had formally assented to the system of avoiding all contact between the possessions or protectorates of the two empires in Asia, and agreed to treat Afghanistan as beyond her sphere of action, stipulating for a similar disclaimer from England with regard to Bokhara. Here at last seemed to be a definite arrangement that might end misunderstandings; yet it had been hardly settled when General Kauffmann's 'letter of courtesy' from Tashkend through the Amir of Bokhara to the Amir of Kabul revived the exchange of remonstrances and explanations between the two European governments. That it is difficult, if not impracticable, for two adjacent states to abstain entirely from occasional intercommunication, may be admitted; and the complications arising from interdicting it are by no means likely to cease. The English Government, however, dissatisfied with the professions of Russia, and becoming anxious to strengthen their connexion with Kabul, pressed Sher Ali, in 1876, to receive a special envoy from India. The Amir refused; the Indian Government naturally resented a rebuff; and when the Russo-Turkish war exploded in Europe, the despatch, in 1878, of a Russian envoy to Kabul, with whom the Amir proceeded to sign a treaty, offensive and defensive, broke off sharply the strained and suspended relations between England and Afghanistan.

The course and vicissitudes of the second Afghan war are now matters for history; nor is it our purpose to narrate them. When the Amir Yakub Khan, after his father's death, offered to make peace with us, he was required to receive a British envoy at Kabul, and to cede certain tracts that would facilitate our command of the routes leading into Afghanistan. As hostilities had arisen immediately out of a refusal by the late Amir to admit a British envoy, it was taken almost as a matter of course on both sides that his admission should be a condition of peace; but it is now clear that the demand should not have been made. All Afghanistan had been thrown into confusion by the English invasion, and by the death of the Amir Sher Ali. His son, Yakub Khan, with no experience or strength of character, had as yet no hold upon the country, no money to pay his troops, and little influence over a fierce intractable people, whose inveterate hatred of the foreigner was inflamed by the presence of a British officer at Kabul. It might have been foreseen that Colonel Cavagnari's position there would be surrounded by risks, and also that the whole fabric of our friendly relations with Afghanistan, as it had been built upon the treaty of

Gandamak, depended on his safety. Within three months his assassination brought it down with a terrible crash; and thus, while during the first period of the war we had been fighting the Amir, in the second we found ourselves engaged in the much more arduous task of fighting the Afghan people. Kabul was captured by the brilliant and daring march of Sir Frederick Roberts upon the capital; Kandahar, which we were just evacuating, was retained; but although we managed to keep a firm military hold of these two important points, the Indian Government was placed in an awkward dilemma—we could neither stay nor go. To occupy permanently the whole country was impossible; while if we abandoned it to masterless confusion by withdrawing our troops, the whole war had been waged to no purpose. In England public feeling and political parties were greatly excited by these events; for the opponents of the forward policy triumphed in the fulfilment of their predictions that it would lead to disaster; and Mr. Gladstone's thunderous denunciations of the men and measures that had brought us into this predicament undoubtedly expedited the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's administration in 1880. But from this deadlock we were most fortunately extricated by the appearance on the scene of Abdurrahman, who had been living under Russian surveillance for ten years across the Oxus, and whose release at this juncture may not uncharitably be ascribed to an intention of increasing our perplexities, whereas in fact it provided us with a way of escaping from them. With politic sagacity the Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton, at once made encouraging overtures to him as an acceptable candidate for the vacant rulership; Lord Ripon completed what his predecessor had begun; and by the end of 1881 Abdurrahman, recognised and subsidised by the British Government as the Amir of all Afghanistan, began the twenty years of a long and energetic reign which crushed out all local resistance to central authority, and has left to his successor an organised government with a regular revenue, and an army that is well furnished with the weapons of modern war.

At the present moment, therefore, we have reached another stage in the long evolution of the conditions and circumstances inseparable from the peculiar situation that has been created by the spread of European domination in Asia. The two leading Powers, Russia and England, have closed in upon Persia and Afghanistan; and while the exertions made by England throughout the nineteenth century to

arrest the absorption by Russia of the central region have inevitably failed, they have, at any rate, so far succeeded as to preserve the independence, if not the integrity, of both these kingdoms. Russia, on her side, has consolidated a formidable position along the whole northern border of these territories, from the Caucasus to the Pamir ranges on the Chinese frontier, whence she can overawe Persia by her proximity to Tehran, and can menace Afghanistan from a military station within thirty miles of Herat. But the real pivot upon which the future development of this situation must turn is evidently in Afghanistan, where Kabul is for Central Asia what Constantinople is for Europe—the cardinal point of wide, circular, half-veiled movements at a distance all round it. In Persia our commerce has material interests, and the reasons, political and military, for preserving her independence are of serious importance, yet they are comparatively indirect and secondary, with a view to ulterior eventualities. Russia might use a paramount influence at Tehran to assume exclusive charge of the future railway lines across Persia to the sea; she might acquire control of the state's customs, and might establish a naval station on the Persian Gulf that would interfere with our interests in those waters and might even flank inconveniently our maritime communications with India. She might insist on territorial cessions or privileges in Eastern Persia that would bring her down on the western frontier of Afghanistan, and place her where she might some day turn the great quadrilateral of mountains in the Afghan midlands by a march across the open country lying between Seistan and Kandahar. We do not believe that such a distinctly hostile demonstration would ever be made by Russia wantonly, or except under what she might hold to be adequate provocation on our part; yet we have already shown that the idea of so disposing her forces in Asia that she might be ready to alarm and preoccupy England at some critical conjuncture, in Europe or elsewhere, has long been conceived by Russian statesmen and soldiers. Nor, indeed, could a rival, whose path towards Constantinople we have crossed twice in the last fifty years, be expected to overlook such an obvious manœuvre on the field of political strategy.

What may be called political strategy, indeed, is a game that can only be played upon an arena where the motions of two parties opposed to each other are not embarrassed by considerations for neighbours or neutrals. It is a contest in which they avoid meeting, but are engaged in marching



and countermarching on the ground between the two camps, with little more regard for the proprietors than would be shown by two generals in a campaign. The intervening states are too weak to interfere in a match between antagonists whose power is to them irresistible; they are compelled to await the result, upon which their own destiny depends; they endeavour to conciliate both sides, until finally they become the prize of the stronger. After this manner have Russia and England been manœuvring against each other in Asia during the last fifty years or more; and nothing indicates more significantly the radical impotence of Asiatic kingdoms, or their territorial incoherence, than the fact that these movements are still going on, as each step taken from one camp is held to necessitate a corresponding step from the other. We have recently learnt from the English newspapers that the Government of India is marking out a railway from Quetta, our headquarters in Beluchistan, westward in the direction of the Persian frontier. The line is well within British jurisdiction, yet in St. Petersburg the journalists have at once sounded the alarm, declare that the independence of Persia is threatened, and call upon their Government to retaliate by an advance towards the same point through Persia from Russia's Transcaspian railway on the north. And the report of a Russian exploring party among the snow-clad mountains and valleys of the Pamir highlands—in the borderland of three empires, China, India, and Russia—is the signal for irresponsible demands upon the Indian Government to lose no time in crossing the lofty ranges that bound its impassable northern frontier, and to set up fresh landmarks in the deserts beyond. In the nearer East some German financiers have acquired from the Sultan a concession for a railway through Asia Minor to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, a project that will develop the whole of that country, and will open out a natural line of through communication between Europe and Asia. The 'Novoe Vremya' immediately draws attention to the strategic importance of such a railway, protests that it will 'enormously 'prejudice' Russian trade, will enfeeble Russia's influence in Asia, and will be injurious to the interests of France. The general result is that while, as we have shown, the spontaneous operation of those restorative forces which bring out energetic races and dynasties has been checked throughout this unlucky continent by European ascendancy, the suspicious jealousy and political ambition of Europe withhold the introduction of those civilising agencies which are

the only benefits that can be offered to palliate the destruction of these antique societies. In our Indian Empire we have openly undertaken the business of civilisation; but in Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan the European protectorate is upholding, for its own purposes, an irresponsible internal despotism; and the increasing pressure from without upon China, the competition and reciprocal counteraction of the Powers that are now enveloping her, are likely to reduce her before long to a similar condition. Her outlying territories may be pared off by gradual encroachment; and the central mass will then be placed under a joint 'guarantee of independence and integrity,' which is becoming the formula that signifies the supremacy of Europe over all the sovereignties of Asia. With a state under this system the next step is usually to accept large loans from the European money-market, for the development of its resources and the reform of its armament, upon an assignment of revenues or a concession of special privileges to the most influential among its protectors; and all such operations are important politically: they disturb the balance of power among the guarantors. But when an Oriental ruler has dealt largely with European financiers he is like an Indian ryot among moneylenders; his lands are mortgaged until his independence becomes nominal; it exists through the sufferance of powerful creditors, none of whom will allow any one of them to enter into possession.

The only state in Central Asia that has still preserved real internal independence is Afghanistan. Nepal might be added; but in the great field of world-politics this highland principality, shut in between India and Tibet, is of no account. The Afghan Amir has no foreign debt; he permits no kind of interference in his administration; he can be cruel and oppressive at his pleasure, because the English subsidy enables him to keep up an army that would stifle any resistance. Yet full sovereignty he does not possess; for our support of his dynasty, and our guarantee of his territory, are given conditionally on his leaving the control of his foreign relations to the British Government. Our policy has thus far succeeded in consolidating between Russia and India a substantial kingdom, formidable within its own mountains, out of a country distracted by incessant civil wars and tribal unruliness—a kingdom not to be lightly overawed or meddled with from either side. The Afghan people, fanatically united in religion, and not seriously divided by race or language, are perhaps nearer the form of

what in Europe is termed a nationality than the subjects of any other Asiatic state. But in proportion as their Amir has increased his military strength and riveted his authority, he has naturally become less amenable to English influence or advice; the yoke of our protectorate begins to gall him; and his people, with two occupations of Kabul by an Indian army fresh in their memories, are dangerously suspicious of any close dealings between their ruler and the infidels. We thus find ourselves pledged to the protection, and responsible for the good behaviour, of an ignorant and intractable rulership, whose frontiers on the north-west are in contact with the dominions of Russia, on a line where the lowlands along the Oxus offer no obstacle to an invader, and where a Russian military station has been posted within striking distance of Herat.

The situation is evidently insecure, for we stand pledged to the defence of the Amir's territory, yet we are nevertheless unable to exercise an immediate superintendence over his actions. The external relations of Afghanistan are understood to be under our control; but to direct them without a British representative at the seat of government is exceedingly difficult, and to the admission of such an agency neither the Amir nor his people are likely to consent; they regard it as the first step towards foreign subjugation. The consequences are that the Amir is the only independent ruler in the world at whose capital there is no diplomatic resident, and that the English Government is left without influence or even information regarding the course of affairs which might be of great importance. Moreover, although we may have consented to this exclusion in deference to Afghan susceptibilities, the Russians are troubled by no such considerations, nor can they be expected to neglect an opportunity of adding to our embarrassments. So recently as in August last a Russian newspaper was insisting upon the urgent necessity for abrogating certain clauses of the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1873 that prevent direct and regular intercourse between the Transcaspian province and Afghanistan, declaring that the establishment of Russian consular agencies in the latter country had become indispensable for the development of Russian trade in Central Asia, and asserting confidently that the Government at St. Petersburg had taken up the question. We have here an ominous note of warning that may recall to us the demand, in 1870, for the abrogation of the Black Sea clause in the treaty of Paris; and though the Amir must be equally averse to the admission of

any European representative, he has neither strength to resist nor jurisdiction to decide; for the demand would be addressed to England, and by England it must be answered.

To conclude. As the focus of our disputes with Russia in Europe throughout the nineteenth century has been at Constantinople, so in Afghanistan lies the knot of all the complications that have entangled the relations of the two Governments in Central Asia. The Turkish and the Afghan questions exhibit varieties of the same problem, with a fundamental similarity in the conditions and main features. The Ottoman Sultan and the Amir of Kabul are the two most important Mahomedan rulers in Asia; they keep the strongholds of Islam, and derive their internal strength from their command over a warlike population whom they are training and arming for modern warfare; they can rely on its fanatical enthusiasm and instinctive resistance to foreign civilisation. Yet in both instances the existence of their kingdoms really depends on the balancing of the European Powers that press upon their frontiers; and this equilibrium has hitherto preserved them, because both the Sultan and the Amir occupy positions, strategical and political, on the world's map of such importance that no single European Power can be permitted to eject them, while a partition could only be contemplated, at least by England, as the last resource for terminating a hazardous war. In these circumstances the Turkish question seems at the present moment likely to be quiescent, so long as the present stationary aspect of international affairs in Europe continues; but Afghanistan has a new Amir, whose character and capacity are as yet untried, while the Russian Government appears inclined to raise a discussion that may bring up again the very delicate subject of his foreign relations. In political settlements everywhere there is no finality, and in the climate of Asia they are apt to be particularly short-lived; nor is it a matter for surprise that awkward points have a tendency to reappear. Yet it is greatly to the interests of both European Governments that a friendly attitude should be preserved in regard to the Afghan frontier, for the tranquillity of all Asia depends upon a good understanding between England and Russia at its centre.



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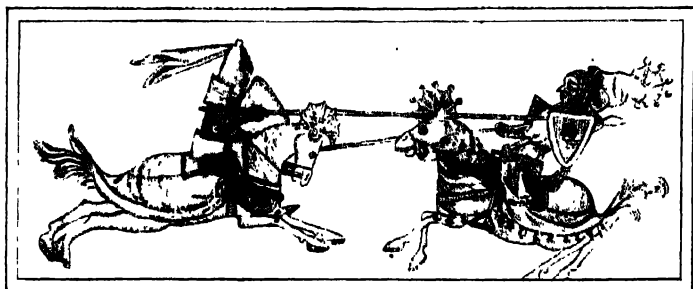
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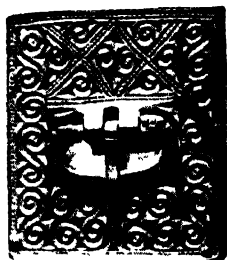


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